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W. SHAKESPEARE

JOHN MILTON

DR. ISAAC WATTS

ALFRED TENNYSON

H. W. LONGFELLOW

THOMAS HOOD

EDGAR ALLAN POE

CHARLES WOLFE

BRET HARTE

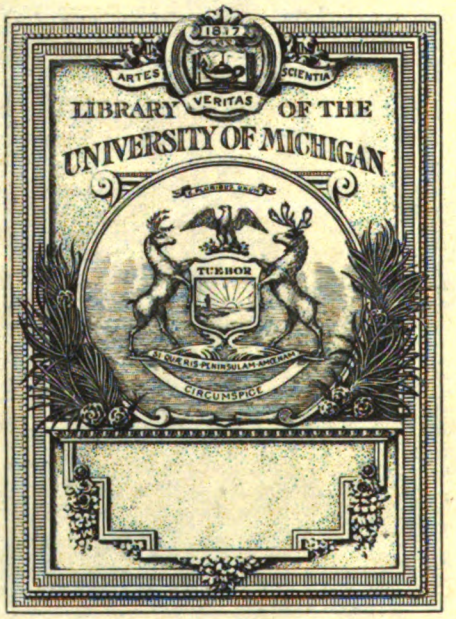
MATTHEW ARNOLD

COLLECTED

BY

WALTER HAMILTON

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PARODIES

OF THE WORKS OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS,

COLLECTED AND ANNOTATED BY

WALTER HAMILTON,

Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Royal Historical Societies;
Author of "A History of National Anthems and Patriotic Songs," "A Memoir of George Cruikshank," "The Poets Laureate of England," "The Æsthetic Movement in England," etc.

"We maintain that, far from converting virtue into a paradox, and degrading truth by ridicule, PARODY will only strike at what is chimerical and false; it is not a piece of buffoonery so much as a critical exposition. What do we parody but the absurdities of writers, who frequently make their heroes act against nature, common-sense, and truth? After all, it is the public, not we, who are the authors of these PARODIES."

D'ISRAELI'S Curiosities of Literature.

VOLUME II.

CONTAINING PARODIES OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

JOHN MILTON, JOHN DRYDEN, DR. WATTS,

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON,

H. W. LONGFELLOW, THOMAS HOOD, BRET HARTE,

MATTHEW ARNOLD,

E. A. POE, WOLFE'S ODE, AND "MY MOTHER."

REEVES & TURNER, 196, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

1885.

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"It was because Homer was the most popular poet, that he was most susceptible of the playful honours of the Greek parodist; unless the prototype is familiar to us, a parody is nothing!"

ISAAC D'ISRAELI.

"La Parodie, fille ainée de la Satire, est aussi ancienne que la poésie même. Il est de l'essence de la Parodie de substituer toujours un nouveau sujet à celui qu'on parodie; aux sujets sérieux, des sujets légers et badins, en employant autant que possible, les expressions de l'auteur parodié."

Traité des Belles-Lettres sur la Poésie Française, par M. le Père de Montespin, (Jesuite) *Avignon*, 1747.

BROWN & DAVENPORT, 40, SUN STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

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PREFACE.

WHEN this Collection was originally projected it was intended to publish a few only of the best Parodies of each author. After the issue of the first few numbers, however, the sale rapidly increased, and subscribers not only expressed their desire that the collection should be made as nearly complete as possible, but by the loans of scarce books, and copies of Parodies, helped to make it so.

This involved an alteration in the original arrangement, and as it would have been monotonous to have filled a whole number with parodies of one short poem, such as those on "To be or not to be," "Excelsior," "My Mother," or Wolfe's Ode, it became necessary to spread them over several numbers. In the Index, which has been carefully prepared, references will be found, under the titles of the original Poems, to all the parodies mentioned. In all cases, where it has been possible to do so, full titles and descriptions of the works quoted from, have been given; any omission to do this has been unintentional, and will be at once rectified on the necessary information being supplied.

By the completion of the second Volume of my collection, the works of the following Authors have been fully treated, William Shakespeare, John Milton, John Dryden, Dr. Watts, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, H. W. Longfellow, Thomas Hood, Bret Harte, Matthew Arnold, E. A. Poe, Wolfe's Ode on the Death of Sir John Moore, and Miss Ann Taylor's poem "My Mother." Certainly most of the best parodies on these Authors have been collected, yet as new ones are constantly appearing, a further collection of them will appear in a future part of Parodies, which will also contain any good old parodies that may hitherto have escaped notice.

In a few cases where parodies are to be found in easily accessible works, extracts only have been quoted, or references given; but it is intended in future, wherever permission can be obtained, to give the parodies in full, as they are found to be useful for public entertainments, and recitations. When the older masters of our Literature are reached, a great deal of curious and amusing information will be given, and it is intended to conclude with a complete bibliographical account of PARODY, with extracts and translations from all the principal works on the topic. Whilst arranging the first and second volumes, I have been gathering materials for those to come, which will illustrate the works of those old writers whose names are familiar in our mouths as household words. Much that is quaint and amusing will thus be collected, whilst many illustrations of our literature, both in prose and verse, which are valuable to the student, will for the first time be methodically arranged, annotated, and published in a cheap and accessible form.

9-9-48 FJN

In all Collections, such as this, there are some pieces which offend the taste, or run counter to the prejudice of some individual reader, but great care has been taken to exclude every parody of a vulgar or slangy description, although it need hardly be said that many such parodies exist.

Every effort has been made to avoid giving preference to the parodies of any Political party, and this could only be done by inserting the poems on their own merits. If any good Political Parody has been omitted, ignorance of its existence, not party motive, has been the cause.

I am much indebted to the following gentlemen either for permission to quote from their works, or for copies of parodies sent to me for publication :—Messrs. P. J. Anderson, of Aberdeen; A. H. Bates, of Birmingham; W. Butler; George Cotterell (Author of the "Banquet"); T. F. Dillon-Croker; F. B. Doveton; James Gordon, F.S.A, of Edinburgh; John H. Ingram; Walter Parke (author of "The Lays

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of the Saintly") ; F. B. Perkins, of the Free Public Library, San Francisco ; W. Smith, of Morley, near Leeds; Basil H. Soulsby, Corpus Christi, Oxford ; Joseph Verey ; John Whyte ; J. W. Gleeson White; and A. R. Wright. The following ladies have also sent me some amusing parodies :— Miss E. Orton ; Mrs. S. A. Wetmore of New York State ; and Mrs. J. E. Whitby. My best thanks are also due to Mr. Walsh, and his courteous assistants in the Guildhall Library of the City of London, as well as to the gentlemen in the Library of the British Museum.

WALTER HAMILTON.

64, BROMFELDE ROAD, CLAPHAM, LONDON, S.W.

December, 1885.

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NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.

The Parody of "The Village Blacksmith," on page 9, signed SPHINX, was written by Mr. W. Sappe, of Forest Hill.

Foot Note, page 112.—Mr. Artemus Ward is here credited with the advice "Never to prophecy unless you know," an Aberdeen correspondent points out that Mr. R. Lowell was the real author, the phrase occurs in "The Biglow Papers :"—

My gran'ther's rule was safer'n't is to crow,
Don't never prophesy—onless ye know.

Page 232. Milton's Epitaph on W. Shakespeare, the fourth line should read :—

"Under a star y-pointing pyramid."

Page 24. Read *Charles Baudelaire*, not Beaudelaire.

Page 219. *Wine, a Poem.* The Copy of this old poem in the Editor's possession, was published anonymously in 1702. It has been ascribed to John Gay, who was born in 1688, the poem is certainly a remarkable production for a youth of twenty-one.

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Bret Harte.

Dickens in Camp.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows,
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths intwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—
This spray of Western pine!

Bret Harte.

July, 1870,

Parodies in Print.

Among the books the gloom was darkly drifting,
The writer's spirits low;
The duller serials, and the weeklies, lifting
But melodies of woe.

The older authors, with rude humour, painted
The glowing fun of health
Now lost in dreary prose, jokes died or fainted
In sterner race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from the past's great treasure
Of hundred volumes drew,
A scheme to tap the hoard untold of pleasure
And bid it flow anew;

And so the parodies unearthed grew vaster,
Than ever one could tell,
All mimicking some mighty poet Master,
In many a sprightly "Sell."

Perhaps 'tis too fond fancy,—that the reader
Should leave the weeklies all,
Let *Punch* go prosing, scorn the *D. T.* leader,
And let *Police News* pall;

While 'mid these gambols of poetic shadows,
Listening to bygone play,
As each mad parody evokes the glad "Ohs!"
(As Browning p'raps would say).

See Tennyson, in mighty verse—o'ertaken,
Mimicked in tripping line—
When jokes from Longfellow, so grave, are shaken
Like gush in penny-a-line.

To find in rush of their poetic fire,
A comic theme told well,
While stately verse, and song, and culture higher,
Are used some joke to tell.

Lost be that scamp, who would no funny story
Tell in the rhyme that thrills
Like farthing rushlight posing as the glory
Of sun o'er ancient hills.

If, in the crowd of puppets, some poor dolly
Should ape a bard sublime,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
To jest is not a crime.

J. W. G. W.

November, 1884.

That Hebrew Ben D——

House of Lords, January, 1878.

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The Hebrew Ben D—— is peculiar,
Which the same I would like to explain.

I have mentioned his name,
And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same
He is wary and sly;
And his smile it is mocking and ice-like
And there isn't no green in *his* eye.

Now, some rumours had spread,
Which Ben D—— could not burke,
And every one said
He'd been at his old work.
(It was strange, you must know, how he doated
Upon the "Unspeakable Turk.")

It was Gran-Vil who rose,
And quite soft was his style;
But you must not suppose
That he hasn't no guile;
Yet D—— played it that day upon Gran Vil
In a way that made most of them smile.

Which some questions he'd brought,
And Ben rose—as 'twas planned—
To reply. What was sought

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He did well understand ;
But he smiled, as he stood at the table,
With a smile that was artfully bland.

How he trifled with sense,
You would scarcely believe ;
And with cunning intense,
Fancy statements did weave :
Whilst he kept back his facts by the dozen,
And the same, with intent to deceive.

Yes, the tricks that were play'd
By that Hebrew, Ben D——,
And the points that he made
Were quite shocking to me ;
Till at last he sat down amid laughter,
And chuckling himself, I could see.

Then up sprang Ar-Gyle,
With his hair flowing free,
And he gave a wild snort,
And said, "Shall this be?
We are humbugged by Asian myst'ries,
And he went for that Hebrew, Ben D——.

Which the war-dance he had
Was exciting to watch,
Though I feared, lest too mad,
His job he might botch,
For he whooped, and he raved, and he ranted ;—
You see he's so pepp'ry and Scotch.

Still, the scene that ensued
Was uncommonly grand,
For the floor it was strewed,
Like the leaves on the strand,
With the facts that Ben D—— had been hiding,
The facts "He did well understand."

For his head, which is long,
Contained facts by the score ;
Which, with effort so strong,
Ar-Gyle out of it tore ;
Till Ben D——, if he has any feelings,
Must have, morally, felt very sore.

Which expressions is strong,
Yet but feebly imply
What I think of the wrong—
Not to call it a lie—
As was worked off by Benjy on Gran-Vil,
Which he can't go for it to deny.

Which is why I remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And tricks that are vain,
The Hebrew Ben D—— is peculiar,
Which the same I am bold to maintain.

Truth, January 31, 1878.

THE AGED STRANGER.

(*An Incident of the War*).

"I WAS with Grant—" the stranger said,
Said the farmer, "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant—" the stranger said ;
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more,—
I prithee sit at my frugal board.
And eat of my humble store.

"How fares my boy,—my soldier boy,
Of the Old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I know him not," said the aged man,
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant—" "Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer, "Say no more ;

"He fell in battle,—I see alas !
"Thou 'ost smooth these tidings o'er,—
Nay : speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core.

"How fell he,—with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
O, say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked, before,
That I was with Grant,—in Illinois,—
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man, who had worked for Grant
Some three years before the war.

BRET HARTE.

The following parody appeared in *Fon Duan*, one of Beeton's Christmas Annuals. The original poem refers to General Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States; the parody is in allusion to Mr. Albert Grant, M.P, who presented Leicester Square to the public in July, 1874, and whose name was then prominently before the public in connection with numerous financial schemes :—

"I WAS WITH GRANT."

"I WAS with Grant——" the stranger said ;
Said McDougal, "Say no more,
But come you in—I have much to ask—
And please to shut the door."

"I was with Grant——" the stranger said ;
Said McDougal, "Nay, no more,—
You have seen him sit at the Emma Board?
Come, draw on your mem'ry's store.

"What said my Albert—my Baron brave,
Of the great financing corps?
I warrant he bore him scurvily
'Midst the interruption's roar!"

"No doubt he did," said the stranger then ;
"But, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant——" "Nay, nay, I know,"
Said McDougal ; "but tell me more."

"He's presented another square !—I see,
You'd smooth the tidings o'er—
Or started, perchance, more Water-works
On the Mediterranean shore?

"Or made the Credit Foncier pay,
Or floated a mine with ore?
Oh, tell me not he is pass'd away
From his home in Kensington Gore!"

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"I cannot tell," said the unknown man,
"And should have remarked before,
That I was with Grant—Ulysses, I mean—
In the great American war."

Then McDougal spake him never a word,
But beat, with his fist, full sore
The stranger who'd been with Ulysses Grant,
In the great American war.

Jon Duan, 1874.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL ROBERT.

(*With Apologies to Bret Harte's "Truthful James."*)

Do I sleep? Do I dream?
(I'm sarcastic, no doubt.)
Are things what they seem?
Or is visions about?
Is our wonderful whistle a failure, and are rattle and truncheon played out?

Which expressions is strong;
Yet I beg to declare
That the constable throng
Have a grievance to air
While they're forced to meet murderous cracksmen upon terms which are far, far from fair.

Charley Peaces abound
In the subbubs to-day;
And they're apt, when they're found,
To go blazing away
At a constable all unpertected, which the same has the worst of the fray.

Can you tap a cove's head
If you're progress is checked
By the neat bit o' lead
That a Colt does eject?
And when bullets is lodged in your stummick, can you tootle with proper effect?

That you *can't*, I submit,
And the truth must be faced
That the Force will get hit,
And the town be disgraced,
Till each Bobby with Billy—that's Sikes, sir—on a more equal footing is placed.

Are these shootings a dream?
(I'm sarcastic, no doubt.)
Are things what they seem?
Or is visions about?
Is our wonderful whistle a failure, and are rattle and truncheon played out?

Funny Folks, August 2, 1884.

Scribners' Monthly for May, 1881, contained a humorous collection of imitations of various authors, entitled "Home, Sweet Home, with Variations." It commences by giving a couple of verses from the original poem by John Howard Payne; next comes a variation such as might have been written by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Walt Whitman, Austin Dobson, Oliver Goldsmith, and Alexander Pope are also supposed each to contribute a new setting of the old song, the imitation of Walt Whitman is exquisitely humorous; but that which principally concerns us here is the third imitation, which is entitled:—

HOME, SWEET HOME

as Mr. Francis Bret Harte might have woven it into a touching tale of a western gentleman in a red shirt—

BROWN, o' San Juan,
Stranger, I'm Brown.
Come up this mornin' from 'Frisco—
Ben a-saltin' my specie-stacks down.

Ben a-knockin' around,
Fer a man from San Juan,
Putty considable frequent—
Jes' catch onter that streak o' the dawn!

Right thar lies my home—
Right thar in the red—
I could slop over, stranger, in po'try
Would spread out old Shakspoke cold dead.

Stranger, you freeze to this: there aint no kinder gin-palace,
Nor no variety-show lays over a man's own ranche.
Maybe it hain't no style, but the Queen in the Tower o' London
Aint got naathin' I'd swop for that house over thar on the hill-side.

Thar is my ole gal, 'n' the kids, 'n' the rest o' my live-stock;
Thar my Remington hangs, and thar there's a griddle-cake br'ilin'
Fer the two of us, pard—and thar, I allow, the heavens
Smile more friendly-like than on any other locality.

Stranger, nowhere else I don't take no satisfaction.
Gimme my ranch, 'n' them friendly old Shanghai chickens—
I brung the original pair f'm the States in eighteen-'n'-fifty—
Gimme them, and the feelin' of solid domestic comfort.

Yer parding, young man—
But this landscape a kind
Er flickers—I 'low 'twuz the po'try—
I thought thet my eyes hed gone blind.

* * * * *

Take that pop from my belt!
Hi, thar—gimme yer han'—
Or I'll kill myself—Lizzie! she's left me—
Gone off with a purtier man!
Thar, I'll quit—the ole gal
An' the kids! run away!
I be derned! Howsomever, come in, pard—
The griddle-cake's thar, anyway.

TO "AULD WILLIE."

(*After Bret Harte's "The Return of Belisarius."*)

So again you've been at it, old fellow,
The old game of four years ago;
You've given the Tories a drubbing;
You've had, so it seems, quite a go.
By Jove! and you *were* down upon them,
Denouncing, and all that, you know;
But what about Egypt, old fellow,
And those vows of yours four years ago?

Ah! it's far, far from jolly, old fellow,
To think it is four years ago,
And scarcely a measure effected,

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Attempted, and all that, you know !
You denounce Lords and Tories with vigour ;
But for all your palaver, I trow,
Matters are about much of a muchness
To-day, they were four years ago !

AVONICUS.

The Weekly Dispatch, September 14, 1884.
(Parody Competition).

Bret Harte's prose writings have been frequently parodied, and several examples will be given when the subject of prose parodies is reached. One of the best of these occurs on page 156 of *The Shotover Papers* for November, 1874 ; it is entitled "His Finger."

Thomas Hood.

(*Continued from Part* 12.)

THE NIGHT "COMP."

WITH fingers weary and worn,
Eyelids heavy and red,
A "comp." stood at his frame all night,
Picking up "stamps" for bread.

Full-point, comma, and rule,
Colon, and quad, and space,
"Setting" a line, "pie-ing" a line,
Dozing awhile at his "case."

"Leader," and "latest," and "ads."
"Nonp." and "brevier" and all that ;
Matter all solid, never a "break ;"
Oh ! for a trifle of "fat !"

Moon peeping in through the pane ;
Gas, with its dull yellow glare ;
Nought to be heard, save the solemn "click, click,"
And the Editor's foot on the stair.

One o'clock ! two o'clock chimed !
"Proofs," coming up again, "read ;"
Three o'clock ! four o'clock ! daylight is here ;
Trudge away homeward to bed.

ANONYMOUS.

THE SONG OF THE DIRT.

(*Covent Garden Market, August*, 1884)

WITH boots all dirty and worn,
And trousers heavy with mud,
A Londoner trudged on a market day
With a footfall's dreary thud—
Splash, splash, splash !
While cabbage-leaves spatter and spirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
He sang "*The Song of the Dirt.*"

Splash, splash, splash !
From morn to even-time,
Splash, splash, splash !
Through garbage, filth and grime.
Stenches strong in the street,
Streets with stenches strong,
As over the flags I gingerly creep,
I wonder to whom they belong.

Oh ! but to breathe the breath
Of the man far away in the rear,
But I'm forced to hold my nose,
For I must with such odours near.
Oh ! but for one short hour
An appetite good to feel !
I formerly used my dinner to want,
But a walk now costs a meal.

With boots all dirty and worn,
And trousers heavy with mud,
A Londoner trudged on a market-day
With a footfall's dreary thud.
Splash, splash, splash !
While garbage may spatter and spirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its cry could reach the rich—
He sang "*The Song of the Dirt.*"

Punch, August 23, 1884.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was wed,
And the little room from which that night
My smiling bride was led ;
She didn't come a wink too soon,
Nor make too long a stay ;
But now I often wish her folks
Had kept the girl away !

I remember, I remember,
Her dresses, red and white,
Her bonnets and her caps and cloaks,—
They cost an awful sight !
The "corner lot" on which I built,
And where my brother met
At first my wife, one washing-day,—
That man is single yet !

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to court,
And thought that all of married life
Was just such pleasant sport :—

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My spirit flew in feathers then,
No care was on my brow;
I scarce could wait to shut the gate,—
I'm not so anxious now!

I remember, I remember,
My dear one's smile and sigh;
I used to think her tender heart
Was close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now it soothes me not
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when she wasn't got!

Poems and Parodies, by Phœbe Carey,
Boston, United States, 1854.

The first number of *Truth*, which appeared January 4, 1877, contained a long parody, signed by Thomas Hood. This, of course, was Tom Hood, the Editor of *Fun*, and son of the author of the original "I Remember."

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house—'twas Clunn's Hotel,
The friends who knocked me up at eight,
I recollect as well;
They never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
For liquor flowed from when they came
Till when they went away.

I remember, I remember,
The "brandies"—large and small—
The Chablis and the *Veuve Clicquot*,
The sodas split by all;
The caraffe at my bedside set,
With cognac well filled up—
And what a time it took to mix
The primal champagne cup.

(*Here five verses are omitted*).

I remember, I remember,—
Last and fresh this memory comes,—
They brought hot pickle sandwiches,
Which filled my bed with crumbs;
It was a heated taste I own;
But brandy's apt to cloy,
Unless you pick your palate up
With devilled eggs and soy.

THOMAS HOOD.

WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The House where I was bred;
The Woolsack, whence the CHANCELLOR
That annual Message read.
He never came till after four,
And rarely stayed till five;
For, if their dinners were delayed,
Could Senators survive?

I remember, I remember,
The Marquises and Earls,
The peerless rows of Peeresses,
Those flowers decked in pearls.
The cross-bench, where the Princes sat;
And where the Prelates shone
In piety and lawn arrayed—
The Bishops now are gone!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to spout,
And thought the papers must be mad
To leave my speeches out.
My eloquence was practised then,
That now is left to rust;
And Statesmen oft, I'm sure, have winced
Before my boyish thrust!

I remember, I remember,
The Commons trooping in;
I used to think that in a fight
The Peers must always win.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm kicked out of the House
I sat in when a boy!

Punch, September 6, 1884.

An imitation of Hood's *Dream of Eugene Aram* was published in *Truth*, February 22, 1877. Its twenty-six verses were descriptive of the sorrows of a poor orphan girl on leaving the Wanstead Home to go into service:—

'TIS in the prime of summer-time,
A sunny morn in May,
And scores of merry maidens cease
A moment from their play;
For from their Happy Wanstead Home,
A girl is going that day.

* * * *

A still more melancholy poem, in imitation of the same original, appeared in *Truth*, July 19, 1877. This was entitled *The Blue-coat Boy's Ghost*, and described, in twenty-seven verses, the horrible manner in which a poor lad, named Arthur Gibbes, had been killed in Christ's Hospital. A public investigation was held, and the result showed that a brutal system of fagging was in full force in the school, and that scarcely any supervision was exercised over the elder boys.

"Meeting in the Boudoir; or, a Song of the Follies of Fashion," which appeared in *Truth*, June 24, 1880, was a long parody of Hood's *Song of the Shirt*, in fourteen verses.

"The Lost Child, or Russell's lament on the loss of his Reform Bill," a long, political parody of Hood's *Lost Child*, appeared in *Punch*, February 16, 1867.



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Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

(*Continued from Part* 12)



N page 101, Part VII., of *Parodies* there is a poem called *The Settler's version of Excelsior*. It was taken from a MS. copy, lent by a friend. The following is probably more correct. It is an American attempt to translate *Excelsior* into plain English :—

HIGHER.

THE shadows of night were a-commin' down swift,
And the dazzlin' snow lay drift on drift,
As thro' a village a youth did go,
A-carryin' a flag with this motto,—
Higher!

O'er a forehead high curled copious hair,
His nose a Roman, complexion fair,
O'er an eagle eye an auburn lash,
And he never stopped shoutin' thro' his moustache,
Higher!

He saw thro' the windows as he kept gettin' upper
A number of families sittin' at supper,
But he eyed the slippery rocks very keen,
And fled as he cried, and cried while a fleein'—
Higher!

"Take care, you there!" said an old woman; "stop!
It's blowin' gales up there on top—
You'll tumble off on t'other side!"
But the hurryin' stranger loud replied,
Higher!

"Oh! don't you go up such a shocking night.
Come sleep on my lap," said a maiden bright.
On his Roman nose a tear-drop come,
But still he remarked, as he upward clomb,
Higher!

"Look out for the branch of that sycamore-tree!
Dodge rollin' stones, if any you see!"
Sayin' which the farmer went home to bed,
And the singular voice replied overhead,
Higher!

About quarter-past six the next afternoon,
A man accidentally goin' up soon
Heard spoken above him as often as twice,
The very same word in a very weak voice,
Higher!

And not far, I believe, from quarter off seven—
He was slow gettin' up, the road bein' uneven—
Found the stranger dead in the drifted snow,
Still clutchin' the flag with the motto—
Higher!

Yes! lifeless, defunct, without any doubt,
The lamp of his life being decidedly out,
On the dreary hillside the youth was a layin'!
And there was no more use for him to be sayin'
Higher!

DIOGENES!

THE carriages were filling fast,
When o'er a railway platform pass'd
A youth who bore, with tread precise,
A paper with this bold device,
DIOGENES!

His arm a parcel held beneath;
He drew a number from its sheath,
And shouted, with well-practised lung,
Accents that through the station rung,
DIOGENES!

In happy hours he saw the light,—
The Cynic's lantern glowing bright;
Resolved to make its lustre known,
His lips soon gave the welcome tone,
DIOGENES!

"One hither pass," an old man said,
(Life's tempests snow'd his aged head;)
He oped his mouth with laughter wide,
While still the clamorous vendor cried,
DIOGENES!

"Oh stay!" a maiden cried; the rest
Around her were as much impress'd;
Each looking forth with eager eye,
Urging the vendor to supply!
DIOGENES!

Beware! the train moves from the branch;
The sheets fly like an avalanche!
The boy's blue eyes with pleasure shine,
While voices shout far up the line,
DIOGENES!

Far on the way, with breaks down hard,
Two trains each other rush toward;
And midst the wreck so fearful there,
Voices are heard still loud and clear,
DIOGENES!

A traveller on a rugged mound
Was in a hundred pieces found;
His hand still grasping like a vice
That paper with its bold device,
DIOGENES!

There, as he cold and lifeless lay,
Smiles seem'd around his lips to play!
Still in the air his accents are,
And echo through each passing car,
DIOGENES!

From *Diogenes*, February 4, 1854.

Diogenes was a comic paper, somewhat resembling *Punch* in its general features. It contained many good parodies, principally in reference to the Crimean War.

A PESKY night was coming down,
As a young man pass'd through a rustic town;
And in his hand he clutch'd a flag,
And this is what was on the rag—
Upards!

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As he pass'd by three windows he chanced to see
Three several families taking tea;
He smelt the cakes, but never swerved,
But as he drop't a tear, observed—
Upards!

A nice girl holler'd "Stay, oh stay!
And I will marry you right away;"
While tears all down his cheeks did flow,
"Its no use, young woman, I'm bound to go—
Upards!"

Said a cute old cove, "Young man, take care,
There's a rotten old pine-tree fix'd up there;
Sure as eggs is eggs it will fall on your head,"
The young man only wink'd and said—
Upards!

Next morning at the break of day,
A Shaker chanced to pass that way,"
And thought he heard the voice of a coon,
A-singing to a service toon—
Upards!

His dog then sniff'd and smelt about,
And soon discover'd what, without doubt,
Was the young man's body all cover'd with snow,
What carried the flag with the rum motto—
Upards!

All cover'd in snow the young man lay,
In a sort of uncomfortable kind of way;
And though as dead as any nail,
A voice was heard borne on the gale—
Upards!

A. Z.

The Tonbridgian, April 1873.

M. Duruof.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As from the table d'hôte there pass'd
A pair who cried that they would rise,
Obedient to the people's cries,
Excelsior!

Their hearts were brave—with reckless breath,
They swore they both could face the Death!
And, answering to the mob's fell clang,
Foolhardy were the boasts that rang,
Excelsior!

In Calais' streets they saw the light
Of homes and gas-lamps gleaming bright,
Yet from their lips escaped no groan,
As onward flew the mad balloon,
Excelsior!

"Try not the air," their friends had said,
"Dark storms are raging overhead;
The seas are tossing far beneath,
And you will meet with certain death,
Excelsior!"

"Come, let us go!" his wife had cried;
"We will not stay, for all beside
Will chaff us, if we do, and jeer;"
He answer'd, "You are right, my dear,
Excelsior!"

"Beware the Tempest's awful blast!
'Twill sweep you out to sea at last!"
This was the Frenchman's last good-night.
Cried some one, now far out of sight,
"Excelsior!"

Next morn some sailors out at sea
With nets were toiling wearily;
When loud resounded through the air
A cry that made them wondering stare,
Excelsior!

Two travellers at the dismal sound,
Half-buried in the waves were found,
Grasping with eager clutch the ropes,
On which depended all their hopes,
Excelsior!

There 'mid the tossing billows' spray,
Wretched and shivering they lay;
The freed balloon then, with its car,
Shot upward like a rising star,
Excelsior!

The Tonbridgian, September, 1874.

The Excelsior Climbing Boy.

(*Poëma partim Canino-Latinum, post* Longum—*seu potius, meritò dicatur*,—Excelsiorem Socium).

Some few, whose days are closing fast,
Remember, in their time long past,
How youth, in toil of little price,
Might yet have borne, for their device,
Excelsior!

These youngsters, in that distant time,
Swept chimneys, which they had to climb,
They could have cried as they clomb higher,
Like one who skywards did aspire,
Excelsior!

Our "Climbing Boys," as they were called,
Howe'er they "Sweep!" and "Soot O!" bawled,
As they ascended up the flue
Were not instructed to halloo
Excelsior!

By reek and close air overcome,
The Climbing Boy was oft struck dumb,
And stifled soon, unless got out—
Of course he then no more could shout
Excelsior!

His knees were worn by rough ascent
Bare to the very ligament;
Flayed were his fingers and his toes;
Because he grazed them as he rose,
Excelsior!

When, jammed in, on his upward way
He stuck fast, oft, some used to say,
His master, in the grate below,
Would light a fire, to make him go
Excelsior!

These horrors having been at last
Dragged into day, an Act was passed
Declaring it, henceforth, a crime
To make a child a chimney climb
Excelsior!

Still certain Bumbles, it appears,
Against the law, these many years,
Have had their Town Hall's chimneys swept
By means of little boys who crept
Excelsior!

May a new law, more strictly framed,
All parties hit at whom 'tis aimed,
Concerned in making children sweep
Foul flues, whilst painfully they creep
Excelsior!

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Long brush, worked deftly by machine,
All chimneys must, ye Bumbles, clean,
Law must on cruel masters fall,
Who take to driving urchins small
Excelsior!

Punch, June 26, 1875.

EXCELSIOR.

THE swampy state of Illinois
Contained a greenish sort of boy,
Who read with idiotic joy—
Excelsior!

He tarried not to eat or drink,
But got a flag of lightish pink,
And traced on it, in violet ink—
Excelsior!

Though what he meant by that absurd,
Uncouth, and stupid, senseless word,
Has not been placed upon record—
Excelsior!

The characters were very plain,
In German text, yet he was fain,
With greater clearness to explain—
Excelsior!

And so he ran, this stupid wight,
And hollered out with all his might,
(As to a person out of sight)—
Excelsior!

And everybody thought the lad
Within an ace of being mad,
Who cried in accents stern and sad—
Excelsior!

"Come to my arms," the maiden cried:
The youth grinned sheepishly, and sighed,
And then appropriately replied—
Excelsior!

The evening sun is in the sky,
But still the creature mounts on high,
And shouts (nor gives a reason why)—
Excelsior!

But ere he gains the topmost crag
His feeble legs begin to lag;
Unsteadily he holds the flag—
Excelsior!

* * * *

Now P. C. Nab is on his track!
He puts him in an empty sack,
And brings him home upon his back—
Excelsior!

Nab takes him to a lumber store,
They toss him in and lock the door,
Which only makes him bawl the more—
Excelsior!

Edinburgh Sketches and Miscellanies. By ERIC. (John Menzies and Company, Edinburgh, 1876).

THE DOWAGER-DUCHESS AT THE DRAWING ROOM.

("A bleak, nipping south-easterly wind was blowing throughout yesterday, the glass having again fallen, but the usual rules as to the Court dress to be worn by all ladies who attended the Drawing Room were strictly enforced. Low-cut bodies, both at back and front, were *de rigueur*."—*Weekly Paper*, February, 1880).

THE Dowager-Duchess has been to the Palace,
And duly presented the Honourable Alice;
And now we will show in what sort of condition
Her grace, who is eighty, returned from this mission.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As up a Mayfair street there passed
A carriage with this strange device
As crest:—A *rampant* cockatrice
And *enfant or*.

Within was seen an aged dame,
Whose breath in gasps most frequent came;
Her face was white as Death's own hue,
Her Roman nose was red; with blue
Her lips spread o'er.

The fair young maiden by her side,
By briskly rubbing, bravely tried
Her grandma's blood to make reflow—
It seem'd a hopeless object, though,
She labour'd for!

"Oh joy!" this maiden cried, when she
Observed they'd stopped at forty-three;
"*We are at* home, dear Grandma, come!
Do speak to me!" The Dame was dumb—
E'en as before.

And when she would have left her seat,
She all but tumbled in the street;
Her state, in fact, the house alarms,
When, leaning on the flunkey's arms,
She gains her door.

"Be quick and heat my grandma's bed!"
The Honourable Miss Alice said:
"Let well warmed bricks in flannel wrapp'd
Without delay be in it clapp'd,
And bottles hot!

"Beware no window open be,
And blankets bring at once to me!"
Thus was the maiden's forethought shown—
Her Grandma scarce had strength to groan:
"Hot ginger, dear!"

And ere of minutes ten had fled,
The chilled old Duchess was in bed;
Where, thanks to measures prompt and sound,
She promised shortly to come round
To health once more.

Then in the firelight, thin and gray,
And cold, but not so cold, she lay,
Whilst from her lips, no longer blue,
A voice came, somewhat hoarse 'twas true,
And somewhat sore.

* * * *

Truth, February 26, 1880.

AFTER LONGFELLOW.

(*A Long Way*).

THE western sun was sinking fast,
As through the quiet street there passed
A tinker with a blackened eye,
Who ever and anon did cry—
"'Brellas to mend."

His brow was dark with smoke and soot,
His raiment, rags from head to foot;
And like a penny trumpet rung
The beery accents of his tongue—
"'Brellas to mend."

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He lingered at the corner "pub,"
He drew his last coin from his fob;
He quaffed his glass of half-and-half,
And only answered to their chaff—
"'Brellas to mend."

"Go not again," the landlord said,
Wild blows the tempest overhead,
Your rags will lash you unto death."
Our friend replied with bated breath—
"'Brellas to mend."

"Oh, stay," the daughter said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast;
Why should'st thou from our presence fly?"
This was the tinker's sad reply—
"'Brellas to mend."

"Beware the stern blue-coated man—
Beware the falling chimney-can;"
Such was the landlord's parting word,
And this was the reply they heard—
"'Brellas to mend."

In Duke Street, at the break of day,
Within a court the tinker lay;
In falling he his leg had broke,
When gently raised, these words he spoke—
"'Brellas to mend."

He died; his body calmly rests;
His ghost the lonely streets infests;
And often at the midnight hour
A voice cries, with sepulchral power—
"'Brellas to mend."

Teddy May and other Poems, by William Thomson, Glasgow, 1883.

VOICES OF OUR NIGHTS.

(Submitted to the American Poet, by Mr. Wrongfellow).

I HEARD the feline footsteps in the night
Pad through the Court and Hall!
I saw the sable wretch in the moon's light
Climb MRS. COXE'S Wall!

I felt her (that I did! I'm sure I'm right!)
Step o'er me just above;
With shrill pathetic mewings through the night,
As of a cat in love.

I heard the sounds of passion and of fight,
The caterwauling chimes,
That fill each attic chamber in the night,
Where some starved poet rhymes.

My night-capped head in the cool midnight air
Sought vainly some repose;
The echo of perpetual squalls rose there,
From the new cistern rose.

Peace! peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend, you green-eyed fright!
I hate, while thus you screech, and spit, and swear,
The cat-infested night!

Punch, May 4, 1861.

PICKED UP AT THE STALL ENTRANCE TO THE NOVELTY THEATRE.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see—
K. V.! K. V.! (Cave!)
She dances most bewitchingly—
K. V.! K. V.!

Her twinkling feet, her ankles neat,
Her *pirouettes*, her glances sweet,
Will make your heart more quickly beat—
K. V.! K. V.!

When you are seeing "Lalla Rookh"—
K. V.! K. V.!
O keep your eyes upon the book—
K. V.! K. V.!
Or Kate's fair face, and facile grace
Will "mash" you in a moment's space;
Then yours will be a hopeless case—
K. V.! K. V.!

Truth, May 22, 1884.

(Referring to Miss Kate Vaughan's performance of the part of Lalla Rookh, in Mr. Horace Lennard's burlesque extravaganza of Moore's poem).

Picked up at the stage entrance to the Novelty Theatre:—

I KNOW a masher dark to see,
J. D., J. D.
He mashes most bewitchingly,
J. D., J. D.
His varnished feet, his collars neat,
His buttonhole (gardenia sweet),
Must make her heart more quickly beat,
J. D., J. D.

When you are seeing *Lalla Rookh*,
J. D., J. D.,
Pray keep your eyes upon the book,
J. D., J. D.
For Kate's fair face and lower lace
Have made you change your mind apace;
Ah, yours must be a dreadful case!
J. D., J. D.

The Topical Times, May 24, 1884.

SUGGESTED BY "THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH."

(*With Apologies to the Shade of Longfellow.*)

UNDER Britannia's spreading oak
The Grand Old Woodman stands;
A presentation axe he wields
With large and sinewy hands;
But the onslaught of his cruel arms
As yet the tree withstands.

His hair is white and dank and long
His collars none can span;
His brow is wet with honest sweat—
He chops down all he can;
He won't look Duty in the face,
But he'll talk with any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his speeches flow;
You can hear him wag his ceaseless tongue,
Dreary and loud and slow,
As the sexton's song on the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

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The children of his Rebel School
Crowd round his open door;
They love to watch his swelling gorge,
And hear his blatant roar,
And catch the myriad words that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach—
He hears his own loved voice,
Reading the daily lessons,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like an angel's voice
Singing in Paradise!
Which reminds him he will talk no more
When in the grave he lies,
And with his collar end he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Talking—orating—promising,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Long years don't see it close;
Too much attempted, nothing done,
How *can* he seek repose?

Experience by thee, my friend,
Thy country has been taught;
Hadst though been doomed to silent life,
As reckless talkers ought,
Then had thy native land escaped
Much evil thou hast wrought.

SPHINX.

The Globe, September 10, 1884.

THE LOW BOHEMIAN.

BEFORE the *Cheshire Cheese's* bar
The low Bohemian stands;
A sallow, seedy man is he,
With dirty nails, and hands;
And 'tis in a gin-sodden voice
He "four of Cork" demands.

His nose is large and very red,
His mouth 'twere hard to span;
His daily work he likes to shirk,
He borrows when he can,
And he scans new comers anxiously,
For he owes to many a man.

Week in, week out, from morn to night,
He loiters bars before;
He knows the barmaids' Christian names
(A fact they much deplore;)
Now here, now there, he, with a leer,
Slinks in at the swinging door!

He glories in the *Referee*,
And reads the *Weekly Times*,
In *Reynolds'* finds congenial stuff,
And sends it jokes and rhymes;
For he's a writer for the press,
When liquor duly primes.

Loafing—and loitering—liquoring—
Down to his grave he goes;
Each morning finds him "coppery,"
He's "screw'd" ere night doth close;
Something attempted—some one "done,"
Whilst liquor always flows.

He dies at length, and round his grave
His boon companions tread,
Then go and drink at various bars
Till maudlin tears are shed—
Whilst their dead friend has left a wife
And children lacking bread!

But his lost life and early death,
Do they no sermon preach?
His doom, self-sought, has it no power
A lesson strong to teach?
No; his friends' brains too sodden are,
The message them to reach.

Truth, Christmas Number, 1878.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLBOY.

UNDER the garden apple-tree
The village schoolboy stands;
The boy, a nasty boy is he,
With muddy, filthy hands;
And the mussel-shells he's playing with
Are pick'd from dirty sands.

His hair is short, and red, and straight,
His face is like the tar;
He cries and bawls when mother calls,
You hear him near and far,
And when he gets a chance he steals
The sugar from the jar.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
He bellows and he cries,
And in the village there's not one
So good at telling lies;
Big stones he throws at other boys,
And hits them in the eyes.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And every one annoys;
He pinches all the kids he's near,
And asks them for their toys;
And when they sing up in the choir
He shouts out, "*Hold your noise!*"

His father smacks him in the face,
He pulls him by the nose,
The village schoolboy only cries,
And crying—off he goes;
His parents go to bed at night,
And THERE, they've no repose.

W. C. L.

The Sporting Times, July 5, 1884.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

BESIDE a dingy public-house, the village smithy stands,
The smith, a nasty man is he, with beastly dirty hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms a bruiser well migh suit,
His face is void of any charm, he looks a nasty brute.
His brow is wet with beery sweat, he scarcely earns a bob;
But to drink up another's drink he's always on the job!

Week in, week out, from morn to night, he curses high and low.
You seldom hear his hammer's beat, his step is dull and slow;
Communications from his mouth are seldom "yes" or "no."
And children coming home from school run frightened past his door,

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They fear to see the ugly beast, and shun his drunken roar,
They'd only catch a kick or blow, if they lingered near his door.

He never goes inside a church, and never sends his boys,
He never heard a parson preach, he hates his daughter's voice,
Snarling over her kitchen work, it makes him swear like vice,
Reminding him of her mother's voice—*that* wasn't over nice.
And when he thinks of her once more, how in the grave she lies,
He thinks in his heart that Providence is sometimes kind and wise,

Cursing, drinking, borrowing; onward through life he goes.
No morning sees good work begin, no evening sees its close.
Nothing attempted, nothing done, from gin he gets repose.

The Topical Times, September 13, 1884.



The parody of "A Psalm of Life," entitled "The Maiden's Dream of Life," which was quoted on page 64, Part IV., of *Parodies*, was copied from a Washington (U.S.) newspaper, dated December, 1871. The idea of this parody had evidently been borrowed from one contained in a small volume by Phœbe Carey, entitled "Poems and Parodies." The borrower made some verbal alterations, which were by no means improvements on Miss Carey's parody, which is decidedly the better of the two :—

A Psalm of Life.

(*What the Heart of the Young Woman said to the Old Maia*).

Tell me not, in idle jingle,
Marriage is an empty dream,
For the girl is dead that's single,
And things are not what they seem.

Married life is real, earnest,
Single blessedness a fib;
Taken from man, to man returnest,
Has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Nearer brings the wedding day.

Life is long, and youth is fleeting,
And our hearts, if there we search,
Still like steady drums are beating
Anxious marches to the Church.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a woman, be a wife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present.
Heart within, and Man ahead!

Lives of married folks remind us
We can live our lives as well,
And, departing, leave behind us
Such examples as will tell;—

Such examples, that another,
Sailing far from Hymen's port,
A forlorn, unmarried brother,
Seeing, shall take heart, and court.

Let us then be up and doing,
With the heart and head begin;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour, and to win!

Poems and Parodies. By Phœbe Carey, Boston, 1854.

The following is an amusing specimen of advertisement parodies. It was written by Mr. T. Thatcher, of College Green, Bristol :—

Tell me not in doleful murmurs
Ink is but a mouldy stream!
And the pen it rusts, and murders
Writing paper by the ream!

Thatcher's Ink is Ink in earnest!
And to rust is not its goal;
Mud thou art, to mould returnest,
Was not spoken as its dole.

With enjoyment and not sorrow
Welcome thee in loudest lay:
Ink to write, that each to-morrow
Finds it blacker than to-day.

Blots begone! Vile ink be fleeting!
Penman, be no more a slave!
Let all other inks go beating
Funeral marches to their grave!

In the world's wide field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Write not like dumb driven cattle!
Use this Ink and end thy strife!

Lines of this Ink all remind us
We may write with ease sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Words to live as long as time!

Pen marks, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Reading, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
Seize this Ink before too late,
Thatcher's now at once securing,
Neither hesitate nor wait!

Shortfellow.

Please be Cheerful.

(*Advice to Modern Novelists.*)

Tell us not, in mournful "numbers,
Life is all a ghastly dream!
Such as those we have in slumbers,
When the nightmare makes us scream.

Life is dark enough in earnest,
Without bringing in the gaol;
Only readers of the sternest
Like their heroines out on bail.

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Not to swindle, or to borrow,
Is the reputable way;
Not to marry, and to-morrow
Kill your bride, and run away.

Arson's wrong, and poisoning dreary,
And our hearts, though pretty brave,
Now and then get rather weary
Of the gallows and the grave.

In the great domestic battle,
In the matrimonial strife,
Be not like those Mormon "cattle,"
Give your hero but one wife.

Wives and daughters should remind you
There are women without crime;
Draw them, and you'll leave behind you
Fictions that may weather time;—

Fictions free from that Inspector
Who is sent by RICHARD MAYNE,
And finds footmarks that affect a
Solemn butler in the lane.

Let us, then, have no more trials,
No more tampering with Wills;
Leave the poisons in the phials—
And the money in the tills.

Punch, December 1, 1866.

A PSALM OF FARMING.

Bell's Messenger, December 9th, 1878.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG FARMER SAID TO THE OLD 'UN.

(*After Wrongedfellar*).

TELL me not in cheerful numbers
You have known when times was wuss,
Kip on sowin' wutts and barley,
And things will come right for us.

Rents are too much, labour's heavy,
And our fair share's not the goal,
Landlords take all they can gather,
Cow and calf, both mare and foal.

Not enjoyment and not profit
Seems our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us poorer than to-day.

The world is big and steam is quick,
But our hearts, though stout and brave,
Do not like to leave the "dear" land,
'Cause our wives do look so grave!

With the world's broad field for farming,
With the chance of a free life,
Be not like dumb, driven donkeys,
With such prospects have no strife.

Trust no landlord, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead.
Act, act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead.

Happy Colonists do teach us
We can go and be the same,
And, departing, leave behind us
Wiser landlords, much more tame.

Landlords, that perhaps another
Year or so might make so wise,
Might then know that 'tis quite certain
Rents must fall as well as rise.

Let us, then, be up and going,
With a heart for any fate,
Then succeeding, more persuading
That 'tis good to emigrate.

Reproduced in "Farming," by Joseph Mangoldwurzel, London, W. Ridgway, 1879.
(A small pamphlet on Free Trade *versus* Protection).

A SONG OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

TELL me not in mocking numbers
We shall have to come to town,
And resume our wonted slumbers,
When the leaves are sere and brown.

* * * *

Lives of patriots all remind us
We can show uncommon *nous*,
And, departing, leave behind us
Relays that shall "keep a House."

Relays that perchance our Leaders
O'er that legislative main
May observe, while we are pleaders
Autumn leisure to attain.

Punch, July 1, 1882.

A PSALM OF BURIAL.

TELL me not with words inflated
Bodies were not meant to burn;
For the moo-cow when cremated
Doth to "frosted silver" turn.

Not the grave-yard, not interment
Is the cheapest, healthiest way;
But to rob the worm preferment
Finds with cultured men to-day.

Lights of learning all have told us
We can shunt the gloomy pall,
And, when churchyards will not hold us,
Roast our flesh for funeral.

Let us, then, keep time with culture:
"Earth to earth" is out of date—
Leave no carrion for the vulture,
Spurn the sexton, and cremate.

Moonshine, May 17, 1884.

ON READING A LIFE AND LETTERS.

"LIVES" of great men all remind us
Friends may after our last breath
Publish what we leave behind us,
Adding thus new fears to death.

Wives of rich men oft remind us,
We may make our wives sublime;
But ten pounds for a lady's bonnet
Knocks a cheque-book out of time.

"THE DAY IS DONE."

THE day is done, and darkness
From the wing of night is loosed,
As a feather is wafted downward,
From a chicken going to roost.

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I see the lights of the baker
  Gleam through the rain and mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
  That I cannot well resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing
  That is not like being sick,
And resembles sorrow only
  As a brickbat resembles a brick.

Come, get for me some supper—
  A good and regular meal—
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
  And banish the pain I feel.

Not from the pastry bakers,
  Not from the shops for cake ;
I wouldn't give a farthing
  For all that they can make.

For, like the soup at dinner,
  Such things would but suggest
Some dishes more substantial,
  And to-night I want the best.

Go to some honest butcher,
  Whose beef is fresh and nice,
As any they have in the city,
  And get a liberal slice.

Such things through days of labour,
  And nights devoid of ease.
For sad and desperate feelings,
  Are wonderful remedies.

They have an astonishing power
  To aid and reinforce,
And come like the "finally, brethren,"
  That follows a long discourse.

Then get me a tender sirloin
  From off the bench or hook.
And lend to its sterling goodness
  The science of the cook.

And the night shall be filled with comfort,
  And the cares with which it begun
Shall fold up their blankets like Indians,
  And silently cut and run.

Poems and Parodies. By Phœbe Carey, Boston, United States, 1854.



The three parodies following are imitations of Longfellow's

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
  It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
  For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
  Could not follow it in his flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
  It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
  For who has sight so keen and strong,
  That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterwards, in an oak
  I found the arrow, still unbroke ;
  And the song, from beginning to end,
  I found again in the heart of a friend.

THE BIRDS AND THE PHEASANT.

I SHOT a partridge in the air,
  It fell in turnips, "Don," knew where ;
  For just as it dropped, with my right
  I stopped another in its flight.

I killed a pheasant in the copse,
  It fell amongst the fir-tree tops ;
  For though a pheasant's flight is strong,
  A cock, hard hit, cannot fly long.

Soon, soon afterwards, in a pie,
  I found the birds in jelly lie ;
  And the pheasant, at a fortnight's end,
  I found again in the *carte* of a friend.

Punch, October 12, 1867.

BALLAD. THE EX-PREMIER.

(*Mr. Gladstone*).

I WROTE a pamphlet t'other day ;
  It fell still-born in the usual way ;
For the public knew 'twas the old, old tale,
And they thought it just a wee bit stale.

I wrote an article in a "mag,"
  And it made its circulation flag ;
For the readers knew 'twas my only work
To speak about th' unspeakable Turk !

Not long after my spirits sunk,
  For I found the pamphlet lining a trunk ;
And the article (degradation utter)
Was round a pat of the best salt butter.

Truth. Christmas Number, 1877.

THE ARROW AND THE HOUND.

At Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight,
I shot an arrow such a height,
It fell to earth, I know not where,
And, sooth to say, I do not care.

A poem to a mag. I sent,
Receiving no acknowledgment ;
The subject was, I know not what—
If e'er I knew I have forgot.

A traveller the arrow found
Half-buried in his faithful hound,
And what he said in his distress
I do not know—I dare not guess.

And soon, when reading in the train,
I found my poem once again ;
But on the fire that in it burned,
A comic hydrant had been turned.

What verse with arrow had to do
I know not now—I never knew !
But that such things should hap no more
I called upon the editor.

I aimed an arrow with such care,
It hit I scarce remember where ;
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
He turned, and called me with a sigh—

But what, to tell you were not right ;
Besides, I have forgotten quite ;
But arrow, editor, and hound,
Are famed to earth's remotest bound.

EXCELSIOR JUNIOR.

The Topical Times, June 14, 1884.

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THE SOIRÉE.

(After "*The Arsenal at Springfield.*")

THIS is the Soirée: from grate to entrance,
Like milliners' figures, stand the lovely girls;
But from their silent lips no merry sentence
Disturbs the smoothness of their shining curls.

Ah! what will rise, how will they rally,
When shall arrive the "gentlemen of ease!"
What brilliant repartee, what witty sally,
Will mingle with their pleasant symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite sweet chorus,
The laugh of ecstacy, the merry tone,
That through the evenings that have gone before us
In long reverberations reach our own.

From round-faced Germans come the guttural voices,
Through curling *moustache* steals the Italian clang,
And, loud amidst their universal noises,
From distant corners sounds the Yankee twang.

I hear the Editor, who from his office
Sends out his paper, filled with praise and puff,
And holy priests, who, when they warn the scoffers,
Beat the fine pulpit, lined with velvet stuff.

The tumult of each *saqued*, and charming maiden,
The idle talk that sense and reason drowns,
The ancient dames with jewelry o'erladen,
And trains depending from the brocade gowns—

The pleasant tone, whose sweetness makes us wonder,
The laugh of gentlemen, and ladies, too,
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of some lady blue,—

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With pastimes so ridiculous as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the wealth that fills the world with ladies,
Were half the time bestowed on caps and lace,
Given to the home, the husbands, and the babies,
There were no time to visit such a place.

Foems and Parodies. By Phœbe Carey (Ticknor, Reed, and Fields). Boston, United States, 1854.

The following old parody was written in imitation of the hexameters of *Evangeline*:—

DOLLARINE; A TALE OF CALIFORNIA.

A FRAGMENT IN HEXAMETERS.

BY PROFESSOR W. H. LONGANDSHORTFELLOW,

Of Cambridge, Connecticut.

IN St. Francisco located was NATHAN JEHOIAKIM BOWIE;
Down by the wharf on the harbour he traded in liquors and dry goods,
Darned hard knot at a deal, at Meetin' a powerful elder.
There at his store, in the shade, they met, onbraced and enlightened
Traders and trappers and captings, and lawyers and editors also.
Freely they liquored and chewed, indulgin' in expectoration,
Rockin' with heels over heads, and whittlin', laborious, the counter.
Like dough-nut at a frolic, or yellow-pine stump in a clearin',
Sharp as a backwoodsman's axe, and cute as a bachelor beaver,
Glimmer'd, through clouds of Virginny, the cypherin' mug of NATHANIEL.
Sweeter nor candy of maple, a'most too genteel to be raal,
Straight as a hickory sapling and clean as a Nar'ganset pacer
Tall *she* moved through the bar, a-sarvin' of juleps and cock-tails,
Sweetenin' the cobblers with smiles, and firin' Havannahs with glances,
NATHAN J. BOWIE'S fair darter, splendiferous MISS DOLLARINA!
Tall she moved thro' the bar, collectin' the joes and the cents in:
Not that she needed to did it, but 'cause nigger helps there's no trustin',
And she was too tender-hearted to get the black varmint cow-hided.
—There in pastoral peace, since first the *lo*cation was ceded,
Dwelt the old man and his child, beneath their own vine and their fig-tree,
Doin' a good stroke of business, for cash or beaver-skins only.
On NAT'S. roof of split shingle, illustrious GOVERNOR TARBOX
Hoisted the Stars and the Stripes, representative there of the Mighty,
The Free, and the Fearless of 'airth, the Go-a-head 'Merican people;
Boarded there the great TARBOX, and took his horn like a mere man,
Paying four dollars *per diem* for grub, grog, shake-down, and washin'.
Then came down, like iled lightning, on St. Francisco a rumour—
Fame her brazen trump turned best mint metal to puff it—
How that the root of all evil was found growin' wild up the country,
How gold stuck to folk's fingers that washed in the St. Sacramento!
NAT. chawed two plugs extra to hear it; the editor swore he
Wished to be darned, if it wasn't a caution how folks could be gammoned.
"My!" sighed sweet DOLLARINA, and paused as she squoze a half lemon;
But the magnanimous TARBOX, he reckoned 'tmight be kinder likely,
Seein' the States whipt the airth for men, and why not for metals?
Came from the diggins a straanger, with two carpet-bags full of goold dust;
NATHAN diskivered the fact, as he traded a pinch for a gin-sling;
And as that straanger loafed, thro' the bar, from parlor to bedroom,
Streams of the glorious sand oozed out through a hole in his trousers.
—Gathered the rumour and grew, and soon rose a sudden demand for
Calabash, can, keg, and kettle; and NATHAN'S prime lot of tin fixin's,
Crockery, also, went off at figgers that beat to eternal
Smash all prices he'd thought, in dreams e'en, of e'er realisin'.
Soon the traders upped hook, and the editor talked edifyin'
All about lucre and dross; and the lawyer convened it was awful;
Till one mornin' trampoused the lawyer and editor with him.
Off were the trappers for beaver, they said, but "it warn't noways likely,"

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NATHAN remarked, "they would strike beaver-trail in them there locations."
Then the captings went too, they said, to bring back their sailors;
And as it stands to natur', their customers followed the captings.
Next the Meetin's they thinned—that's a fact—till, down to the elders,
Dropped, like leaves in the fall, congregations of e'en the awakened.
Ontil the deacon was forced to look arter the flock of back-sliders,
Minister mizzlin' himself, before long, to look arter the deacon.
Why should NATHAN hold on, with his bar of its customers empty,
Strawers unsucked in the cobblers, and mint unplucked in the garding,
Swopped his prime tin doin's, or sold to the uttermost pipkin?
So he went—but before him the helps, black and Irish, had vanished.
Lone in the shanty she lingered, the fair and forlorn DOLLARINA—
Lone like a flower, in the face of great natur', and GOVERNOR TARBOX!
Blushin' she bowed to the governor's snigger, when first to his bed-room,
Bearin' his boots and his breakfast, she came like a minist'rin' angel—
Blushin' she raised her bright face—and the Governor swore catawampus,
"Burn my old bree—that is, boots—gals like you didn't ought for to do it."
—Soft was the heart of Great TARBOX, and most horrid hansum the maiden,
Loftily spoke he of goold, and the tarnal low hitch of the humans,
Leavin' such gals all alone, to go the whole hog at the washin's.
Sweetly she'd set there beside him, the while with his governor's hands he
Washed his own dicky or fried his simple repast of pork fixins;
Sweetly she sot there beside him, and TARBOX a slavin' was happy!
Still now and then that bright eye from its tail would glance up to the mountains,
And a faint sigh be the echo of TARBOXES glowin' soft sawder;
Oft in her pail of ablution he'd catch her a rinsin' the water;
And once she ventured to murmur, "I wonder what nateral goold's like."
—Down came the moment at last—set TARBOX a-mendin' his shoe-sole,
Breathin' his love in a Sonnet, and chawin' a plug of tobaccer—
Entered the maiden so stately—and bowin' her beauty before him,
Smilingly, sobbingly uttered, "Adoo—I am off for the diggins!"

* * * *
Burst the full heart of Great TARBOX——
(*Here the MSS., becomes illegible, apparently from tears*).

Punch, January 20, 1849.

THE LOST TAILS OF MILETUS.

HIGH on the Thracian hills, half hid in the billows of clover,
Thyme, and the asphodel blooms, and lulled by Pactolian streamlet,
She of Miletus lay, and beside her an aged satyr
Scratched his ear with his hoof, and playfully mumbled his chestnuts.
Vainly the Mænid and the Bassarid gambolled about her,
The free-eyed Bacchante sang, and Pan—the renowned, the accomplished—
Executed his difficult solo. In vain were their gambols and dances!
High o'er the Thracian hills rose the voice of the shepherdess, wailing—
"Ai! for the fleecy flocks,—the meek-nosed, the passionless faces;
Ai! for the tallow-scented, the straight-tailed, the high-stepping;
Ai! for the timid glance, which is that which the rustic, sagacious,
Applies to him who loves but may not declare his passion!"
Her then Zeus answered slow: "O daughter of song and sorrow,—
Hapless tender of sheep,—arise from thy long lamentation!
Since thou canst not trust fate, nor behave as becomes a Greek maiden,
Look and behold thy sheep."—And lo! they returned to her tailless!

BRET HARTE.

In 1856 a pamphlet was published (at the price of two shillings), by W. J. Golbourn, of Princes Street, Leicester Square, entitled: "MARKS AND REMARKS for the Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, MDCCCLVI. (after the manner of ——) by A. E., to which is added a DIRGE (in imitation of another)." This very scarce pamphlet consists of thirty-two pages, mostly occupied by descriptions of the pictures in the Royal Academy for that year, and the author's comments upon them, in the metre of *Hiawatha*, commencing thus:—

"SHOULD you ask me whence the Stories?
Whence the legends and traditions
That have furnished forth our Artists
With the most attractive subjects
For the present exhibition?
"I should answer, I should tell you,"
They have drawn them from the Poets,
From the Book-of-books have drawn them,
From the best Historic sources,
From the Mountains, Lakes, and Rivers,
From the Hills, the Lanes, the Meadows,
From the Highland and the Lowland,
And the mighty surging Ocean;
And the Portraits, large and little,
And the Portraits of all sizes,
"With their frequent repetitions,"
Pillars, table cloths and curtains,
From the Court, the Camp, the Senate,
And plain Gentlemen and Ladies.

* * * *

A long political parody appeared in *Punch*, February 23, 1867, entitled "The Great Medicine-Man; a new Canto of Hiawatha." This

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was *apropos* of Mr. Disraeli's Reform proposals, then submitted to the House of Commons in Thirteen Resolutions.

On page 95, Part VI., a long extract was given from a parody of *Hiawatha*, entitled *The Song of Big Ben*, which appeared in *Truth*, February 15, 1877. It was descriptive of the opening of Parliament, and the subsequent proceedings in the Houses have since been related in the same metre, and under the same title, in many other numbers of *Truth*. On page 80 reference was made to a parody which appeared in *Tom Hood's Comic Annual for* 1877; unfortunately, it is much too long to give in full. The following short extract will, however, give an idea of its style:—

REVENGE. A RHYTHMIC RECOLLECTION.

IF you ask me where I found it, found this very dreadful legend, with its strange coincidences and its tragic repetitions, I should answer, I should tell you, in the columns of the "Pleecenoos," in the pages of the "Standard," in the Organ of the Knife Board, in all sheets of published scandal, published in the month of August, published in the midst of Fleet Street, where the tide of life rolls onward, whilst the modest newsman murmurs low amid the noise of traffic, "Buy the 'Hecker,' fifth edition! Buy the 'Standard,' latest war news! Buy the Organ of the Knife Board!"

'Twas the pleasant April weather, and a coach was bound for Cambridge, and four youths alike in feature sat together in the rumble; each alike was bound for Cambridge, each alike in air was noble, each alike in hair was curly, each in speech was Hebraistic, and they all were bound for Cambridge.

Never had they met before this, though their fathers in four townships wide apart had heard the rumours of each other's great successes in the art of habit-making, famed for thirteen-shilling trousers; and each parent, little recking of the others' great successes, said, "My son shall rise to swelldom; he shall have his fling at college, and shall dwell among the nobles who, by my fair art made nobler, wear my thirteen-shilling trousers."

As in April's pleasant weather all the four rolled on to Cambridge, did they swear eternal friendship; and alighting from the rumble, pledged each other in great beakers, drank each other's healths in "dogsnose;" sought the portals of the college where they had matriculated, crossed the sunny green quadrangle, and betook them to their chambers; parted tearful on the landing, and betook them to their chambers.

* * * * *

Then they severed at the doorway; but by devious ways returning, met again before the doorway.

Then with scowling brows they entered; and the barmaid —most impartial of the race of British barmaids— sweetly winked in turn upon them till their hearts within them gladdened; and they drank the luscious "dogsnose," and their friendly vows repeated, till with arm-in-arm close linking they once more the dim quadrangle crossed, and all was wrapped in silence.

* * * * *

D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

THE SONG OF PROGRESS.

Should you ask me, "Why this hubbub?
Why this coming strife of parties?
Why the Hyde Park Demonstration?
Why the mighty northern meeting?
Why Conservatives take counsel
With their own selected members,
Each admitted with a ticket?"
I should answer you in this wise,
"Harken to the Song of Progress,
Listen to the din of warfare—
Listen for the coming triumph

Of the People o'er the Peerage."
By the dark and murky waters,
Foul and dank with filth and sewage,
Waters which are not pellucid,
Of the noble river Isis,
Stands a large and stately Palace,
Where th' elected of the people
Meet for work of legislation.
One a Party firm, united,
Loved and trusted by the People.
They the Party are of Progress—
Ever have been, ever must be;
They the champions who do battle
'Gainst hereditary privilege.

Their opponents are a Party
Smaller far and disunited.
Dwarfed in mind, with doings crooked,
Quick to "execute a sharp curve,"
With no Policy whatever,
Save to stop the work of Progress,
They the Party are of Privilege,
Who oppose, and ever have done,
Social progress of the masses.

Should you ask me why the Peerage
Rule responsible to no one,
What their deeds of wondrous valour,
What their wisdom unsurpassed,
What their nobleness of nature,
What their learning, power, or goodness,
That they thus should reign supreme there,
I should answer you, "I know not."
This I know, that tho' their country
Scarcely knows the names of any,
On the racecourse every welcher,
Every gambling scoundrel, blackleg,
Knows them there by tens and dozens.
I should answer 'tis a relic
Of the ignorant Middle Ages,
When the king held all the country,
Shared it with his greater barons,
And the toilers were in bondage.
One by one the links of thraldom
Have been rent and burst asunder;
Few the fetters that are left us
Of the hateful Feudal system;
But this one stands trembling, tottering,
Till the breath of further Freedom,
Strengthened by the voice of Gladstone,
Bright, and Chamberlain, and Picton,
Broadhurst, Illingworth, and Lawson,
Shall abolish it for ever.

Funny Folks, August 16, 1884.

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Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

(*Continued from Part* 13.)

There was a competition for Parodies on "Excelsior" in *Truth*, fourteen parodies appeared on November 11, 1880, and the following week nine more were published, each consisting of five verses. The parody with the refrain, "That Thirty-four," which was selected as the prize winner, has already appeared in Part VI. of *Parodies*. A few of the others may be given here; the first evidently refers to Mr. Disraeli's entry into political life, when he was not favorably received:—

THE shades of night were falling fast,
When, through the House of Commons, passed
A youth, with curls not over nice,
Who bore as motto and device—
Excelsior!

His brow was dark, his eye beneath
Flashed from its eyelid's dusky sheath,
And, with a nasal music, rung
The accents of his Hebrew tongue—
Excelsior!

"Thou offshoot of a withered branch!
Beware the scornful avalanche,
Which shall o'erwhelm thy speech to-night!"
A voice replied, in shame and spite,
Excelsior!

"Stay," said the maiden Muse, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast;"
He either wept or winked his eye,
And said with simulated sigh,
Excelsior!

Now in life's twilight, old and grey,
He seems to hear his rival say,
From his high place, serene and far,
"Ha, Lucifer! thou fallen star,"
Excelsior!

GOSSAMER.

THE WORKHOUSE.

THE shades of night were falling fast
As through a London alley passed
A woman, wan, with hands of ice,
The workhouse sought, from cold and vice—
Moritura!

In happy homes she saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the planets glittering shone,
From her pale lips escaped a groan—
Moritura!

"Try not to pass," the porter said;
Dark lowers his visage overhead—
"No order; rules I must abide;"
And weak that weary voice replied,
Moritura!

"O stay," a sister said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon my breast."
A tear stood in her dull grey eye,
And still she answered with a sigh,
Moritura!

There, in the daybreak, cold and gray,
Lifeless, on workhouse steps she lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Est Mortua!

BOB.

THE GRIFFIN.

THE tawny folds of London fog
Fell round the lamp-lit Court of Gog.
Clarions and toasts were loud within;
A weird cry mingled with the din—
"One blunder more!"

Forth from that glorified Guildhall
A griffin reeled with easy sprawl;
Through mire and midnight, floundering west
He hooted, like a brute possessed—
"One blunder more!"

"Halt!" cried the watchmen of St. Bride,
As hastily they edged aside.
"Try Scotland Yard!" a small boy said;
The answer came, from far ahead—
"One blunder more!"

A pilgrim, under Street's new clock,
Beheld him climb the Temple block,
A chuckle through the darkness passed—
"This blessed night we've crowned at last
One blunder more!"

And when the morn broke, soft and fair,
Lifeless he stood, erect in air;
A stark and startling beast of brass,
Completing, in the Fleet-street pass
One blunder more!

GLEN JUNE.

THE COUNTRY FAIR.

NIGHT was fast falling o'er the scene,
As through the crowd on village green,
There passed a youth, who once or twice
Said, as he stopped to eat an ice,
Excelsior!

"Climb not the pole," an old man said,
"The grease will spoil your trousers, Ned;"
With upward glance the youth replied,
"The mutton at the top is tied."
Excelsior!

"O stay," a maiden said, and sighed,
"And take me for a donkey ride;"
He grasped the pole, and in reply,
He softly murmured with a sigh,
Excelsior

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"Beware!" a withered crone cried out,
"Take care, take care what you're about:"
Far up the pole they heard him pant,
As though his breath was rather scant,
Excelsior!

Just as he neared the prize he stopped,
Then quick as falling star he dropped,
He laid upon the ground and groaned,
Yet still in feeble accents moaned,
Excelsior!

MINNIE MUM.

"Wheeling Annual" for 1885 contains many excellent parodies, relating principally, of course, to the joys and troubles of bicyclists.

WHAT ROADS!

At a recent sessions of the Uxbridge Court a gentleman pleaded guilty to riding on the footpath with a bi., and excused himself on the ground that the roads were very muddy. P.C. X. 20. proved the case, and a fine of 5s. was imposed.—*Uxbridge Gazette.*

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As thro' a local village pass'd
A youth, who rode a Rudge, once bright,
He cried, as onward sped his flight,
"What roads!"

His brow was sad, the road beneath
Resembled much dull Hounslow Heath,
And in a voice, just tinged with ire,
Cried as he still rode through the mire,
"What roads!"

In happy "pubs." he saw the light
Of *Argand* burners very bright,
Said he, "I'll stop and try a drink."
Mine host replied with knowing wink,
"What roads!"

"Try on the path," the landlord said,
"Our Robert's 'off,' e'en gone to bed."
"A good idea," the youth replied,
"And one that shall be quickly tried,
"What roads!"

"Oh! stay," the barmaid said, "and rest."
The wheelman answered, "Pray don't jest!"
I'll TRY the path, it *can't* be worse,
Which brings us to another verse.
What roads!

"Beware the stones that lie in heaps
"Beware the dog the farmer keeps."
The wheelist mounted, sped away,
And hailed the light of breaking day.
What roads!

Just then, X 20, on his track,
Stopp'd short the youth's career, alack!
In vain he pleads, "This isn't fair!"
X 20 takes him *you know where.*
What roads!

There in the Court with face quite ruddy
He urges that, "The roads were muddy."
Vain hope! The Chairman with a sob,
Murmur'd serenely, "*Fined Five Bob!*"
"What roads."

W. F. FIELD.

"SLOPER.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As o'er a station platform passed
A youth, who bore, with step precise,
A paper with the strange device
Of SLOPER.

His coat was torn, his hair unkempt,
His face from water long exempt,
But quick his action, sharp his eye
As loud he shouted, "Who will buy
A SLOPER."

"Stay!" said an old man, "stay, my boy,
Who ought to be your mother's joy,
Linger a while, and give to me
(For I would wish amused to be)
A SLOPER."

"Here!" said a maiden, sad yet "swell,
In accents like a silver bell,
"Come here, my youth, and I will try
To drown my sorrow; *I* will buy
A SLOPER."

And soon from every side there came
The accents of that well-known name,
Until the little urchin stands,
And there's not in his dirty hands
A SLOPER.

There in the gas-light, clearly seen,
The little boy stood "all serene;"
A smile lit up his bright blue eye,
He whistled loud, and ceased his cry
Of SLOPER.



THE WAR BLACKSMITH.

UNDER its sulphurous canopy
Old Vulcan's smithy stands,
And Vulcan, grown a man-of-war,
Has so much on his hands,
That stocks run low, and files but show
War-orders and demands.

His Cyclops when he needed most,
Off every Cyclops ran;
For why should not a Cyclop do
As another working-man,
And take the time when trade is brisk
To insist on all he can?

So every day, and all day long
Poor Vulcan's sweat must flow,
Toiling for Europe's sovereigns,
And still the orders grow
For breech-loaders, and armour-plates,
Steel-shot and chilled also.

With Chassepots for the EMPEROR
(O'er Dreyses they've the pull),
With Remingtons for Austria,
And Sniders for JOHN BULL,
Balls, Cochranes, Mountstorms, Henries,
His hands may well be full.

Meanwhile the EMPEROR writes to us,
And bids us be good boys:
It does one good to hear him preach,
And see how he enjoys
The shift of weights that trim the POWERS
For Europe's equipoise.

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How glad he is that Prussia comes
So strong out of the row,
That Italy Venetia gains—
Vià France, as all allow:
Proving "whatever is, is best"—
At all events, *just now*.

And when France sulks that East and South
Her neighbours' power increases,
He hints, 'tis not from *every* smash
She can "pick up the pieces,"
While Peace is Peace, although it brings
No Savoys, and no Nices.

Some say 'tis like the voice that once
Wiled Eve in Paradise:
But it preaches so delightfully,
And gives such good advice,
Bidding France arm, because she's sure
Of peace at any price.

So Vulcan all his toil and stock
Must on War's task bestow,
And iron, good for spade and share
For sword and gun must go:
For before this the Emperor's word
Has been a word and blow.

Then let us thank the Emperor
For the lesson he has taught,
That it is in the forge of War
The arms of Peace are wrought,
And if we haven't breech-loaders,
Breech-loaders must be bought.

Punch, September 29, 1866.

It will be remembered that the Austrians had been completely defeated by the Prussians at Sadowa, on July 3, 1866, and that the Emperor Francis Joseph had ceded Venetia to Napoleon III., requesting his intervention with the King of Prussia to arrange the terms of peace. From that period until the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, Napoleon was looked upon as the arbiter of Peace or War in Europe.

Although the following parody is taken from an old Christmas annual, it is singularly *à propos* at the present time, when disgust is universally expressed at the costliness and uncertainty of our Legal system. Recent scandals have also greatly detracted from the confidence and respect which should be felt for the administrators of Justice:—

THE LORD CHANCELLOR. (*Loq.*)

"WERE it once known that only right could win,
No villain then an action would begin;
Did rogues not know how equal was their chance
With honest men's, false claims they'd not advance;
In short, were only simple justice done,
The special pleader's course were well-nigh run."

Song: The LORD CHANCELLOR.
Tune: "*The Village Blacksmith.*"

Under a stunted black elm tree
The Q.C.'s chambers are;
Q.C., a leading silk is he,
With name known near and far;
And the practice he's contrived to make
Is famous at the bar.

His wig is crisp, and soiled, and black—
That's where the ink once ran—
His eye is bright, and apt to roll,
'Tis his most favourite plan;
And he looks a jury in the face
As very few men can.

Week in, week out, from ten till four,
You can hear his language flow;
You can see him hitch his gown and swing
His arm with motion slow,
Like a ranter beating the Holy Book
With a downright thumping blow!

And country people up in town
Look in at the Law-court's door;
For they like to see the great Q.C.,
And hear his voice's roar;
And 'tis thought a bit of luck to catch
Him standing on the floor.

He sits on Sundays in his rooms,
And "tots" up his week's fees;
He thinks on those he hasn't earned,
And had no right to seize:
And much it makes his heart rejoice
As he turns over these.

He thinks of verdicts he has won,
By torture and by lies;
Of verdicts lost through his default
Thoughts will unbidden rise:
Through one a widow lost her all,
He seems to hear her sighs.

Toiling—speechmaking—circuiting,
Onward through life he goes;
Each evening sees some briefs begun,
How many? goodness knows!
Something attempted, some one "done,"
He's earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my legal friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
That fortune quickly comes to one
Who does what he "didn't ought;"
And that taking fees for work not done
Is a very "happy thought."

Finis (Beeton's Christmas Annual, 1877.)

In a recent trial for libel brought against the son of the Lord Chief Justice, the plaintiff had to conduct his case in person, and was subjected to continual interruptions, and hostile remarks from the bench. This conduct on the part of the judge, Mr. Justice Manisty, was even more noticeable than his contemptuous treatment of the verdict of the jury, and the following parody of a Law Report (which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, November 25, 1884)—is really but a mild exaggeration of the actual proceedings:—

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Trial by Jury in 1884.

The libel case of —— *versus* —— was tried in the Court of ——, before Mr. Justice Manifest. The plaintiff conducted his own case; the defendant was represented by his counsel, a great legal luminary, and several of the most prominent names at the bar. The defendant is the son of a person high placed in the legal world, and is himself a barrister. The plaintiff is, vernacularly speaking, "the deuce knows who." The alleged libel is contained in a letter written by the defendant to a widow lady (his great aunt by marriage), who wished to ally herself by marriage to the plaintiff.

The plaintiff was proceeding to open his own case, when the judge asked him why he was not properly represented by professional counsel, after the manner of a gentleman, and warned him that such an omission was likely to tell against him in the gravest manner.

Plaintiff: May it please your lordship, I am a poor man, and cannot well afford—

Mr. Justice Manifest: The question of your means is wholly irrelevant. I must request you to keep strictly to the matter in hand.

Plaintiff: My other reason was that I feared no member of your respected profession would be quite whole-hearted in conducting my case, in view of who the defendant is. (Groans from the members of the Bar present.)

The great legal luminary: I protest against the plaintiff's speech as an insult to the entire profession, including your lordship.

Mr. Justice Manifest condoled warmly with the outraged feelings of the legal gentlemen present, but urged them to allow the plaintiff to proceed; as by so doing he would best reveal to the jury the manner of man he was.

Plaintiff: With the permission of the court, I will first read the letter.

The great legal luminary objected to this, as unnecessarily wounding to the feelings of the defendant's eminent family.

Plaintiff humbly submitted to the court that unless he were allowed to produce the letter it would be difficult for the jury to decide whether it were a libel or not. Mr. Justice Manifest begged the great legal luminary to allow the letter to be read as a personal favour to himself. The great legal luminary consenting, the plaintiff read the letter, which was as follows:—"My dear Aunt,—It is with sincere regret that I see myself forced to point out to you the true character of the unprincipled scoundrel you are thinking of marrying. Should you be surprised to hear that he is a professed atheist? Should you be surprised to hear that he has been three times married already, and that one of these marriages took place while the former wife was still alive? Should you be surprised to hear that many excellent people suspect him of having made away with his last wife, though the murder has never been brought home to him? Should you be surprised to hear that he has on several occasions embezzled large sums of money? Should you be surprised to hear that he is a convicted felon? Should you be surprised to hear that he has a daughter in the workhouse?" .. ... At this point the reading of the letter was interrupted by the great legal luminary, who said that the remainder of it had no bearing on the case.

The plaintiff said he thought he had read enough to give the court some idea of the animus of the document. He would next ask if the defendant denied having written it?

The great legal luminary said his client acknowledged having written the letter.

Mr. Justice Manifest said this was one more instance of the manly and straightforward manner in which the case for the defendant was being carried on.

The plaintiff said he had given the defendant an opening to withdraw his statements in presence of the defendant's fa ....

Mr. Justice Manifest (interrupting): "I must beg you not to mention eminent people in no way connected with the case."

The plaintiff apologised and continued: The defendant refused either to withdraw or substantiate his charges.

Mr. Justice Manifest: Quite right too. (Loud cheering.)

The plaintiff next called witnesses to speak to his character and disprove the charges contained in the letter which the defendant acknowledged having written, and refused to withdraw.

The Rev. Lord Bishop of —— was sworn, and in answer to questions said he had known the plaintiff from a boy, and that he had always borne the highest character.

Several other reverend gentlemen, of whose congregations the plaintiff had at various times been a prominent member, were called, and deposed to the same effect—namely, that he was a man against whom there had never been a breath of even ordinary scandal. Also that he was of a most edifying piety.

Plaintiff: Would it have been possible that such facts as my having murdered my wife, embezzled money, been a convicted felon, &c., could have remained unknown to you during the time I was a member of your congregations?

The Reverend Gentlemen; "Quite impossible." Plaintiff then produced evidence that the period during which he had sat under the various reverend gentlemen extended over his whole life, from the age of eighteen to the present day.

Mr. Justice Manifest asked the great legal luminary if he did not wish to cross-examine the witnesses.—Great legal luminary: "No, my lord, I have no questions to ask."

Mr. Justice Manifest thanked him for so considerately saving the time of the court.

The plaintiff next called witnesses to prove that he had only been once married, that he had lived in great peace and harmony with his late wife, that she had died a natural death, that he had sincerely mourned her, that he had always supported his daughter honourably, and as well as his small means would allow.

The great legal luminary scornfully refused to cross-examine any of the witnesses.

The plaintiff then declared his case closed.

Mr. Justice Manifest: And high time too.

The great legal luminary then opened the case for the defence: My lord I do not mean to waste the valuable time of the court, already so mercilessly squandered by the plaintiff. My client, acting on my advice, has considerately refused to appear in the witness-box, or to call any witnesses. I shall not soil myself by attempting to set aside any of the evidence the plaintiff has thought fit so tediously to inflict upon the patience of the court. The fact that a man is obliged to call such evidence to his personal character is, I should hope, sufficiently significant to all right-thinking and unprejudiced minds. The law of libel is happily clear and concise, and is known to all. That the position occupied by the defendant's family could in any way influence the judgment of the court, which, monstrous as it may seem, the plaintiff has not hesitated to imply, is a supposition I need not even repudiate. My lord, I have done.

Mr. Justice Manifest: I cannot sufficiently express my admiration for the moderation with which the counsel for the defence has expressed himself, or my regret that such a case should have been brought into court at all. The jury must now consider carefully whether such a letter, written confidentially by one member of a family to another, can in any sense of the word be rightly called a libel, or whether the whole thing is not a base conspiracy to annoy a family of high position, and degrade the law. For my own part my mind is quite made up, and though I have the highest opinion of juries and their decisions, I must warn the jury that in the extremely improbable event of their disagreeing

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with me, I shall reserve to myself the right of setting aside their decision.

The jury, without retiring, consulted for a few moments, when the foreman said: My lord, we are unanimously agreed.

Mr. Justice Manifest: I was sure you would be; and your verdict is?

The Foreman: We find unhesitatingly for the plaintiff.

Mr. Justice Manifest (with withering sarcasm): Oh, do you? Then may I ask at what you fix the damages?

The Foreman (after a brief consultation with the other jurors): At £2,000, my lord.

Mr. Justice Manifest: I have no hesitation in overruling the decision of the jury, and have much pleasure in deciding that the court finds for the defendant with costs.

THE VILLAGE PET.

AROUND their panting captain
The village clubmen stand;
A presentation "pot" he bears
In his large and sinewy hand;
For he just has won the mile "cham,"
To the music of the band!

His hair is gingery, coarse, and long;
His muscles none can span,
His brow is wet with honest sweat—
He's "put in" all he can;
He ain't much to look at in the face,
But he'll ride 'gainst any man!
(In the village!)

Week after week, morn, noon, and night,
You could see him rushing round
The cricket-field the club had hired
For an impromptu training-ground;
You could hear his back wheel clump and clatter,
Although with wire bound!

The loafers and cadgers of the place:
Crowd round the open gate:
They love to watch him wheeling round
Like some pursuing Fate;
To count each gasp, to cheer each spurt,
And fill with pride his pate!

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his pals:
Receiving homage from each youth,
And winking at the gals!
Makes weak attempts to "mash" 'em, and
Criticises their "fal-lals!"

He sleeps—dreams—hears his trainer's voice
Telling him when to "stick it on!"
Remembers that he'll ride no more
When the cold earth lays his chest upon!
Waking, he checks a deep, loud snore,
And finds his "mashes" homeward gone!

Training—perspiring—grinding:
Onward through life he goes—
Each evening sees a mile begun,
2m. 5os. sees it close!
Something attempted, something done,
Has gained a broken nose!

Experience by thee, my friend:
Thy chums, they have been taught,
Hadst thou been doomèd *nèes* to ride
As reckless fellows ought
Then had thy Roman nose escaped
Much evil thou hast wrought!

R. C. BLOW.

The Wheeling Annual for 1885.



Finis (Beeton's Annual, 1877) contained a long parody on "Evangeline," from which the following lines may be quoted:—

MABEL, THE MADE-UP.

THIS is the Forest of St. John. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss and with lichens, have nothing to do with this Forest.
Here 'stead of pines there are lamp-posts; and 'stead of the hemlocks, post-pillars;
And as for the moss and the lichens, there's dust and there's slush in their places.
This is the Forest of St. John—but here are no beasts save cab-horses;
Birds, though—soiled doves as some call them—roost pretty thick in its villas.
Sooth 'tis a forest, say some, where one may find lots of "dears-talking."
Certainly is it a tract for growing wild oats very famous!
Ye who believe in fair beauty, in beauty skin deep and enduring,
Ye who believe in the truth and the genuine charms of a woman,
List to my mournful experience gained not long since in the Forest;
List to the tale of Miss Mabel, a *belle* of that north-western quarter.
In the Ranunculus Road, near to the underground station;
In a small villa, detached, bounded on all sides by garden;
Lived on a competence easy, Mabel, the *belle* I have mentioned.
Fair as to face and so slim; flawless, in sooth, was this damsel;
Rounded her bust in a manner approved of by painters and sculptors;
Golden her hair as the sunshine that, careless, got tangled amongst it;
Blue though her eyes as the ocean, jet black her brows and her lashes;
Soft was the bloom on her cheeks as the delicate blush upon peaches;
Seeing her smile, teeth and lips seemed like pearls set in pinkest of coral;
Snow in her bosom had melted, despairing to rival its whiteness;
Taper and lithe were her fingers, each with its pink pearl-shell helmet;
Lightly had Time run the wheels of his chariot over her forehead,
Never a rut had they made, for the road was like white alabaster,
All this I saw and still more, though I am not a little short-sighted,
When at a morning performance by chance I happened to meet her.

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Known to the friend I was with, he in the *entr'acte* introduced me;
And from that moment her box became the shrine of a goddess.
Little I saw of the play, now even its name I've forgotten;
Little I thought of my friend, but sheltered behind a box curtain,
Kept I my *lorgnette* on Mabel, watching her moods and her glances.
Perfect was each of her poses as that of a painter's lithe model;
E'en when she talked to her friends the shape of her lips seemed like poetry;
Smiles rippled over her face like sunshine upon broken water.

* * * * *

During the war between the Northern and Southern States of America many humorous works were published which were intended to expose the weaknesses, and abuses, in the policy and administrations of both sides in the struggle. Amongst these, few were more amusing, or more popular than the Orpheus C. Kerr (*i.e.*, office-seeker) Papers, and the following chapter is quoted, as it contains imitations of the poets most popular in the States twenty odd years ago. Under the thin veil of initials the names may be traced of H. W. Longfellow, Edward Everett, J. G. Whittier, Dr. O. W. Holmes, R. W. Emerson, W. C. Bryant, G. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, T. B. Aldwick, and R. H. Stoddart.

LETTER VIII.

THE REJECTED "NATIONAL HYMNS."

Washington, D.C., June 30th, 1861.

IMMEDIATELY after mailing my last to you, I secured a short furlough, and proceeded to New York, to examine into the affairs of that venerable committee which had offered a prize of 500 dollars for the best National Hymn.

Astounding and distracting to relate, the committee announces the reception of no less than eleven hundred and fifty "anthems!"

And all these "anthems" are rejected by the venerable committee! But must they *all*, therefore, be lost to the world? I hope not, my boy,—I hope not. Having some acquaintance with the discriminating rag-merchant to whom they were turned over as rejected, I have procured some of the best, from which to quote for your special edification.

Imprimis, my boy, observe this

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY H. W. L——, OF CAMBRIDGE.

Back in the years when Phlagstaff, the Dane, was monarch
Over the sea-ribbed land of the fleet-footed Norsemen,
Once there went forth young Ursa to gaze at the heavens—
Ursa, the noblest of all the Vikings and horsemen.

Musing, he sat in his stirrups and viewed the horizon,
Where the Aurora lapt stars in a North-polar manner,
Wildly he started—for there in the heavens before him
Fluttered and flew the original Star-Spangled Banner.

The committee have two objections to this: in the first place, it is not an "anthem" at all; secondly, it is a gross plagiarism from an old Scandinavian war-song of the primeval ages.

Next, I present a

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY THE HON. EDWARD E——, OF BOSTON.

Ponderous projectiles, hurled by heavy hands,
Fell on our Liberty's poor infant head,
Ere she a stadium had well advanced
On the great path that to her greatness led;
Her temple's propylon was shattered;
Yet thanks to saving Grace and Washington,
Her incubus was from her bosom hurled;
And, rising like a cloud-dispelling sun,
She took the oil, with which her hair was curled,
To grease the "Hub" round which revolves the world.

This fine production is rather heavy for an "anthem," and contains too much of Boston to be considered strictly national. To set such an "anthem" to music would require a Wagner; and even were it really accommodated to a tune, it could only be whistled by the populace.

We now come to a

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY JOHN GREENLEAF W——.

My native land, thy Puritanic stock
Still finds its roots firm-bound in Plymouth Rock,
And all thy sons unite in one grand wish—
To keep the virtues of Preserv-ed Fish.

Preserv-ed Fish, the Deacon stern and true,
Told our New England what her sons should do,
And should they swerve from loyalty and right,
Then the whole land were lost indeed in night.

The sectional bias of this "anthem" renders it unsuitable for use in that small margin of the world situated outside of New England. Hence the above must be rejected.

Here we have a very curious

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL H——.

A diagnosis of our hist'ry proves
Our native land a land its native loves;
Its birth a deed obstetric without peer,
Its growth a source of wonder far and near.

To love it more behold how foreign shores
Sink into nothingness beside its stores;
Hyde Park at best—though counted ultra-grand—
The "Boston Common" of Victoria's land—

The committee must not be blamed for rejecting the above, after reading thus far; for such an "anthem" could only be sung by a college of surgeons, or a Beacon-street tea-party.

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Turn we now to a

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY RALPH WALDO E——.

Source immaterial of material naught,
Focus of light infinitesimal,
Sum of all things by sleepless Nature wrought,
Of which abnormal man is decimal.

Refract, in prism immortal, from thy stars
To the stars blent incipient on our flag,
The beam translucent, neutrifying death;
And raise to immortality the rag.

This "anthem" was greatly prised by a celebrated German scholar; but the committee felt obliged to reject it on account of its too childish simplicity.

Here we have a

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY WILLIAM CULLEN B——.

The sun sinks softly to his evening post,
The sun swells grandly to his morning crown;
Yet not a star our flag of Heav'n has lost,
And not a sunset stripe with him goes down.

So thrones may fall; and from the dust of those,
New thrones may rise, to totter like the last;
But still our country's nobler planet glows
While the eternal stars of Heaven are fast.

Upon finding that this did not go well to the air of "Yankee Doodle," the committee felt justified in declining it; being furthermore prejudiced against it by a suspicion that the poet has crowded an advertisement of a paper which he edits into the first line.

Next we quote from a

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY GEN. GEORGE P. M——.

In the days that tried our fathers
Many years ago,
Our fair land achieved her freedom,
Blood-bought, you know.
Shall we not defend her ever
As we'd defend
That fair maiden, kind and tender,
Calling us friend?

Yes! Let all the echoes answer,
From hill and vale;
Yes! Let other nations, hearing,
Joy in the tale.
Our Columbia is a lady,
High-born and fair;
We have sworn allegiance to her—
Touch her who dare.

The tone of this "anthem" not being devotional enough to suit the committee, it should be printed on an edition of linen-cambric handkerchiefs, for ladies especially.

Observe this

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY N. P. W——.

One hue of our flag is taken
From the cheeks of my blushing Pet,
And its stars beat time and sparkle
Like the studs on her chemisette.

Its blue is the ocean shadow
That hides in her dreamy eyes;
It conquers all men, like her,
And still for a Union flies.

Several members of the committee being pious, it is not strange that this "anthem" has too much of the Anacreon spice to suit them.

We next peruse a

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY THOMAS BAILEY A——.

The little brown squirrel hops in the corn,
The cricket quaintly sings;
The emerald pigeon nods his head,
And the shad in the river springs,
The dainty sunflower hangs its head
On the shore of the summer sea;
And better far that I were dead,
If Maud did not love me.

I love the squirrel that hops in the corn,
And the cricket that quaintly sings;
And the emerald pigeon that nods his head,
And the shad that gaily springs.
I love the dainty sunflower too,
And Maud with her snowy breast;
I love them all;—but I love—I love—
I love my country best.

This is certainly very beautiful, and sounds somewhat like Tennyson. Though it was rejected by the committee, it can never lose its value as a piece of excellent reading for children. It is calculated to fill the youthful mind with patriotism and natural history, besides touching the youthful heart with an emotion palpitating for all.

Notice the following

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY R. H. STOD——

Behold the flag! Is it not a flag?
Deny it, man, if you dare;
And midway spread, 'twixt earth and sky,
It hangs like a written prayer.

Would impious hand of foe disturb
Its memories' holy spell,
And blight it with a dew of blood?
Ha, tr-r-aitor!! * * * It is well.

And this is the last of the rejected anthems I can quote from at present, my boy, though several hundred pounds yet remain untouched.

Yours, questioningly,
ORPHEUS C. KERR.



Longfellow has borrowed the refrain of "The Old Clock on the Stairs" from a phrase of Jacques Bridaine:—

"L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux: 'Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!'"

"And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
'For ever—never!
Never—for ever!'

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"Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
'For ever—never!
Never—for ever!'"

It is somewhat remarkable that such a poet as Charles Beaudelaire, the tone of whose writings is generally far removed from that of Longfellow, should so often have borrowed sentiments and ideas from him. Thus in "L'Horloge" he has two verses distinctly reminiscent of "The Old Clock":—

"Horloge! dieu sinistre, effrayant, impassible,
Dont le doight nous menace, et nous dit: *Souviens-toi!*
Les vibrantes Douleurs dans ton cœur, plein d'effroi,
Se planteront bientôt comme dans une cible.

* * * * *

"Trois mille six cents fois par heure, la seconde
Chuchote "*Souviens-toi*!"—Rapide avec sa voix
D'insecte, maintenant dit: Je suis autrefois,
Et j'ai pompé ta vie avec ma trompe immonde!"

Another poem in "Les Fleurs du Mal" contains not only two verses appropriated from "A Psalm of Life," but curiously weaves in with them a verse from Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard." This piece of patchwork is entitled—

LE GUIGNON.

Pour soulever un poids si lourd,
Sisyphe, il faudrait ton courage!
Bien qu'on ait du cœur à l'ouvrage,
L'Art est long, et le Temps est court.

Loin des sépultures célèbres,
Vers un cimetière isolé,
Mon cœur, comme un tambour voilé,
Va battant des marches funèbres.

— Maint joyau dort enseveli
Dans les ténèbres et l'oubli,
Bien loin des pioches et des sondes;

— Maint fleur épanche à regret
Son parfum doux comme un secret
Dans les solitudes profondes.*

Beaudelaire himself admits that "Le Calumet de Paix" is an imitation of Longfellow, it is, in fact, a translation of *The Peace-Pipe* in "The Song of Hiawatha," and opens thus:—

"Or Gitche Manito, le Maître de la Vie,
Le Puissant, descendit dans la verte prairie,
Dans l'immense prairie aux coteaux montueux;
Et là, sur les rochers de la Rouge Carrière,
Dominant tout l'espace et baigné de lumière,
Il se tenait debout, vaste et majestueux."

The spirit of the original poem is fairly well rendered throughout, but the exigencies of French rhyme do not admit the versification of "Hiawatha." Whilst on the topic of paraphrases, it might be asked whether Longfellow did not borrow his line—

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,"

from

"Singet nicht in Trauertönen,"

in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*?"

It should have been mentioned that the parody quoted on page 88, Part VI., entitled "The Close of the Season," originally appeared in *Punch*, August 8, 1868, under the title, "Flight," also, that a political parody of "The Bridge" was contained in *Punch*, July 8, 1865.

* Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

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Edgar Allan Poe.

WEIRD, thrilling, and mysterious as are the poems and novels of this unfortunate man of genius, nothing that he ever wrote could call up the emotions of pity and regret more powerfully than the melancholy story of his own wayward career, and his sad and early death.

Much has recently been written about Poe, and no difficulty can be found in learning all that is known, with any certainty, of his singular career; but an impenetrable veil of mystery still obscures the record of several years of his life, in spite of all the research of his numerous biographers.

The name of Mr. John H. Ingram has long been associated with these investigations, and his pen has supplied biographical, and critical essays, to all the best modern editions of his works. Many of the following parodies are copied from the large collection formed by Mr. Ingram, and especial mention must here be made of the curious so-called "Spiritual Poems," supposed to have been written by the shade of Poe, which will be referred to later on.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, United States, on January 19, 1809. His parents, who were actors, died leaving him an orphan at an early age; he was adopted by a wealthy childless couple, of the name of Allan, by whom he was brought to England in 1816, and placed in a school at Stoke Newington. In 1821 he returned to the United States, and spent some years in desultory study and romantic rambles abroad, of which very little, that is reliable, is known.

At length his friends obtained a nomination for him to the West Point Military Academy, to which institution he was admitted as a cadet on July 1, 1830. But Poe soon took a dislike to a military career, and wilfully set the authorities at defiance, so that they had no option but to expel him. Having thus cast away all chance of an honourable career in the United States army, Poe returned to Richmond, to the house of his only friend and protector, Mr. Allan. But that gentleman, incensed at his conduct, would not receive him, and Poe was thus thrown penniless on the world.

He had already published a few poems, and now adopted the precarious profession of journalism, at which he laboured hard for several years, and then, with no settled income, still almost unknown, and with few prospects of an encouraging character, he was rash enough to marry his cousin, a girl but a little over fourteen years of age. This was in May, 1836; after a few years of struggling poverty and anxiety, his young wife broke a blood-vessel, and although she lingered on several years, it was as a doomed invalid, whose death was almost daily expected.

Poe was much attached to his wife, and having a highly strung sensitive nature, the grief and anxiety about her, unfitted him at times for all mental labour. On such occasions Poe had recourse to drink, thus adding new sorrow and fresh misery to his already darkened home. Yet, during this melancholy period of his life, Poe produced many of his wonderful tales of the imagination, and was maturing his finest poems.

His wife died early in 1846, and Poe, for a time, led a retired and solitary life; then he resumed his newspaper work, and his practice of lecturing on poetry and kindred topics. He was now fast making his way to a good position, his fame as a poet was rapidly spreading, his lecture engagements were remunerative, and it was rumoured that he was about to marry a wealthy widow.

With ordinary steadiness and application, a brilliant future awaited him, but his craving for drink proved fatal, although he struggled against it so far as to take the pledge of total abstinence. He started to visit New York, on business, and reached Baltimore on October 3, 1849, where it is supposed that he took some drugged whiskey, as he was found helpless in the streets. He was conveyed to the Washington University Hospital, where he died on the 7th of October, 1849.

Of his Poems, those which are the best known, and the most generally admired, are amongst the latest he produced. Thus, "The Raven," which obtained a great and immediate success, was not published until early in 1845; "Eulalie," in

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August, 1845; "Ulalume," most musical, most melancholy of poems, appropriately appeared soon after his wife's death.

"To my Mother" was addressed to his mother-in-law, and best friend, Mrs. Clemm, in 1849; "Eldorado" and "For Annie" came out in the same year; whilst the two very celebrated poems, "Annabel Lee" and "The Bells" were not published until after their author's death.

All his poems have a melancholy tinge, and, unlike most modern American authors, Poe seems almost destitute of humour.

"The Raven" is at once the most characteristic and the most popular of his poems; it is also that which is most frequently selected for parody, or imitation. Many authors have also adopted the metre for serious poems, such as "The Gazelle" and "The Dove." Poe wrote an ingenious and amusing account of the origin and growth of "The Raven." The article is much too long, and too discursive, to give in full; but the following extracts contain its most important passages:—

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION.

* * * * *

HOLDING in view these considerations, as well as that degree of excitement which I deemed not above the popular, while not below the critical taste, I reached at once what I conceived the proper *length* for my intended poem — a length of about one hundred lines. It is, in fact, a hundred and eight.

My next thought concerned the choice of an impression, or effect, to be conveyed: and here I may as well observe that, throughout the construction, I kept steadily in view the design of rendering the work *universally* appreciable. I should be carried too far out of my immediate topic were I to demonstrate a point upon which I have repeatedly insisted, and which, with the poetical, stands not in the slightest need of demonstration—the point, I mean that Beauty is the sole legitimate province of the Poem.

Regarding, then, Beauty as my province, my next question referred to the *tone* of its highest manifestation—and all experience has shown that this tone is one of *sadness*. Beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones.

These points being settled, I next bethought me of the *nature* of my *refrain*. Since its application was to be repeatedly varied, it was clear that the *refrain* itself must be brief, for there would have been an insurmountable difficulty in frequent variations of application in any sentence of length. In proportion to the brevity of the sentence, would, of course, be the facility of the variation. This led me at once to a single word as the best *refrain*.

The question now arose as to the *character* of the word. Having made up my mind to a *refrain*, the division of the poem into stanzas was, of course, a corollary; the *refrain* forming the close to each stanza. That such a close, to have force, must be sonorous and susceptible of protracted emphasis, admitted no doubt; and these considerations inevitably led me to the long *o* as the most sonorous vowel, in connection with *r* as the most producible consonant.

The sound of the *refrain* being thus determined, it became necessary to select a word embodying this sound, and at the same time in the fullest possible keeping with that melancholy which I had pre-determined as the tone of the poem. In such a search it would have been absolutely impossible to overlook the word "Nevermore." In fact, it was the very first which presented itself.

The next *desideratum* was a pretext for the continuous use of the one word "Nevermore." In observing the difficulty which I at once found in inventing a sufficiently plausible reason for its continuous repetition, I did not fail to perceive that this difficulty arose solely from the pre-assumption that the word was to be so continuously or monotonously spoken by *a human* being—I did not fail to perceive, in short, that the difficulty lay in the reconciliation of this monotony with the exercise of reason on the part of the creature repeating the word. Here, then, immediately arose the idea of a *non*-reasoning creature capable of speech; and, very naturally, a parrot, in the first instance, suggested itself, but was superseded forthwith by a Raven, as equally capable of speech, and infinitely more in keeping with the intended *tone*.

I had now gone so far as the conception of a Raven—the bird of ill omen—monotonously repeatiug the one word, "Nevermore," at the conclusion of each stanza, in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines. Now, never losing sight of the object *supremeness*, or perfection, at all points, I asked myself—"Of all melancholy topics, what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the *most* melancholy?" Death—was the obvious reply. "And when," I said, "is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?" From what I have already explained at some length, the answer here also is obvious—"When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty*: the death, then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world—and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover."

I had now to combine the two ideas, of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress and a Raven continuously repeating the word, "Nevermore." I had to combine these, bearing in mind my design of varying, at every turn, the *application* of the word repeated; but the only intelligible mode of such combination is that of imagining the Raven employing the word in answer to the queries of the lover. And here it was that I saw at once the opportunity afforded for the effect on which I had been depending—that is to say, the effect of the *variation of application*. I saw that I could make the first query propounded by the lover—the first query to which the Raven should reply "Nevermore" that I could make this first query a commonplace one—the second less so—the third still less, and so on—until at length the lover, startled from his original *nonchalance* by the melancholy character of the word itself—by its frequent repetition—and by a consideration of the ominous reputation of the fowl that uttered it—is at length excited to superstition, and wildly propounds queries of a far different character—queries whose solution he has passionately at heart—propounds them half in superstition, and half in that species of despair which delights in self-torture—propounds them not altogether because he believes in the prophetic or demoniac character of the bird (which, reason assures him, is merely repeating a lesson learned by rote) but because he experiences a frenzied pleasure in so modelling his questions as to receive from the *expected* "Nevermore" the most delicious because the most intolerable of sorrow. Perceiving the opportunity thus afforded me—or, more strictly, thus forced upon me in the progress of the construction I first established in mind the climax, or concluding-query—that query to which "Never-

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more" should be in the last place an answer—that query in reply to which this word "Nevermore" should involve the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair.

Here, then, the poem may be said to have its beginning—at the end, where all works of art should begin—for it was here, at this point of my preconsiderations, that I first put pen to paper in the composition of the stanza:—

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil! prophet still if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by the God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore,'

* * * * *



THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door,—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow,—sorrow for the lost Lenore,—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer:
"Sir," said I, "or, madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you,"—here I opened wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'T is the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door,—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore.
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,—
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered;
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast, and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore,—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

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This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core ;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah ! nevermore !
Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch !" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore !
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore !"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."
"Prophet !" said I, "thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird or devil !
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore,
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead ?—tell me—tell me, I implore !"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."
"Prophet !" said I, "thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird or devil !
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore ?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."
"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend !" I shrieked, upstarting,
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore !
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken !
Leave my loneliness unbroken ! quit the bust above my door !
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door !"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."
And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door ;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor :
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore !

At the time when Poe produced "The Raven" he was editor of "The Broadway Journal," published in New York. The first number appeared on January 4, 1845, and in the number for April 26, 1845, Poe inserted the following editorial note, which shows that he was not averse to a parody of even his own most grave and solemn poem :—

A GENTLE PUFF.

"IF we copied into our Journal all the complimentary notices that are bestowed upon us, it would contain hardly anything besides ; the following done into poetry is probably the only one of the kind that we shall receive, and we extract it from our neighbour, the New World, for the sake of its uniqueness."

THEN with step sedate and stately, as if thrones had borne him lately,
Came a bold and daring warrior up the distant echoing floor ;
As he passed the COURIER'S Colonel, then I saw THE BROADWAY JOURNAL,
In a character supernal, on his gallant front he bore,
And with stately step and solemn marched he proudly through the door,
As if he pondered, evermore.

With his keen sardonic smiling, every other care beguiling,
Right and left he bravely wielded a double-edged and broad claymore,
And with gallant presence dashing, 'mid his confreres stoutly clashing,
He unpityingly went slashing, as he keenly scanned them o'er,
And with eye and mien undaunted, such a gallant presence bore,
As might awe them, evermore.

Neither rank nor station heeding, with his foes around him bleeding,
Sternly, singly and alone, his course he kept upon that floor ;
While the countless foes attacking, neither strength nor valor lacking,
On his goodly armor hacking, wrought no change his visage o'er,
As with high and honest aim, he still his falchion proudly bore,
Resisting error, evermore.

C. C. Cooke, a young Virginian poet, who died at a very early age, also wrote "The Gazelle," a poem of which Poe said "Although professedly an imitation, has a very great deal of original power."

This was headed :—

"The following, from our new-found boy poet of fifteen years of age, shows a most happy faculty of imitation" :—

THE GAZELLE.

(*After the manner of Poe's "Raven."*)

FAR from friends and kindred wandering, in my sick and sad soul pondering,
Of the changing chimes that float, from Old Time's ever-swinging bell,

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While I lingered on the mountain, while I knelt me by the fountain,
By the clear and crystal fountain, trickling through the quiet dell;
Suddenly I heard a whisper, but from whence I could not tell,
Merely whispering, "Fare thee well."

From my grassy seat uprising, dimly in my soul surmising,
Whence that voice so gently murmuring, like a faintly sounded knell,
Nought I saw while gazing round me, while that voice so spell-like bound me,
While that voice so spell-like bound me—searching in that tranquil dell,
Like hushed hymn of holy hermit, heard from his dimly-lighted cell,
Merely whispering, "Fare thee well!"

Then I stooped once more, and drinking, heard once more the silvery tinkling,
Of that dim mysterious utterance, like some fairy harp of shell—
Struck by hand of woodland fairy, from her shadowy home and airy,
In the purple clouds and airy, floating o'er that mystic dell,
And from my sick soul its music seemed all evil to expel,
Merely whispering, "Fare thee well!"

Then my book at once down flinging, from my reverie up springing,
Searched I through the forest, striving my vain terror to dispel,
All things to my search subjecting, not a bush or tree neglecting,
When behind a rock projecting, saw I there a white gazelle,
And that soft and silvery murmur, in my ear so slowly fell,
Merely whispering, "Fare thee well!"

From its eye so mildly beaming, down its cheek a tear was streaming,
As though in its gentle bosom dwelt some grief it could not quell,
Still those words articulating, still that sentence ever prating,
And my bosom agitating as upon my ear it fell,
That most strange, unearthly murmur, acting as a potent spell,
Merely uttering, "Fare thee well!"

Then I turned, about departing, when she from her covert starting,
Stood before me while her bosom seemed with agony to swell,
And her eye so mildly beaming, to my aching spirit seeming,
To my wildered spirit seeming, like the eye of Isabel.
But, oh! that which followed after—listen while the tale I tell—
Of that snow-white, sweet gazelle.

With her dark eye backward turning, as if some mysterious yearning
In her soul to me was moving, which she could not thence expel,
Through the tangled thicket flying, while I followed panting, sighing,
All my soul within me dying, faintly on my hearing fell,
Echoing mid the rocks and mountains rising round that fairy dell,
Fare thee, fare thee, fare thee well!

Now at length she paused and laid her, underneath an ancient cedar,
When the shadowy shades of silence, from the day departing fell,
And I saw that she was lying, trembling, fainting, weeping, *dying*,
And I could not keep from sighing, nor from my sick soul expel
The memory that those dark eyes raised—of my long lost Isabel.
Why, I could not, *could* not tell.

Then I heard that silvery singing, still upon my ear 'tis ringing,
And where once beneath that cedar, knelt my soft-eyed sweet gazelle,
Saw I there a seraph glowing, with her golden tresses flowing,
On the perfumed zephyrs blowing, from Eolus' mystic cell
Saw I in that seraph's beauty, semblance of my Isabel,
Gently whispering, 'Fare thee well!'"

"Glorious one," I cried, upspringing, "art thou joyful tidings bringing,
From the land of shadowy visions, spirit of my Isabel?
Shall thy coming leave no token? Shall there no sweet word be spoken?
Shall thy silence be unbroken, in this ever blessed dell?
Whilst thou nothing, nothing utter, but that fatal, 'Fare thee well!'"
Still it answered, 'Fare thee well!'"

"Speak! oh, speak to me bright being! I am blest thy form in seeing,
But shall no sweet whisper tell me,—tell me that thou lovest still?
Shall I pass from earth to heaven, without sign or token given,
With no whispered token given—that thou still dost love me well?
Give it, give it now, I pray thee—here within this blessed dell,
Still that hated 'Fare thee well.'"

Not another word expressing, but her lip in silence pressing,
With the vermeil-tinted finger seeming silence to compel,
And while yet in anguish gazing, and my weeping eyes upraising,
To the shadowy, silent seraph, semblance of my Isabel,
Slow she faded, till there stood there, once again the white gazelle,
Faintly whispering, "Fare thee well!"

C.

Evening Mirror, New York, April 29, 1845.

The Whippoorwill.

* * * * *

In the wilderness benighted, lo! at last my guide alighted
On a lowly little cedar that o'erspread a running rill;
Still his cry of grief he uttered, and around me wildly fluttered,
Whilst unconsciously I muttered, filled with boundless wonder still;
"Wherefore dost thou so implore me, piteously implore me still?
Tell me, tell me, Whippoorwill!

Soon beneath him, as he hover'd, by the starlight I discovered
That his gentle mate was lying on the dead leaves, dead and still:—

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"Then," said I, "he *did* implore me, in my chamber flitting o'er me,
Flitting to and fro before me, to avert some fearful ill;—
With prophetic instinct surely, he entreated human skill
To save the dying Whippoorwill."

* * * * *

O'er the lifeless bird then kneeling, all his grief within me feeling,
And my soul within me moving all its longing to fulfil,
On her velvet wing I laid her, in a grave my hands had made her,
Underneath the little cedar, and beside the running rill:—
Odorous leaves her shroud and pillow, and her dirge the running rill—
Buried I the Whippoorwill.

* * * *

Evening Mirror, New York, May 30, 1845.

This somewhat dull imitation consists of twenty-four verses in all, the extracts sufficiently indicate its style. The numerous parodies to be found in the American papers as early as 1845 attest how rapidly "The Raven" had acquired popularity.

The following clever parody appeared originally in "Cruikshank's Comic Almanac" for 1853, but it was reproduced in "The Piccadilly Annual," published in 1870 by John Camden Hotten. The parody was written by Robert Brough, and was most humorously illustrated by H. G. Hine:—

THE VULTURE:

An Ornithological Study.

(*After the late Edgar A. Poe.*)

The Vulture is the most cruel, deadly, and voracious of birds of prey. He is remarkable for his keen scent, and for the tenacity with which he invariably clings to the victim on whom he has fixed his gripe. He is not to be shaken off whilst the humblest pickings remain. He is usually to be found in an indifferent state of feather.—*New Translation of Cuvier.*

Once upon a midnight chilling, as I held my feet unwilling
O'er a tub of scalding water, at a heat of ninety-four;
Nervously a toe in dipping, dripping, slipping, then outskipping,
Suddenly there came a ripping, whipping, at my chambers door.
"'Tis the second floor," I mutter'd, "flipping at my chambers door—
Wants a light—and nothing more!"

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the chill November,
And each cuticle and member was with iufluenza sore;
Falt'ringly I stirr'd the gruel, steaming, creaming o'er the fuel,
And anon removed the jewel that each frosted nostril bore,
Wiped away the trembling jewel that each redden'd nostril bore—
Nameless here for evermore!

And I recollect a certain draught that fann'd the window curtain
Chill'd me, fill'd me with the horror of two steps across the floor,
And, besides, I'd got my feet in, and a most refreshing heat in,
To myself I sat repeating—"If I answer to the door—
Rise to let the ruffian in who seems to want to burst the door,
I'll be ——" that and something more.

Presently the row grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Really, Mister Johnson, blow it!—your forgiveness I implore,
Such an observation letting slip, but when a man's just getting
Into bed, you come upsetting nerves and posts of chambers door,
Making such a row, forgetting"—Spoke a voice beyond the door:
"'Tisn't Johnson"—nothing more!

Quick a perspiration clammy bathed me, and I uttered "Dammy!"
(Observation wrested from me, like the one I made before)
Back upon the cushions sinking, hopelessly my eyes, like winking,
On some stout for private drinking, ranged in rows upon the floor,
Fix'd—and on an oyster barrel (full) beside them on the floor,
Look'd and groan'd, and nothing more.

Open then was flung the portal, and in stepp'd a hated mortal,
By the moderns call'd a Vulture (known as *Sponge* in days of yore),
Well I knew his reputation! cause of all my agitation—
Scarce a nod of salutation changed, he pounced upon the floor;
Coolly lifted up the oysters and some stout from off the floor,
Help'd himself, and took some more!

Then this hungry beast untiring fix'd his gaze with fond admiring
On a piece of cold boil'd beef, I meant to last a week or more,
Quick he set to work devouring—plates, in quick succession, scouring—
Stout with every mouthful show'ring—made me ask, to see it pour,
If he quite enjoy'd his supper, as I watch'd the liquid pour;
Said the Vulture "Never more."

Much disgusted at the spacious *vacuum* by this brute voracious
Excavated in the beef—(he'd eaten quite enough for four)—
Still, I felt relief surprising when at length I saw him rising,
That he meant to go surmising, said I, glancing at the door—
"Going? well, I wont detain you—mind the stairs and shut the door——"
"Leave you, Tomkins!—never more."

Startled by an answer dropping hints that he intended stopping
All his life—I knew him equal to it if he liked, or more—
Half in dismal earnest, half in joke, with an attempt at laughing,

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I remarked that he was chaffing, and demanded of the bore,
Ask'd what this disgusting, nasty, greedy, vile, intrusive bore
Meant in croaking "Never more?"

But the Vulture not replying, took my bunch of keys, and trying
Sev'ral, found at length the one to fit my private cupboard door;
Took the gin out, fill'd the kettle; and with a *sang froid* to nettle
Any saint, began to settle calmly down the grate before,
Really as he meant departing at the date I named before,
Of never, never more!

Then I sat engaged in guessing what this circumstance distressing
Would be likely to result in, for I knew that long before
Once (it served me right for drinking) I had told him that if sinking
In the world, my fortunes linking to his own, he'd find my door
Always open to receive him, and it struck me now that door
He would pass, p'raps never more!

Suddenly the air was clouded, all the furniture enshrouded
With the smoke of vile tobacco—this was worse than all before;
"Smith!" I cried (in not offensive tones, it might have been expensive,
For he knew the art defensive, and could costermongers floor);
"Recollect it's after midnight, *are* you going?—mind the floor."
Quoth the Vulture, "Never more!"

"Smith!" I cried (the gin was going, down his throat in rivers flowing),
"If you want a bed, you know there's quite a nice hotel next door,
Very cheap. I'm ill—and, joking set apart, your horrid smoking
Irritates my cough to choking. Having mentioned it before,
Really, you should not compel one—*Will* you mizzle—as before?"
Quoth the Vulture, "Never more!"

"Smith!" I cried, "that joke repeating merits little better treating
For you than a condemnation as a nuisance and a bore.
Drop it, pray, it isn't funny; I've to mix some rum and honey—
If you want a little money, take some and be off next door;
Run a bill up for me if you like, but *do* be off next door."
Quoth the Vulture, "Never more!"

"Smith!" I shriek'd—the accent bumbler dropping, as another tumbler
I beheld him mix, "be off! you drive me mad—it's striking four.
Leave the house and something in it; if you go on at the gin, it
Wont hold out another minute. Leave the house and shut the door—
Take your beak from out my gin, and take your body through the door!"
Quoth the Vulture, "Never more!"

And the Vulture never flitting—still is sitting, still is sitting,
Gulping down my stout by gallons, and my oysters by the score;
And the beast, with no more breeding than a heathen savage feeding,
The new carpet's tints unheeding, throws his shells upon the floor.
And his smoke from out my curtains, and his stains from out my floor,
Shall be sifted never more!

The Tankard.

Sitting in my lonely chamber, in this dreary, dark December,
Gazing on the whitening ashes of my fastly-fading fire,
Pond'ring o'er my misspent chances with that grief which time enhances—
Misdirected application, wanting aims and objects higher,—
Aims to which I should aspire.

As I sat thus wond'ring, thinking, fancy unto fancy linking,
In the half-expiring embers many a scene and form I traced—
Many a by-gone scene of gladness, yielding now but care and sadness,—
Many a form once fondly cherished, now by misery's hand effaced,—
Forms which Venus' self had graced.

Suddenly, my system shocking, at my door there came a knocking,
Loud and furious,—such a rat-tat never had I heard before;
Through the keyhole I stood peeping, heart into my mouth upleaping,
Till at length, my teeth unclenching, faintly said I
"What a bore!"
Gently, calmly, teeth unclenching, faintly said I, "What a bore!"
Said the echo, "Pay your score!"

At this solemn warning trembling, some short time I stood dissembling,
Till again the iron knocker beat its summons 'gainst the door,
Then, the oak wide open throwing, stood I on the threshold bowing—
Bows such as, save motley tumbler, mortal never bowed before,
Bows which even Mr. Flexmore never yet had tried before.
Said the echo, "Pay your score!"

Grasping then the light, upstanding, looked I round the dreary landing,
Looked at every wall, the ceiling, looked upon the very floor;
Nought I saw there but a Tankard, from the which that night I'd drank hard,—
Drank as drank our good forefathers in the merry days of yore.
In the corner stood the Tankard, where it oft had stood before,
Stood and muttered, "Pay your score!"
Much I marvelled at this pewter, surely ne'er in past or future
Has been, will be, such a wonder, such a Tankard learned in lore?
Gazing at it more intensely, stared I more and more immensely
When it added, "Come old boy, you've many a promise made before,
False they were as John O'Connell's who would 'die upon the floor.'
Now for once—come, pay your score!"

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From my placid temper starting, and upon the Tankard darting
With one furious hurl I flung it down before the porter's door;
But as I my oak was locking, heard I then the self-same knocking,
And on looking out I saw the Tankard sitting as before,—
Sitting, squatting in the self-same corner as it sat before,—
Sitting, crying, "Pay your score!"

And the Tankard, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
In the very self-same corner where it sat in days of yore:
And its pewter still is shining, and it bears the frothy lining,
Which the night when first I drained its cooling beverage it bore,
But my mouth that frothy lining never, never tasted more,
Since it muttered, "Pay your score!"

EDMUND H. YATES.

Mirth and Metre, 1855.

THE PARROT.

By Edgardo Pooh.

ONCE, as through the streets I wandered, and o'er many a fancy pondered,
Many a fancy quaint and curious, which had filled my mind of yore,—
Suddenly my footsteps stumbled, and against a man I tumbled,
Who, beneath a sailor's jacket, something large and heavy bore.
"Beg your pardon, sir!" I muttered, as I rose up, hurt and sore;
But the sailor only swore.

Vexed at this, my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "now really, truly, your forgiveness I implore!
But, in fact, my sense was napping——" then the sailor answered, rapping
Out his dreadful oaths and awful imprecations by the score,—
Answered he, "Come, hold your jaw!

"May my timbers now be shivered—" oh, at this my poor heart quivered,—
"If you don't beat any parson that I ever met before!
You've not hurt me; stow your prosing"—then his huge peacoat unclosing,
Straight he showed the heavy parcel, which beneath his arm he bore,—
Showed a cage which held a parrot, such as Crusoe had of yore,
Which at once drew corks and swore.

Much I marvelled at this parrot, green as grass and red as carrot,
Which, with fluency and ease, was uttering sentences a score;
And it pleased me so immensely, and I liked it so intensely,
That I bid for it at once; and when I showed of gold my store,
Instantly the sailor sold it; mine it was, and his no more;
Mine it was for evermore.

Prouder was I of this bargain, e'en than patriotic Dargan,
When his Sovereign, Queen Victoria, crossed the threshold of his door;—
Surely I had gone demented—surely I had sore repented,
Had I known the dreadful misery which for me Fate had in store,—
Known the fearful, awful misery which for me Fate had in store,
Then, and now, and evermore!

Scarcely to my friends I'd shown it, when (my mother's dreadful groan!—it
Haunts me even now!) the parrot from his perch began to pour
Forth the most tremendous speeches, such as Mr. Ainsworth teaches—
Us were uttered by highway men and rapparees of yore!—
By the wicked, furious, tearing, riding rapparees of yore;
But which now are heard no more.

And my father, straight uprising, spake his mind—It was surprising,
That this favourite son, who'd never, never so transgressed before,
Should have brought a horrid, screaming—nay, e'en worse than that—blaspheming
Bird within that pure home circle—bird well learned in wicked lore!
While he spake, the parrot, doubtless thinking it a horrid bore,
Cried out "Cuckoo!" barked, and swore.

And since then what it has cost me,—all the wealth and friends it's lost me,
All the trouble, care, and sorrow, cankering my bosom's core,
Can't be mentioned in these verses; till, at length, my heartfelt curses
Gave I to this cruel parrot, who quite coolly scanned me o'er—
Wicked, wretched, cruel parrot, who quite coolly scanned me o'er,
Laughed, drew several corks, and swore.

"Parrot!" said I, "bird of evil! parrot still, or bird or devil!
By the piper who the Israelitish leader played before,
I will stand this chaff no longer! We will see now which is stronger.
Come, now,—off! Thy cage is open—free thou art, and there's the door!
Off at once, and I'll forgive thee;—take the hint, and leave my door."
But the parrot only swore.

And the parrot never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the very self-same perch where first he sat in days of yore;
And his only occupations seem acquiring imprecations
Of the last and freshest fashion, which he picks up by the score;
Picks them up, and, with the greatest *gusto*, bawls them by the score,
And will swear for evermore.

Our Miscellany (which ought to have come out, but didn't), by E. H. Yates and R. B. Brough, 1856.

THE CAT-FIEND.

(An Original Adaptation.)

ON a bleak evening of December I sat alone in my gloomy chambers and brooded over the past. I had sought in vain to turn the current of my thoughts by plunging into metaphysical researches: *Watts on the Mind* lay open, but

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unheeded, beside me. Never had the apartment worn so ghostly an aspect. My lamp threw a fitful gleam upon the sumptuous but sombre furniture; the fire was expiring, yet I lacked energy to put on more coals. If I had been expiring myself I should have hated the man who put coals upon me.

The chief object of my memories was a young person to whom I had formerly been attached. I dwelt fondly, but bitterly, upon the day when my LEONORA, accompanied by her vulgar and intrusive mother, had brightened my dingy rooms in ——'s Inn with her presence to tea, previous to visiting Drury Lane Theatre. That was all over now; LEONORA married into the city and left me desolate. I am not even acquainted with her present name; but it fills me with despondency to think that her graceful form will never again press the velvet lining of my quaintly carved arm-chair.

While I sat buried in my sad reflections, it seemed as though there came a soft rapping at my outer door. It was growing so late that I made my mind up to disregard the summons. "It is only BRIGGS," I murmured; "if I admit him he will weary me with platitudes until the dawn. Or it is POTTER, perchance, advanced in liquor. I will none of him."

At this point the rapping was renewed more loudly. My resolution suddenly changed, and I resolved that I would explore the mystery. Making my way to the door I flung it wide open. The landing was in darkness; no voice gave answer to my challenge, and, feeling a little nervous, I slammed the door and went back to my arm-chair by the fire.

Weird—ghastly—inscrutable—was the apparition that awaited me! Stretched upon the hearth-rug at my feet lay a large cat of ebon blackness, glaring at me with a pair of wild eyes in which anger was mingled with an expression of diabolical sarcasm. The blood curdled in my veins; I seized the poker and yelled, "Get out, beast! How dare you come in here? Go away directly, or ——!"

The lips of the animal opened and pronounced slowly and solemnly the words "*Never no more!*"

My hair stood on end, and the poker fell from my grasp.

"Horrible being!" I cried;—"fearful and ungrammatical being leave me, and return to darkness and the Stygian shore."

"*Never no more!*" said the brute: "I've come to stay for ever."

"Nonsense, monster; you are insane," I shouted.

"Fact, I assure you," replied my tormentor;—"they hadn't got no raven handy, and so they sent *me*. It's about the LEONORA business."

"Ah, that name! Tell me, I implore you, tell me—is she a widow yet? May I hope? Shall I again behold her?"

"*Never no more!*"

This was *too* much. I ran and threw the door open again—came back—firmly grasped the poker, and——

But the beast had sought refuge under the sofa. Thence it retreated beneath my table, and thence under the arm-chair. Round and round the apartment I chased it vainly. Its demoniac laugh thrilled me with rage and horror.

* * * * *

The cat-fiend still inhabits my gloomy chambers. I have abandoned all hope of expelling it. The creature exists without food, so that the expedient of starvation is impracticable. At all hours of the day and night I am haunted by the wild eyes of my hated persecutor: at all hours of the day and night I hear the detested brute murmuring with a chuckle that maddens me,

"*Never no more!*"

Fun, February 1, 1868.

THE CRAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight lately, might be seen a figure stately,
In the Tuileries sedately poring over Roman lore;
Annotating, scheming, mapping, Cæsar's old positions sapping,
When there came a something rapping, spirit-rapping at the door.
"'Tis some minister," he muttered, "come, as usual, me to bore."
So to Cæsar turned once more.

Back to Cæsar's life returning, with a soul for ever yearning,
Towards the steps his promise-spurning prototype had trod before.
But the silence was soon broken; through the stillness came a token
Life had moved again, or spoken on the other side the door.
"Surely I've no trusty servant," said he, "to deny my door
Now De Morny is no more."

Rising, of some trespass certain, slow he draws the purple curtain,
On whose folds the bees uncertain look like wasps, and nothing more:
Open flings the chamber portal, with a chill which stamps him mortal.
Can his senses be the sport all of his eyes! For there before
He sees an eagle perching on a bust of Janus at the door:
A bleeding bird, and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering, not in fear, but only fearing
Adrien's vulgar indiscretions, Marx* of eaves-dropping in store:
"Though thy wings are torn and bleeding," said he, with a voice of pleading:
"Thou'rt a bird of royal breeding: thou hast flown from foreign shore."
Quoth the Eagle, "Matamore."

Started with the stillness broken, by reply so aptly spoken,
"Silence," said he, "never utter memories of that field of gore,
Where your poor Imperial master, whom imperious disaster
Followed fast, was tortured faster, till his heart one burden bore:
Till the dirges of his hope, this melancholy burden bore—
Never see Carlotta more."

Then upon the velvet sinking, he betook himself to thinking
How he'd forced the murdered Prince to leave his quiet home of yore;
How he'd made him wield a sceptre, which no erudite preceptor
Might have told would soon be wept or lost on that forbidding shore,
Where earth cries for retribution, where for justice stones implore.
Quoth the Eagle, "Matamore."

"Wretch!" he cried, "some fiend hath sent thee, by that mocking voice he lent thee
Concience-driven accusations rising up at every pore—
Must my master-mind so vaunted, ever hence be spectre haunted—
Must I see that form undaunted, dying still at Matamore?"
Quoth the Eagle, "Evermore."

* Adrien Marx, purveyor of Court news to *The Figaro*.

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"Prophet!" shrieked he, "thing of evil! Here we fear
nor God nor Devil!
Wing thee to the House of Hapsburg! Up to Austria's
heaven soar,
Leave no bloody plume as token, of the lies my soul has
spoken,
Leave my iron will unbroken! Wipe the blood before my
door!
Dost thou think to gnaw my entrails with thy beak for
evermore?"
Quoth the Eagle, "Jusqu'à Mort."

The above parody appeared in *The Tomahawk* after the execution, on June 19, 1867, of the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico. "The Craven" was intended for Napoleon III., to whose Government *The Tomahawk* was bitterly opposed.

THE TAILOR.

I.

ONCE upon a morning dismal, as I smoked in blues abysmal,
Gazing at the curious patterns on the dressing gown I wore,
While my cat her milk was lapping, suddenly there came a
tapping,
Like a fellow's knuckles rapping, rapping at my chamber
door;
"It's that nuisance Smith," I muttered, rapping at my
chamber door—
He may rap his fingers sore."

II.

Ah! I do remember clearly small was then my income
yearly,
And to pay my lodging nearly did my slight finances floor;
And my prospects, never sunny, fishy were as any tunny,
And I sadly wanted money, money to pay Baize and Blore,
Pay the fashionable tailors called in Oxford Baize and Blore,
Who will dun me evermore.

III.

But my cat, prophetic pussy, now got ominously fussy,
Clawed me, pawed me with her talons as she'd never done
before;
So that now to stay her terror and convince her of her error,
"Tabby," said I, "it is Smith entreating entrance at my
door;
It's that feeble Smith demanding entrance at my chamber
door,
Only Smith and nothing more!"

IV.

Presently my chair removing, and most seriously reproving
My grimalkin, for the dreadful way in which she spat and
swore,
From my writing-table's knechole stole I softly to the
weehole
Which the people call the keyhole—keyhole of my chamber
door,
Peeping through it saw another eye the other side the door,
Looking at me—nothing more.

V.

Straight to stop that sly eye's prying, to the key my lips
applying,
Blew I such a puff of smoke as no man ever puffed before;
Then I heard him backward starting, rub his eye as if 'twere
smarting,
And he seemed to be departing, so I whispered, "Is it
sore?"
This I whispered through the keyhole; echo answered "It
is sore."
Answered thus, and nothing more.

VI.

Back I went and felt elated, and my blues had now abated,
When again I heard that rapping rather louder than before;
"Surely," said I, rising, "surely, if he thinks I'll sit
demurely
While he makes that din securely, his mistake he shall
deplore;
If I only catch him at it, his misdeed he shall deplore—
He shall not annoy me more."

VII.

Open here I flung the portal, when there entered in a mortal,
Crooked legged, with clothes too short all—seedy garments
that he wore;
Never once "good morning" bade me—not a bow or scrape
he made me,
But upon my table laid me down a bill from Baize and
Blore,
Took his stand upon the oilcloth just within my chamber
door,
Stood and hiccupped—nothing more.

VIII.

Then this festive creature winning all my sad soul into
grinning,
Such a visage idiotic I had never seen of yore;
"Well, you have been drinking brandy," said I, "and your
legs are bandy,
And you hardly look a dandy, though you come from Baize
and Blore;
Tell me what on earth your name is in the firm of Baize and
Blore?"
Quoth the tailor, "Tick-no-more!"

IX.

Scarce I wondered this unsightly dun had answered
unpolitely,
And his answer little comfort, little consolation bore;
For you cannot help confessing that it's surely not a blessing
When you find yourself addressing dun within your chamber
door;
Man or dun upon the oilcloth just within your chamber-door,
With a name like Tick-no-more!

X.

But the tailor standing solus gave me like a bitter bolus
That one word, as if his vacant soul in that he did outpour;
Me with no fine words he buttered, this from time to time
he stuttered,
Till I very softly muttered, "other duns have been before;
They will give me further credit as my tradesmen have
before;"
Then the dun said, "Tick-no-more!"

XI.

Startled that he spoke so flatly and replied so very patly,
"Limited," I said, "it seems is his linguistic stock and
store;
If of no more words he's master, if he duns not harder, faster,
Verily he'll bring disaster on the house of Baize and Blore,
And I shall remain indebted to the firm of Baize and Blore
For ever, evermore."

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XII.

Still his strange demeanour winning all my sad soul into grinning,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned couch in front of oilcloth, dun, and door;
Then upon the cushions sinking I betook myself to drinking
Little sips of sherry, thinking what this plague from Baize and Blore,
What this gloomy, greasy, groggy messenger from Baize and Blore
Meant by stuttering "Tick-no-more."

XIII.

But my cat I soothed by stroking, and small bits of bread kept soaking
In the milk, and gave them to her, dropped them for her on the floor:
Long I sat, strange things divining, with my head at ease reclining
Near the sherry I was wining that the dun's eye gloated o'er;
But the liquor I was wining with his green eyes gloating o'er
He shall taste, oh! nevermore.

XIV.

Cloud by cloud the air grew denser, perfumed from my meerschaum censer,
I should think I must have smoked of pipes that morning half a score;
"Man," I said, "I have no treasure, or I'd pay the bill with pleasure,
Only once more take my measure for a suit from Baize and Blore,
Take your tape and take my measure for a suit from Baize and Blore."
Quoth the tailor, "Tick-no-more!"

XV.

"Dun!" I cried, "inhuman creature, human still in form and feature,
Much I've hoped you'd take my orders as you've always done before;
Tell me—for although you're fuddled, you're not utterly bemuddled—
Tell me if this hope I've cuddled is well-founded, I implore;
Will they, will they give me credit? tell me clearly, I implore?"
Quoth the tailor, "Tick-no-more!"

XVI.

"Dun!" I cried, "inhuman creature, human still in form and feature,
By the piper who performed for Moses in the days of yore,
Tell me won't, oh! brainless brute, your firm supply to me in future
Raiment of unequalled suture—genuine make of Baize and Blore,
Clothes of rare and radiant suture—splendid make of Baize and Blore?"
Quoth the tailor, "Tick-no-more!"

XVII.

"Then be off, you sour curmudgeon!" cried I, starting up in dudgeon,
"Get you back to goose and scissors, get you back to Baize and Blore;
Leave no long account suggestive of reflections most unfestive,
Such as make me sleepless, restive—quit my chamber, quit my door;
Take your bill from off my table, take yourself from out my door!"
Quoth the tailor, "Tick-no-more!"

XVIII.

Thus the tailor dunned for payment for the raiment, for the raiment
Mentioned in the bill he did not take from out my chamber door;
Thus he left me grimly staring, and that long account up tearing,
Part went up the chimney flaring, part lay scattered on the floor;
But that bill whose shreds went flying, or lay scattered on the floor
Now is settled ever more.

Odd Echoes from Oxford, by A. Merion, B.A. (John Camden Hotten, London, 1872.)

THE SHAVIN'.

(A piece of ravin' *à la* Edgar A. Poe.)

ONE morning after sleeping I thought I heard a creeping,
As if some one were approaching close to my bedroom door:
Then a loud impatient tapping put an end unto my napping,
And I wondered who was rapping, rapping at my bedroom door,
So I timidly enquired who was at my bedroom door—
Only that, and nothing more.

When there came another knock, with, "Sir, 'tis eight o'clock,"
And, only half awakened, I leaped out upon the floor;
And by want of proper care hit my leg against a chair,
Which improperly stood there, as 'twas left the night before,
And I limped a very little as I crept towards the door—
Just a little, nothing more.

Then on asking, "What's the matter?" said the servant, "Here's your water,"
And you've slept in rather later than you ever did before;
So as I was rather press'd I got very quickly drest
In my trousers and my vest; then I opened up the door,
And I muttered as I took it and shut to my bedroom door—
"Oh, that shavin', what a bore!"

While inwardly I cursed—thus my feelings I disbursed—
I set about to rummage and to busily explore;
But I couldn't find the strop, and someone had nailed the soap,
Which completely put a stop to my shavin'—horrid bore!
And my razor, too, was blunter than it ever was before—
Than it ever was before!

As I rushed about half raving, I bethought me of this shaving,
And I wondered that I hadn't stopped the practice long before:
So I made an inward vow, that from this moment now,
My beard should, like my pow, grow at pleasure evermore,
And my resolution echoed as I ope'd my bedroom door—
"I shall shave, ah! nevermore!"

JOHN F. MILL.

The above Parody appeared, some years ago, in a Scotch magazine called *The People's Friend.*

CHATEAUX D'ESPAGNE.

(*A Reminiscence of "David Garrick" and "The Castle of Andalusia."*)

ONCE upon an evening weary, shortly after Lord Dundreary
With his quaint and curious humour set the town in such a roar,

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With my shilling I stood rapping—only very gently tapping—
For the man in charge was napping—at the money-taker's door.
It was Mr. Buckstone's playhouse, where I linger'd at the door;
Paid half-price and nothing more.

Most distinctly I remember, it was just about September—
Though it might have been in August, or it might have been before—
Dreadfully I fear'd the morrow. Vainly had I sought to borrow;
For (I own it to my sorrow) I was miserably poor,
And the heart is heavy laden when one's miserably poor;
(I have been so once before.)

I was doubtful and uncertain, at the rising of the curtain,
If the piece would prove a novelty, or one I'd seen before;
For a band of robbers drinking in a gloomy cave, and clinking
With their glasses on the table, I had witness'd o'er and o'er;
Since the half-forgotten period of my innocence was o'er;
Twenty years ago or more.

Presently my doubt grew stronger. I could stand the thing no longer,
"Miss," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore.
Pardon my apparent rudeness. Would you kindly have the goodness
To inform me if this drama is from Gaul's enlighten'd shore?"
For I know that plays are often brought us from the Gallic shore:
Adaptations—nothing more!

So I put the question lowly: and my neighbour answer'd slowly.
"It's a British drama, wholly, written quite in days of yore.
'Tis an Andalusian story of a castle old and hoary,
And the music is delicious, though the dialogue be poor!"
(And I could not help agreeing that the dialogue *was* poor;
Very flat, and nothing more.)

But at last a lady entered, and my interest grew center'd
In her figure, and her features, and the costume that she wore.
And the slightest sound she utter'd was like music; so I mutter'd
To my neighbour, "Glance a minute at your play-bill, I implore.
Who's that rare and radiant maiden? Tell, oh, tell me! I implore."
Quoth my neighbour, "Nelly Moore!"

Then I ask'd in quite a tremble—it was useless to dissemble—
"Miss, or Madam, do not trifle with my feelings any more;
Tell me who, then, was the maiden, that appear'd so sorrow laden
In the room of David Garrick, with a bust above the door?"
(With a bust of Julius Cæsar up above the study door.)
Quoth my neighbour, "Nelly Moore."

* * * * *

I've her photograph from Lacy's; that delicious little face is
Smiling on me as I'm sitting (in a draught from yonder door),
And often in the nightfalls, when a precious little light falls
From the wretched tallow candles on my gloomy second-floor,
(For I have not got the gaslight on my gloomy second floor,)
Comes an echo, "Nelly Moore!"

Carols of Cockayne, by Henry S. Leigh (John Camden Hotten, London, 1872.)

A Ravin'.

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I slumbered cross and weary,
Cross from several horrid boring books of theologic lore,
While they haunted me in napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some confounded rapping, rapping at my bedroom door.
"'Tis some rascal," low I muttered, "who's too screwed to find his door,—
Only this and nothing more!"

Ah! I vividly remember, it was in a cold December,
And of fire I had no ember till the price of coals should low'r;
Eagerly I wished the morrow; being broke, again I'll borrow,
Even although it end in sorrow, from an Uncle, loved of yore—
From a useful, prosp'rous Uncle, who to me is worth a score.
Surely this, if nothing more!

(*One verse omitted.*)

* * * *

Up I got, and ope'd the shutter, when without the slightest flutter,
Sat a dissipated Tom-cat coolly down upon the floor;
Though he looked exceeding shady, not a moment stopped or stayed he,
But with impudence unheard of walked right to the bedroom door,
Perched upon a corner cupboard just beside my bedroom door,
Whisked his tail, and nothing more!

(*Three verses omitted.*)

* * * *

"Prophet," said I, "Thing of evil! prophet still, if cat or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss'd thee here ashore;
Battered thou, and all undaunted, in this room they say is haunted,
If you are at all enchanted, tell me truly, I implore,
Will the coals be ever cheaper? Tell me, tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Tom-Cat, "Never more!"

The Figaro, August 27, 1873.

Dunraven.

[The Earl of Dunraven, in protesting against the short time allowed for the consideration of the Irish Land Bill, said "he was not a strict Sabbatarian, and had even advocated in that House the desirability of enjoying reasonable recreation on the Sunday, but it was impossible that racking one's brains over the tangled intricacies of that Bill could be considered wholesome recreation for anyone."]

And Dunraven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
O'er that blessed Bill of Billy's, puzzling at it o'er and o'er;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a child's that hath been screaming,
And the gaslight o'er him streaming shows them heavy, red, and sore;
And his voice from out its pages rises in a muffled roar:—
"Hang the Bill! it *is* a bore!"

Punch, August 13, 1881.

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The Dove.

A Sentimental Parody.

I.

Once upon a storm-night dreary, sat I pond'ring, restless, weary,
Over many a text of Scripture, helped by ancient-sages' lore,
Anxious, nervous, far from napping; suddenly there came a tapping!
As of some one gently rapping—rapping at my chamber-door.
Night like this 'tis scarce a visitor, tapping at my chamber-door?
This, I thought, and nothing more.

II.

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember, glimmer'd ghostly on the floor:
Earnestly I wished the morrow; vainly had I sought to borrow
From my Bible ease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Annore—
For a saintly, radiant matron, whom the angels name Annore
Lately wife, now wife no more.

III.

She had passed the gloomy portals, which forever hide from mortals
Spirit myst'ries, which the living are most eager to explore.
Poring o'er the sacred pages, guides to all the good for ages,
Sat I, helped by lore of sages, when the rapping at my door,
Startled me as if a spirit had come to my chamber-door,
Tapping thus, and meaning more.

IV.

And the plaintive, low, uncertain rustling of each window-curtain
Thrill'd me—filled my quaking heart with terrors never felt before.
Is there, then, a life of glory, as we're taught in sacred story?
Can this be some prophet hoary, standing at my chamber-door—
Prophet from the dead arisen, standing at my chamber-door—
Rapping thus, and meaning more?

V.

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Truly, friend, I treat you badly, your forgiveness I implore;
Surely I have not been napping, but so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping—tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce knew what the sound meant"—here I opened wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.

VI.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Awe-struck, thinking thoughts few mortals ever happ'd to think before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken, was the whisper'd word, "Annore!"
This *I* whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word "Annore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

VII.

Back into my chamber hasting, anguish deeper still now tasting,
Soon again I heard a rapping—something louder than before.
Surely, thought I, that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see, then, what there at is, and this mystery explore;—
Oh! my heart, be still a moment, till this mystery I explore;—
Is't the wind, and nothing more?

VIII.

Open here I flung the shutter, when with gentle nod and flutter,
In there came a gracious white dove of the saintly days of yore.
Then, as if obeisance made he, and no longer stopp'd or stay'd he,
But in innocence array'd, he perch'd above my chamber-door,—
Perch'd upon a bust of Paulus, just above my chamber-door—
Perch'd and sat, and nothing more.

IX.

Then this snowy bird surprising my sad heart into surmising,
Whether this was done at random, or some mystic meaning bore,—
"Surely," said I, "thou art fairer than of ill to be the bearer,
Of such saintly guise the wearer, thou art from some heav'nly shore;
Wilt thou help me on my journey toward that bright celestial shore?"
Quoth the white dove, "Evermore!"

X.

Startled now as one from dreaming, suddenly awak'd and seeming
To have heard a voice mysterious thrilling to his heart's deep core,—
Ev'ry thought and feeling reaching after light and further teaching.
In attitude of one beseeching, gazed I at my chamber-door,—
At the bird, which had so aptly—perch'd upon my chamber-door—
Spoken out that "Evermore!"

XI.

But the white dove's aspect childly, and his soft eyes beaming mildly,
Loving looks, as if a full heart speedily he would outpour,
Led me to expect revealing, unto which my soul appealing,—
With a strange hope o'er me stealing, such as never came before,—
"May I look for peace and comfort such as I've ne'er felt before?"
And the bird said, "Evermore!"

XII.

So the bright bird thus beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd chair in front of bird and bust and door;
Then upon the soft seat sinking, I betook myself to linking

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Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this holy bird of yore—
What this lovely, sweet, angelic, quaint, prophetic bird of yore—
Meant by saying, "Evermore?"

XIII.

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing,
Till the calm light from those mild eyes seem'd to illume my bosom's core;
Banishing all fear and sadness, bringing thither peace and gladness,
Driving out surmise of madness—lately coming o'er and o'er—
Madness casting dreadful shadow,—lately coming o'er and o'er—
Shadow deep'ning evermore!

XIV.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer,
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Oh, my soul, thy God hath heard thee, by these angels and this bird He
Hath to sweetest hopes now stirr'd thee—hopes of finding thy Annore
In the far-off land of spirits—of reunion with Annore!"
Quoth the dove, "For evermore!"

XV.

"Prophet," said I, "thing of glory! prophet, as in ancient story,
Whether sent from heaven directly, or by chance cast here ashore,
Blessings many on thee rest now! yea, thou surely shalt be blest now!
Come into my open'd breast now—tell me truly, I implore,
Is there a heaven of rest and rapture? tell me, tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the white bird, "Evermore!"

XVI.

"Prophet," said I, "thing of glory! prophet, as in ancient story,
By that Heav'n which bends above us—by the God the good adore,
Tell this soul with hope upspringing—faith undying to it bringing—
If that radiant matron singing midst the angels, named Annore,
Shall be mine again to love—the sainted matron, named Annore?"
And the dove said, "Evermore!"

XVII.

"Be that word thy sign of dwelling in my heart, of to it telling
Messages of love and mercy from the far-off shining shore;
Let thy white plumes be a token of the truth thy soul hath spoken;
Keep my faith and hope unbroken; always perch above my door;
Keep thy eyes' light in my heart; and keep thy form above my door;"
Quoth the sweet bird, "Evermore!"

XVIII.

And the white dove, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the polish'd bust of Paulus, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes with kindness beaming—holy spirit's kindness seeming,—
And a soft light from him streaming, sheds its radiance on the floor;
And my glad soul in that radiance, that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be basking—EVERMORE!

This parody was written by the Rev. John W. Scott, D.D., Professor in the West Virginia University, on the death of his wife, and was published with some other poems by Claxton and Co., Philadelphia, in 1874.

LINES BY SARAH J. BOLTON, OF RICHMOND, ON THE DEATH OF EDGAR A. POE.

(*Written for the Memorial Committee; November*, 1875.)

THEY have laid thee down to slumber where the sorrows that encumber
Such a wild and wayward heart as thine can never reach thee more;
For the radiant light of gladness never alternates with sadness,
Stinging gifted souls to madness, on that bright and blessed shore;
Safely moored from sorrow's tempest, on that distant Aidenn shore,
Rest thee, lost one, evermore.

Thou wert like a meteor glancing through a starry sky, entrancing,
Thrilling, awing, wrapt beholders with the wondrous light it wore;
But the meteor has descended, and the "nightly shadows blended,"
For the fever-dream is ended, and the fearful crisis o'er—
Yes, the wild unresting fever-dream of human life is o'er—
Thou art sleeping evermore.

Ocean, earth, and air could utter words that made thy spirit flutter—
Words that stirred the hidden fountain swelling in the bosom's core;
Stirred it till its wavelets, sighing, wakened to a wild replying,
And in numbers never dying sung the heart's unwritten lore—
Sung in wild, bewitching numbers, thy sad heart's unwritten lore,
Now unwritten nevermore.

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There was something sad and lonely in thy mystic songs that only
Could have trembled from a spirit weary of the life it bore;
Something like the plaintive toning of a hidden streamlet moaning
In its prismed darkness—moaning for the light it knew before.
For the fragrance and the sunlight that had gladdened it before—
Sighing, sighing, evermore.

To thy soul, for ever dreaming, came a strange effulgence, beaming,
Beaming, flashing from a region mortals never may explore;
Spirits lead thee in thy trances through a realm of gloomy fancies,
Giving spectres to thy glances man had never seen before—
Wondrous spectres such as human eye had never seen before
Were around thee evermore.

Thou did'st see the sunlight quiver over many a fabled river,
Thou did'st wander with the shadows of the mighty dead of yore.
And thy songs to us came ringing, like the wild, unearthly singing
Of the viewless spirits winging o'er the night's Plutonian shore—
Of the weary spirits wandering by the gloomy Stygian shore—
Sighing dirges evermore.

Thou did'st seem like one benighted—one whose hopes were crushed and blighted—
Mourning for the lost and lovely that the world could not restore;
But an endless rest is given to thy heart, so wrecked and riven—
Thou hast met again in heaven with the lost and loved Lenore—
With the "rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore;"
She will leave thee nevermore.

From the earth a star has faded, and the shrine of song has shaded,
And the Muses veil their faces, weeping sorrowful and sore;
But the harp, all rent and broken, left us many a thrilling token,
We shall hear its numbers spoken, and repeated o'er and o'er,
Till our hearts shall cease to tremble—we shall hear them sounding o'er,
Sounding ever, evermore.

We shall hear them, like a fountain tinkling down a rugged mountain.
Like the wailing of the tempest mingling 'mid the ocean's roar;
Like the winds of autumn sighing when the summer flowers are dying;
Like a spirit-voice replying from a dim and distant shore;
Like a wild, mysterious echo from a distant, shadowy shore,
We shall hear them evermore.

Nevermore wilt thou, undaunted, wander through the palace haunted.
Or the cypress vales Titanic, which thy spirit did explore;
Never hear the ghoul king, dwelling in the ancient steeple tolling,
With a slow and solemn knelling, losses human hearts deplore;
Telling in a sort of Runic rhyme the losses we deplore;
Tolling, tolling, evermore.

If a living human being ever had the gift of seeing
The grim and ghastly countenance its evil genius wore,
It was thou unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till thy song one burden bore—
Till the dirges of thy hope the melancholy burden bore—
Of never, nevermore.

MY CHRISTMAS PUDDING;

OR

THE SCHOOLBOY'S DREAM.

(With the Author's apologies to Edgar Allan Poe.)

(By special request.)

LISTEN, all! I tell what happened on the night of Christmas Day,
After I'd been eating pudding in a very reckless way.
Just as Christmas Day was dying, as I on my bed was lying,
When to slumber I was trying, when I'd just begun to snore,
I became aware of something rolling on my chamber floor—
Of a most mysterious rumbling, rolling on my chamber floor,
Only this and nothing more!

Partly waking, partly sleeping, all my flesh with horror creeping,
I could hear it tumbling, leaping, rolling on my chamber floor;
Underneath the bedclothes sinking, I betook myself to thinking
If it might not be a kitten that had entered at the door;
"Yes," said I, "it is a kitten, entered at the open door,
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my heart grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Cat," said I, "or kitten, kindly stop that rolling on the floor."
But it was most irritating, for the sound was unabating,
On my nerves for ever grating was the rolling on the floor;
Till at last I cried in anguish, "Stop that rolling I implore;"
And a voice said, "Nevermore."

This convinced me of my error, up I rose in greatest terror,
Certain that 'twas not a kitten that had spoken just before;
Then into the darkness peering, shivering, wondering, doubting, fearing,
I could dimly see a pudding rolling on my chamber floor;
I could see a big plum pudding rolling on my chamber floor;
May I see it nevermore!

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From its mouth a vapour steaming, while its fiery eyes were gleaming,
Gleaming fiercely bright, and seeming fixedly to scan me o'er;
Soon it rolled and rumbled nearer, and its aim becoming clearer,
I could see that it intended jumping higher than the floor;
Yes, it jumped upon my chest, and when in pain I gave a roar,
All it said was, "Nevermore."

Though my back was nearly broken, this reply so strangely spoken,
Seemed to me to be a token that it wished for something more;
So my thoughts in words expressing, I began my sins confessing,
Saying I had eaten pudding many a time in days of yore,
But although I'd eaten pudding many a time in days of yore,
I would eat it nevermore.

Still in spite of my confessing, that plum pudding kept on pressing,
Pressing with its weight tremendous ever on my bosom's core,
Till I cried, "O, monster mighty, in my work I'm often flighty,
But, if you will now forgive me, I'll work hard at classic lore!"
At the end of this vacation I'll work hard at classic lore,
Quoth the pudding "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, pudding!" then I shrieked, upstarting,
"Get the back—get off my stomach, roll again upon the floor!"
Thus I struggled, loudly screaming, till I found I had been dreaming,
Dreaming like a famous poet once had dreamt in days of yore;
But although 'twas like the poet's dream he dreamt in days of yore,
May I dream it nevermore!

Detroit Free Press Christmas Number, 1884.

The major of a Georgian regiment, writing to the United States Treasurer, said, "I send to you for redemption a fragment of a five dollar bill, the rest of which was destroyed under strangely curious circumstances. I dropped it into my pocket in company with some loose tobacco, and, after supper, taking a quid, I chewed money and tobacco, leaving scraps of the bill and fragments of tobacco in my pocket. When I discovered the *sad catastrophe* I went for the masticated quid, but all traces of the money had vanished, and, 'like the baseless fabric of a dream, left not a wreck behind.'"

"Vainly was I bending, crooking, and with both my eyes a-looking,
Looking for my lost spondulic, like the Pleiad lost of yore;
Looking for the well-chewn fragment which I lost the night before;
Only this, and nothing more.

"Spuds," quoth I, "for thee I pineth,
Gone to where the woodbine twineth;
Gone, departed, doomed, and fated,
Gone to fragments dessicated;
Gone, as I've already stated,
Where thy worth no longer shineth,
I follow—thou art gone before."

NOTHING MORE.

THE ass stood by the stable door,
The sweepings of the stable floor—
Some scantled, musty, broken straw—
He munched, and munched, and—nothing more.

Yon politician struts the floor,
His speech is gemmed with pot-house lore,
His goose essays the eagles soar:
Words, only words, and—nothing more.

The preacher, dear, good, pious bore,
Proves all the prophets once foresaw,
Knows what the future has in store,
Knows what he—thinks, and—nothing more.

The lawyer quotes you score on score
Of great authorities in law
To prove your case without a flaw;
He gains his—fee, and nothing more.

The doctor knows you to the core,
Apt with each fibre, nerve and pore;
Can catch you from Death's greedy maw,
He "bleeds" you well, and—nothing more.

The ass still stands beside the door,
And still is munching as before,
Gown, book, and pill, are broken straw;
He's the same ass, and—nothing more.

ANONYMOUS.

HER "PA'S" DOG.

MEMORIES of the past steal o'er me, and remind me of a story,
That in all its doleful sadness I have never told before.
Well, I loved a girl named Mary, whose old daddy owned a dairy,
And a bull-dog, large and powerful, who a frightful visage wore,
And one night I went to court her as I'd often done before,
But I'll court her nevermore.

Quite distinctly I remember, 'twas one warm night in September,
That I sat and held my Mary—held her till my arms were sore,
And upon her lips I kissed her till I almost raised a blister.
Since that night, oh, how I've missed her—missed the girl whom I adore;
Oh, ye gods of Mount Olympus, lend your pity, I implore,
I shall kiss her nevermore.

"Seems to me the air grows hotter. How I love this old man's daughter!"
Were my musings as I held her—held the girl whom I adore.
While my Mary Ann was napping, suddenly I heard a rapping
Like a footfall softly tapping on the old man's bedroom floor,
And I muttered, as I listened through the slightly opened door,
"I have heard that step before."

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I shook Mary Ann to wake her, and I said "May Old Nick take her!"
(But I'm sure I didn't mean it), then she woke with one loud snore.
While she sat up widely gaping, barely wakened from her napping,
I informed her of the tapping I have spoken of before;
Then she laughed and said, "'twas nothing but the mice upon the floor,
Little mice and nothing more."

Then once more like some huge boulder fell her head upon my shoulder,
And I held her very tightly as she snored snore after snore;
Soon again I heard the falling of more footsteps, and the calling
Of her daddy, and I wished I was in Spain or Ecuador.
"Mary Ann!" the old man uttered, as he strode across the floor,
"Mary Ann," and nothing more.

Suddenly, as if like magic, with a face that looked quite tragic,
Mary woke and saw her daddy standing in the parlour door,
Then with eyeballs wildly gleaming, and her hair about her streaming,
From the room the girl ran screaming as the clock was striking four,
Ran more swiftly, screamed more loudly than she ever had before,
Ran and screamed, and nothing more.

At the barn the cock was crowing, and I thought I would be going,
So I started very quickly to retreat across the floor,
But the old man quick did foller, then he took me by the collar,
And you oughter heard me holler as he pitched me through the door.
"Seek 'em, Bull!" he loudly uttered, in a sort of fiendish roar.
Merely that, and nothing more.

Quickly to my feet I scrambled, and across the yard I ambled.
As I heard that bull-dog coming, bent on tasting human gore.
Soon he seized me by the breeches, and I gave some awful screeches,
As the entire seat in fragments from my Sunday pants he tore.
With my right hand lifted skyward, "I will kill that dog!" I swore.
This I said, and nothing more.

Soon the dog his grip releases, and from chasing me he ceases
While he stopped to chew the pieces that he from my breeches tore.
Once across my shoulder glancing, with the moonlight o'er him dancing,
I espied the old man prancing like a madman in the door,
And I muttered, "Men like you should be slaughtered by the score,
And you'll raise the count one more."

While the broadcloth Bull was chewing, I my way was still pursuing,
And I soon, quite tired and panting, lay upon my cottage floor.

Then I cursed my Mary's daddy, and I called him an old paddy,
And I swore I'd whip the laddy till my pardon he'd implore.
But she's lost to me for ever, the dear girl whom I adore,
Ay, for ever—evermore.

ANONYMOUS.

THE PHANTOM CAT.

ON the ocean swiftly sailing, with the western daylight failing,
And a fair south-wester with us, scudding o'er the waters blue,
O'er the bulwarks I was leaning, and my eyes my hand was screening;
For I wish'd to learn the meaning of a strange sail now in view,
Of a vessel in the offing, coming slowly into view.
I had little else to do.

* * * * *

And all thought, with expectation, what the country, what the nation,
Might the stranger vessel hail from, sailing slowly through the night;
For a landsman has no notion of the sailor's heart's emotion
When he hears upon the ocean that a vessel heaves in sight,
Like an old friend coming to him, is a ship that heaves in sight,
With her sails so broad and white.

* * * * *

Scarcely had the sailor spoken, when the evening air was broken
By a blast from speaking-trumpet: "Ship ahoy! what cheer, what cheer?
We've been sailing, three years sailing, round about the Horn a-whaling.
Food is scarce and water failing—stranger, spare a trifle here—
Biscuit, grog, and cask of water; just a trifle, stranger, here;
You'll be paid back never fear."

Skipper says, "We can afford, man, if you only come on board, man,
Two or three good casks of water, one of biscuit, one of ale.
Shove the boat off; I'm delighted, such a vessel to have sighted,
From the mighty States United; come and taste a glass of ale;
Come and chat for half an hour o'er the friendly glass of ale
I take nightly without fail."

And our ladder was made ready by two seamen strong and steady,
And up came the whaler captain; on his shoulders stood a cat,
With her eyes both brightly gleaming, with her tail outstretched, outstreaming.
Surely, thought I, I am dreaming, to see visitor like that,
See a captain come to see us in a way so strange as that!
What on earth can he be at?

Then the cabin did we enter, and before we could prevent her,
Came the cat with tail uplifted, straightway down the cuddy stair;

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And the lamps were not yet lighted, and we sat down, half benighted,
We three; and the uninvited—the intruder, she was there,
On the shoulders of the captain, the intruder standing there,
With green eyes and ebon hair.

Still upon the captain's shoulder, strange it seemed to the beholder,
In the twilight of the cabin, among strangers standing so;
And I fancied it would fright her when the cuddy lamps grew lighter.
And I mused upon the writer of "The Raven," Edgar Poe,
On that weird and wondrous genius, wilful, wayward Edgar Poe,
Dead now eighteen years ago!

There she stood, with green eyes gleaming; there she stood, with tail outstreaming,
A black line athwart the cuddy, rising somewhat high in air.
And the captain look'd behind him, as though puss in spell did bind him,
And, without a sound, inclined him to keep looking o'er his chair,
To keep turning to the black cat, on his shoulder o'er the chair,
With a look that held despair!

(The Yankee skipper relates that he had formerly been a slave-dealer, and that having bought a negro with his child, he was entreated not to part them.)

"Deaf was I to all compassion; brutally I laid the lash on
His defenceless naked shoulders; yet I tortured him in vain
And my anger growing bigger, out with pistol, pull'd the trigger;
With a cry, dropp'd down the nigger, with a startling cry of pain,
With the spasm of the death-pang shooting o'er his face of pain,
Never more to move again!"

"Sitting in my parlour lonely, thinking on my day's work only,
This black cat you see before you, sat herself upon the chair;
And in vain I tried to please her, all in vain I sought to tease her,
Oh, if I could but release her from her hold upon me there!
On my chair, or on my shoulder, ever will that cat be there,
With her eyes of constant glare!"

"Smile you may, and disbelieve me; that black cat can ne'er deceive me;
She is sent me from the darkie, come to haunt me for my crime,
And will leave me never, never, and on earth will haunt me ever.
Oh, that I the tie could sever! Oh, the dismal, dismal time!
All the horrors of the past, and all the dreary present time,
Far too sad for prose or rhyme!"

* * * * *

"Why should I detain you longer? Every day the tie grows stronger,
Binding me to my familiar, who will never say farewell.
I am here to ask your aid, sir, and have somewhat you delay'd, sir,
With my story, I'm afraid, sir, with the sorry tale I tell;
Of this cursed weird grimalkin, this strange history to tell,
Of this visitor from hell."

* * * * *

Soon the ship away was steering, and the whaler's crew were cheering
Loudly the brave British vessel that had help'd them when afloat;
On the poop two eyes were beaming, green eyes through the darkness gleaming,
And a tail outstretch'd, outstreaming, as it stream'd when in the boat,
When the captain bade farewell, and sadly left us in the boat,
Fear in eye and husky throat.

* * * * *

Several verses of this very long parody have been omitted; it is contained in *The Mocking-Bird and other Poems*, by Frederick Field (J. Van Voorst) London, 1868.

The Croaker.

Once in a dress-circle, weary with discussing many a query
Of the palmy days of acting, and of quaint dramatic lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at a chamber-door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "outside the dress-circle door,
Wants a seat, and nothing more."

Then the flapping—sad, uncertain, rustling of the painted curtain—
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic visions never felt before
Of the coming Macbeth's greeting, wondering if his repeating
Would delight me; while the visitor kept tapping at the door,
And I said "Where is the box-keeper, to open yonder door?
For the tapping is a bore."

And myself the door unlocking, just to end the tiresome knocking,
In there stepped a solemn Croaker of the palmy days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped or stayed he,
Passed each fashionable lady with long skirts upon the floor,
Scanned his voucher through gold-mounted and green spectacles he wore,
Took his seat, and nothing more.

Then this Croaker grave, beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance he wore.
Though his aspect was un*nerving*, I began to speak of Irving—
For I doubted not that he had seen of Macbeths many a score—
And I blandly then suggested a Shakespearian treat in store,
When he answered, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly swell to hear discourse so plainly
In the midst of Irving advocates, who voted him a bore—
In an audience all agreeing that no living being
Ever yet was blest with seeing acting such as that in store,
Quoting *Hamlet*, *Richelieu*, and *The Bells*, and many pieces more,
For the laurels Irving wore.

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But the Croaker, sitting lonely, in his cushioned chair spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; I was not a little fluttered,
And at last I feebly muttered, "Other Macbeths played before—"
"Kemble, Kean, Macready, Young," he cried, "I saw them all of yore—
Won't be equalled any more!"

Startled at the stillness broken, by reply so aptly spoken—
"Doubtless," said I, "what he utters is his sole dramatic lore,
Caught from some Shakespearian master, when unmerciful disaster
Followed faster still and faster, as the crowd his parts ignore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore—
"Tragedian, play no more!"

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from a Rimmel censer,
Swung by pretty girls, whose footfall tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch!" I cried; "pray who hath sent thee? Hath some rival Macbeth lent thee
His spare ticket to content thee with fond memories a store,
Of the Macbeths seen of yore?"

"Croaker," said I, "pray be civil, and of Irving speak no evil.
Whether rivalry hath brought thee or stage memories of yore,
Are you really not enchanted by this new Macbeth undaunted
In this house by Hamlet haunted? Tell me truly, I implore,
Is there, *is* there hope of *Macbeth?* Tell me, tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Croaker, "Say no more!"

"Croaker," said I, "cease to level those stern glances at the revel.
By the bust of Shakespeare o'er us—by the bard we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within thy distant Aidenn
Ever widow, wife, or maiden Lady Macbeth's mantle wore
With a grace beyond Miss Bateman?" Still this croaking man of yore
Answered grimly, "Yes, a score."

"Be that word our sign of parting, Croaker," then I said, upstarting;
For the curtain now is rising, and I hear a deafening roar.
Not a word hath Macbeth spoken; he can only bow in token
Of the homage all unbroken. Then the Croaker spoke once more:
"Truly this Macbeth reminds me of a figure seen before
Over many a snuff-shop-door."

And the Croaker, never flitting, still was sitting, his brows knitting.
Growling oft at Irving's action, voice, and costume that he wore,
And his eyes had all the seeming of a croaker who was dreaming
Of Macready, Kemble, Kean, and Young, in palmy days of yore;
And the last words that he muttered, as he passed the circle-door,
Were—"I'm very glad 'tis o'er."

Funny Folks October 9, 1875.

The Stoker.

Once in February dreary, while the Commons, weak and weary,
Pondered many a quaint and curious Tory measure then in store,
While they nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at the chamber-door;
"Some new member 'tis," they muttered, "tapping at our chamber-door;
'Tis Kenealy—nothing more!"

But the house was in a flutter when, without a "Hem" or stutter,
In there walked a stately Counsel some of them had seen before;
Not the least obeisance made he—not a minute stopped or stayed he,
But with mien of ancient member took his place upon the floor,
Hitched his "gamp" upon the mace, and hung his hat behind the door—
Hitched and stood, and nothing more!

Stood the Counsel grim, beguiling their "gay wisdom" into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance he wore—
"None come here without proposer," said the Speaker, as a poser;
"'Tis the Parliamentary custom for two hundred years and more;"
But outspoke the doughty Premier, "Truly all know how he came here;"
He's Kenealy—nothing more!

Mr. Whalley, sitting lonely on his placid bench, spoke only
But one word, as if his soul on that one word he did outpour;
Nothing further then he uttered. He was just a little fluttered.
While a host of members muttered, "Other bores have flown before;
Some fine morning he will leave us as our bores have left before."
Whalley whispered, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said they, "what he utters is his only stock and store,
Caught from Liberal disaster when that party had no master,
When mistakes came fast and faster, and their songs one burden bore,
When the dirges of their hopes that melancholy burden bore
Of never, nevermore."

Members willing to be civil said, "Oh, quit the Tichborne drivel!
By the roof that bends above us—by the Commons we adore.
Tell our souls with sorrow laden that our Parliamentary Aidenn
Shall not echo with the name of "*Arthur Orton*" any more;
That the mystery unriddled who the name Sir Roger bore
Shall not vex us any more!"

But Kenealy, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
With his gingham hitched upon the mace, his hat behind the door,
And his eyes have all the seeming of a Counsel who is dreaming,

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And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor,
And the Commons, in that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
Have a pretty treat in store!

This amusing parody originally appeared in *Funny Folks*, March 6, 1875, accompanied by a portrait of Dr. E. V. Kenealy. This was immediately after his election as member for Stoke, and the week after it appeared the clever but eccentric advocate of the "unfortunate nobleman" inserted the parody in his newspaper, *The Englishman*, with a compliment to its author, and it was re-copied in many other newspapers. The author, Mr. Joseph Verey, a well-known contributor to dramatic and humorous pericdicals, has written many other clever parodies, amongst them being "Mariana at the Railway Station," inserted on page 4, Volume I.; and "The Night Policeman," after Longfellow, inserted on page 68, Volume I. of this collection.

"The Raven."

(*After Edgar Allan Poe.*)

Late at midnight I was seated, and my brain was overheated
With reflections quaint and curious as I thought my subject o'er;
While I pondered, almost napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of someone softly rapping, rapping at the parlour door,
And my heart it fairly fluttered, hearing at the parlour-door,
Just a tap, and nothing more.

Yes! distinctly I remember how I trembled in each member,
Thought I saw in every ember ghastly forms of one or more;
Goblins came before my vision, grinning wildly with derision,
There I sat as though in prison, prison closed by parlour-door,
Icy chill came creeping o'er me whilst I gazed upon the door,
Getting frightened more and more.

And the windy gusts uncertain through the window shook the curtain,
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before.
Then methought perhaps the rapping might be but the servant tapping
That awoke me from my napping, she might then be at the door,
Bringing me the nightly candle, candlestick with broken handle,
As she'd often done before.

Then my soul grew strong in valour, and my cheeks lost all their pallor,
"Maid," said I, "or Mary, just you place the candle at the door,
Pond'ring was I, almost napping, when you came so gently tapping,
And you came so softly rapping, rapping at the parlour-door;
Mary, scarcely could I hear you," then I went unto the door—
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Scarcely had I got me seated, feeling still all over-heated,
When again I heard the rapping louder than it was before,
"Bless me!" said I, "This again, something's at the window-pane,
Now some knowledge I'll obtain of this strange mysterious bore;
Courage, heart! a single moment, while this mystery I explore.
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Scarce the words my tongue had spoken, scarce the silence I had broken,
Thro' the window stepped a raven like to Ingoldsby's of yore,
Notice took he of me never, off he hopped and looked so clever,
Flight he took with bold endeavour, perching o'er my parlour door,
From his perch he eyed me closely, watched me from the parlour-door,
Sat and looked—did nothing more!

Cunning looked he, as though chaffing—funny bird! he set me laughing,
Perched aloft, and looking grave, with both his eyes upon the floor:—
"Ebony friend, with head all shaven, surely thou canst be no craven,
Out so late, you funny raven, tell me what misfortune bore
Thee unto my humble roof, and to sit above my door."
Quoth the raven, "Say no more!"

"Tell me, raven, what has brought you, how it is that you've bethought you
Here to fly in midnight darkness, coming hither to explore.
Hast thou good or evil omen to pronounce to men or women,
Which thou wilt reveal to no men—speak the message, I implore."
Then he ruffled all his feathers, speaking from the parlour-door,
Said he, "Think the matter o'er."

There he was with mien so stately, looking solemn and sedately,
Like a monk he was "complately," thinking something deeply o'er,
All at once his wings he fluttered, and in tone sepulchral muttered
Something indistinctly uttered, as it came from o'er the door;
Most intently did I listen, listened as I ne'er before
To a raven o'er a door.

—At the Prince's Pierhead, said he, there you'll find a policeman steady,
Strutting proudly ever ready to annoy the cabmen there,
With the Jehus roughly dealing, causing them a bitter feeling,
Vain it is the men appealing, one and all they now declare
Pierhead rank they ll never stand in, never ply for landing "fare"
Whilst that "bobby's" stationed there!

At the Town Hal banquet lately, was a Colonel bold and stately,
Full of pomp he was "complately," sitting rigid in his chair.
When the Army's health was toasted, up he rose and proudly boasted,
Whilst with with'ring tongue he "roasted" Captain Douglas sitting there,
That the Naval forces never, whilst he sat upon that chair
With the Army must compare!

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When the Colonel Yates, conceited, had his fulsome speech completed,
And upon his chair was seated,—Colonel Steble, gallant "Maire,"
Said with gracious tone and manly, how the noble House of Stanley
Oft in former times like him had sat upon the civic chair;
Then the noble Earl, replying, said with truth he might declare
"Such an honour now was rare!"

Chinamen out there in "*Pe*king," Treaty obligations breaking,
Our Ambassador is seeking wily stubborn men to awe,
Telling them the British nation anger'd cannot brook evasion;
Better listen to persuasion, or he threatens he'll withdraw;
So they wisely yield submission. Frightened of the Lion's paw,
China says she'll keep the law.

Sea is rough and weather breezy, still "Serapis," steaming easy,
Slowly sails from out Brindisi, bearing son of Britain's Queen,
Foaming billows nobly riding, Eastern seas her prow dividing,
Soon in sunny waters gliding Royal Standard will be seen;
Prince will have a royal welcome, Rajahs proud, of royal mien,
Greeting son of India's Queen—

Thus he spake what he intended, and his croaking speech was ended,
Flapping wings he soon descended from his perch above the door.
Not another word was spoken, nor again the silence broken,
He had given me the token, and he hopp'd along the floor,
Thro' the window into darkness—glancing at my parlour door,
Raven saw I nevermore!

The Porcupine (Liverpool), October 30, 1875.

A Black Bird that Could Sing but Wouldn't Sing.

(*A Lyric of the American Southern States.*)

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
O'er the War of the Rebellion and the things that were before;
While I sat absorbed in thinking, brandy cocktails slowly drinking,
Suddenly I saw a blinking, one-eyed figure at my door—
Saw a nasty, stinking, blinking, one-eyed figure at my door,
Standing up as stiff as steel-yards, just across my chamber floor,
Peeping in, and—nothing more.

Ah! I never shall forget it, how in glancing round I met it,
And I ever shall regret it that I looked towards that door,
For I saw a monstrous figure—like a giant, only bigger,
And there stood a big buck nigger, with his back against the door,
Darting, with a hideous snigger, glances right across my floor,
A reeking, lantern-jaw'd buck nigger bolt upright against my door,
Glancing in, and—nothing more.

Quick instinctively espying where my ham and eggs were frying,
There I saw a poker lying near the hearth upon the floor,
And with most determined vigour seized and hurled it at the nigger,
But so quick was he on the trigger, as he jump'd it struck the door,
Struck beneath him, as he bounded just like lightning from the floor,
As like a tarr'd and feather'd Mercury, up he bounded from the floor,
Grazed his heel, and—nothing more.

Back toward my hearth-stone looking, where my ham and eggs were cooking,
Shaking, quaking as no mortal ever shaked or quaked before,
Soon I heard the ugly sinner mutter forth these words, "*Some dinner*,"
Looking still more gaunt and thinner, even than he looked before,
These the words the heathen mutter'd—the sole and only sound then uttered,
As down from his high jump he flutter'd 'lighting on his major toe,
"Dinner," said he, nothing more.

Then his impudence beginning, he displayed his gums in grinning,
And with eyes aught else but winning, leer'd upon me from the door,
Speaking thusly: "'Tis your treat, man, I'll never go into the street, man,
Till I get some grub to eat, man, I shall *never* leave your door,
Never quit them aigs and bacon, now just done, I'm very sure,
Never till I've cleaned the platter, though you beat me till I roar,
Treat me, or I'll charge 'em sure."

Then toward the fireplace marching, where my coffee too was parching,
Boldly stalked this sassy nigger right across my chamber-floor,
Never stopped to bend or bow, sir, then I knew there'd be a row, sir,
For I made a solemn vow, sir, he should soon recross that floor,
And I kicked him through the room, sir, back again toward the door,
Kick'd and cuffed him, in my anger, back against my chamber-door,
Then I kicked him yet once more.

But this midnight bird beguiling my stirr'd spirit into smiling,
By the wretched, rabid, ravenous look his hungry visage wore,
"Tho'," I said, "thou art a freedman, thou hast gone so much to seed, man,
So I'll give you one good feed, man, as you seem to be so poor—
One good feed in your sore need, man, as you seem so very poor;
The eggs and meat *shall* be my treat, if with light work you'll pay the score."
Quoth the nigger,—"Work no more."

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Much I marvelled this ungainly nigger should refuse so plainly
Just to do a little work, for food he craved and needed sore,
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Should decline to labour seeing that he was so deuced poor;
Should refuse to earn a dinner, which he hungered for I'm sure,
And would have damned his soul by stealing had he hoped to make the door;
Escaping thence to—work no more.

Awhile I sat absorbed in musing, what meant he by this refusing,
Till, mad, I turned into abusing the odious, odorous blackamoor.
"Sure," said I, "you must be crazy, to be so infernal lazy,
So cussedly, outrageous lazy, as to want to work no more;
You ugly, grim, ungainly, ghastly, heathen, savage blackamoor,
Will you even work for wages—food and clothes and payment sure?"
Quoth the nigger—"Work no more."

"Nigger," said I, "horrid demon! *Nigger still if slave or freeman,*
Pause and ponder ere you answer this one question, I implore:
Have you got no sense of feeling? do you mean to live by stealing?
Or by working and fair dealing; tell me truly, I implore,
On your honour as a nigger, will you ever labour more?
Plough in corn or hoe in cotton, as you did in days of yore?"
Quoth the Nigger—"Nevermore!"

Startled by the stillness broken by reply so flatly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "this big nigger once could eat enough for four,
When on some grand rice plantation, he could out-eat all creation,
Until his corporal situation warned him he could eat no more;
Scorning any calculation of how much cash it cost I'm sure,
For the master paid the piper in the good old days of yore,
Days he'll revel in no more!"

"Nigger," said I, "thing of evil! quit my sight! *go to the devil!*
Or even yet, pause, reconsider terms I'll offer you no more,
Tell me truly, I implore you, for the last time I conjure you,
If good wages I ensure you, and clothes the best you ever wore,
Will you work three days in seven, at tasks far lighter than of yore?
Only three short days in seven—labour light and payment sure?"
Quoth the nigger—"Work no more."

"Be that word our sign of parting, nigger man," I said upstarting,
"Get you gone to where you came from, let me see your face no more.
Quick, vamose, cut dirt—skedaddle—seek some far-off, distant shore,
Haste, relieve me of that visage—*darken* not again my door,
Join the army—go to Texas! Never come back here to vex us,
Take your gaze from off my victuals—take your carcase from my door"—
Quoth the nigger—"Nevermore."

And the nigger, never working, still is shirking—still is shirking
Every kind of honest labour, in the house or out of door,
And his eye has all the seeming of a vulture's starved and dreaming,
And my bacon, gently steaming tempts him still to cross my floor.
But I'll gamble with that poker that I hurled at him before,
That I'll maul his very lights out, if he dares to pass that door,
He *shall* work or—eat no more!

The Figaro, February 16, 1876.

COWGATE PHILANTHROPY.

ONCE, while in the Cowgate dirty, on an evening damp and murky,
Mournfully I gazed at objects swarming there from door to door,
From a whisky palace, swearing, a poor woman issued, bearing
A child upon her bosom bare, and that bosom stained with gore,
And she uttered dreadful threats against the man that kept the store—
Idle threats, and nothing more.

To myself I said, interror, "Surely here there is some error;
This woman seems in deep distress—distress which pierces to the core;"
So I stepped into the palace, with the view of getting solace,
For that creature whose deep sorrow my soft heart with anguish tore,
That shadow of an angel bright, for her countenance yet bore
Trace of beauty, now no more.

But the jingling of the glasses, and the glare of many gases,
Made me feel so very squeamish that I was almost forced to roar,
When my tongue its wonted action ceased, as if by some attraction,
So I stood a perfect dummy at this dreadful gin-house door,
Pointing to that weeping woman, whom no one would now adore;
This I did, and nothing more.

To my speech at last succeeding, I asked gravely why the bleeding,
Helpless, ill-clad, ill-fed woman had been out-cast from the store?
And the answer from the monster who had been this woman's wrongster
Was, she had not filthy lucre to pay off her whisky score;
He'd be blowed, or something stronger, if he'd give her any more;
And he thought her quite a bore.

Then I felt my fingers itching, and my muscles all a twitching,
To seize the rascal by the throat, and stretch him straight upon the floor;
But he gave a loud hoarse chuckle, let me see his mighty knuckle,
And advised me for my safety that I'd better seek the door—
If I didn't vanish quickly I might go upon all four:
So I vanished—nothing more.

The Modern Athenian (Edinburgh), March 11, 1876.

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LINES

Respectfully dedicated to the

Right Honourable Henry Bouverie William Brand, M.P., Speaker of the House of Commons.

"ONCE upon a Wednesday dreary, while I listened somewhat weary,
To the dull and dismal business going on upon the floor,
On me, in my melancholy, broke the voice of Mr. Whalley,
Pouring forth of words a volley, and this, too, I meekly bore;
'Tis near five o'clock,' I muttered, and my lot I meekly bore,
Hoping there was little more.

"For since noon I had been sitting, and the daylight now was flitting,
As M.P.'s, their places quitting, noiselessly pass'd through the door,
Motions, though, in such a number did the notice-book encumber,
That I'd vainly sought to slumber, though my eyes were tired and sore,
Dared not nap like those around me, though my eyes were red and sore;
But a watchful look I wore.

"Tired of talking, Whalley finished, and my list was thus diminished
By the Bill on 'Open Spaces'—this it was his name that bore—
Next, I saw with heartfelt pleasure, came an agricultural measure;
For methought no member surely over this dry Bill will pore—
They will not discuss its details, they will never o'er it pore;
Merely pass it—nothing more.

"So I thought, until up-glancing, I beheld a form advancing
From the seats below the gangway, boldly out upon the floor,
'Stay,' mused I; 'I know that figure. Yes, it is—it must be Biggar!'
Through the House there passed a snigger, but my heart was very sore;
For he caught my eye, confound him! and my heart was very sore;
Hope was left in it no more.

"Not the least obeisance made he, nor where he had risen stay'd he;
But he strode across the gangway, nearer to me than before.
All the time that he was walking, he was hoarsely at me talking,
Nothing stopping him nor baulking, not a moment he forebore,
Caring not for sneers nor laughter, not a moment he forebore,—
But talked on for evermore.

"Much it grieved me this ungainly man to hear discourse so plainly,
Though his phrases little meaning, little relevancy bore,
For I knew his stubborn nature, knew, too, in the Legislature,
That so obstinate a member it had never known before;
That a member so pig-headed never had been known before,
Never would be evermore.

"'Far too "narrer" is this measure,' quoth he, slowly, at his leisure;
'Yes, it's very much too "narrer!"' then he went its clauses o'er;
Turn'd it inside out, and twisted its provisions, as he listed;
While his friend Parnell assisted—helped this most portentous bore;
Backed him up, and often prompted this unmitigated bore;
Who kept speaking evermore!

"Presently my wrath grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,
'Sir!' I said, 'you're not in order; keep in order, I implore!
This is but the second reading, yet you are in sooth proceeding
As though in Committee pleading; cease from this or leave the floor!
Mean you long to go on speaking, mean you long to keep the floor?'
Quoth J. Biggar, 'Evermore!'

"Then methought his voice grew hoarser, and his manner rather coarser;
Till that he my eye had ever caught, I did at heart deplore;
Why, I thought, has Cavan sent thee? can no earthly power prevent thee?
None bring respite and nepenthe, from thy rudeness and thy roar?
Am I doomed to always listen to thy inharmonious roar?'
Quoth J. Biggar, 'Evermore.'

"'Biggar,' said I, 'Joseph Biggar, why thy most undoubted vigour,
Didst thou not devote to business on thy own Ulsterian shore?
Why not give to lard and bacon, all the energies mistaken,
Thou from night to night art wasting on this House of Commons floor?
Stick to lard! Drop legislating! This of thee I would implore!'
Quoth J. Biggar, 'Nevermore.'

"'Biggar,' said I, 'tell me truly, wilt thou always be unruly?
Is there nothing thy lost senses can to thee at last restore?
Wilt this chamber long be haunted by thy presence so undaunted?
Or would'st thou at home be wanted if pigs fetched much less per score—
If lard fell a lot per bladder? Tell me—tell me, I implore?"
Quoth J. Biggar, 'Nevermore!'

"'Joseph,' said I, 'have a care, sir, lest thou shouldst me too much dare, sir,
For I give thee warning, fair sir, that if thou art much a bore,
I will henceforth always try, sir, that thou mayst not catch my eye, sir,
When in future thou mayst rise, sir, and stand out upon this floor!—
Stand in all thy blatant boldness on this desecrated floor;
Thou shalt catch it nevermore!

"But J. Biggar never stirring, went on stating and averring,
Naught him staying or deterring, still his speech did he outpour,
And back on my cushion sinking, I was filled with dread at thinking
That this grim and greasy member might for ever harshly roar—
That this grim, ungainly, lardy man might never cease to bore,—
But talk on for evermore!"

Truth, March 8, 1877.

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The Baby.

Once upon a midnight dreary, whilst I waited, faint and weary,
On the landing till the doctor the expected tidings bore;
Whilst I nodded, nearly napping, dreaming of what then was happing—
Dreaming of what then was happing t'other side yon chamber door,
Stood the doctor there, and whispered, opening the chamber door,
"'Tis a boy!" and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember, by my chilblains, 'twas December,
And I stamped each smarting member, stamped it smartly on the floor.
Eagerly I wished for slumber, as my feet and hands grew number;
Oh, could I some bed encumber, oh, how quickly I would snore!
Oh, how I would wake the echoes with my deep sonorous snore!
But my vigil was not o'er.

For as I thus thought of snoring, came a sound of liquid pouring—
'Twas a sound that oft, when thirsty, I had heard with joy before;
And when it I heard repeating, thro' the darkness sent I greeting,
Saying, "Who is that that's drinking something in behind my door?"—
For the sound came from a chamber, mine erstwhile, now mine no more—
"Who are you and what d'you pour?"

But no answer came, so rising with a rashness most surprising,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, when I heard some liquid lapping,
Lapping, lapping, softly lapping, in behind this chamber-door.
Who are you in there, I pray you?"—here I opened wide the door—
Smell of spirits, nothing more!

Deeply that strong odour sniffing stood I "butting" there and "if-ing;"
Guessing, wondering, surmising who it was that I'd heard pour.
Still the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token;
But a bottle brandy-soaken I remarked upon the floor.
This I noticed, black and empty, lying there upon the floor—
Merely that, and nothing more!

From the chamber I was turning, all my soul within me yearning
For a little cup of cognac: since my chilblains were so sore—
When I heard a sound of rustling, as of some stout woman bustling—
"Ah," said I, "this chamber's mystery I will linger and explore—
Stay will I another minute and its mystery explore—
Why I heard that brandy pour?"

Opened here a folding-door was; and in a few seconds more was
A full stout and snuffy matron coming towards me o'er the floor;
Not the least obeisance made she; not a minute stopped or stayed she,
But upon a chair down sitting, beckoned me to what she bore:
'Twas a tiny roll of flannel in her portly arms she bore—
Only that, and nothing more!

Then this flannel roll beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the strange and utter contrast that it to the matron bore,
Sought my thoughts another channel, and I spoke unto the flannel,
Saying, "What art thou and wherefore art thou brought here, I implore?—
Tell me why thou art thus carried, why so gently, I implore?"
But it sobbed, and nothing more!

Much I marvelled at its sobbing, and my heart was quickly throbbing
As unto the ponderous matron said I, "Turn that flannel o'er!'
For you cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet beheld a bundle that could sob, and nothing more—
Ever yet a roll of flannel saw that sobbed and nothing more!"
Quoth the matron, "Shut the door."

Then the flannel pink unfolding, soon was I with awe beholding
Something like to which my eyes had never gazed upon before.
Nothing further then it ut'ered—but I mouthed awhile and stuttered
Till I positively muttered, "Tell me all, I would implore!"
Said the matron, "There is little to inform you on that score:
'Tis your son, and nothing more!"

"Ah," said I, no longer dreaming, with a sudden knowledge gleaming,
"You've a monthly nurse's seeming, and 'twas you that I heard pour;
Tell me, then, when I may slumber, when this room you'll cease to cumber,
Since of chilblains such a number in the passage I deplore;
Tell me when I may turn in and cease their smarting to deplore."
Quoth that woman, "Never more!"

"Woman!" said I, "nurse, how dare you? If you do not have a care, you
Soon will find that I can spare you, for I'll show to you the door!"
But that woman, calmly sitting, and her brows engaged in knitting,
In a way most unbefitting took the bottle from the floor,
Took it up, although 'twas empty, took it up from off the floor;
Waved it and said, "Never more!"

"Nurse," I shouted, "I won't stand it; put it down, at once, unhand it!
As your master, I demand it, and this room to me restore;
Take yon saucepan from my table; clear my bed, for you are able,
Of your wardrobe, and the baby take where it was heretofore;
For I long to sink in slumber: nurse, I'm dying for a snore!"
Quoth that woman, "Never more!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, monthly nurse," said I, upstarting,
"Get thee gone, thou Gamp outrageous, to where'er thou wast before;
Leave that bottle as a token of the rest that thou hast broken—

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Now be off—have I not spoken? Get thee gone, Gamp, there's the door—
Take thy wardrobe from my bed, and take thyself out through that door!"
Quoth that woman, "Never more!"

And that monthly nurse is sitting, drinking in a way unfitting,
In an easy-chair luxurious just behind my chamber-door;
There for weeks she has been sleeping, me from my own chamber keeping;
Degradations on me heaping, till my heart of hearts is sore;
Fearing that her shadow never will be lifted from my floor,
And that, smelling strong of spirits, she through yonder open door
Shall be lifted—Never more!

Finis (Beeton's Christmas Annual, 1877.)

The Maiden.

Once upon a summer morning, whilst I watched the sun adorning
All the hilltops lying round me with an ever-golden hue,
Suddenly I saw a maiden with a basket heavy laden,
Yes, a basket heavy laden with some clothes which looked like new,
And I cried, "My pretty maiden, these look just as good as new;
Have they, pray, been washed by you?"

Ah! distinctly I remember how my soul burned like an ember,
As the maiden's eyes grew brighter—eyes of such a lovely blue;
How her auburn tresses glistened in the sunlight while I listened,
Wondering how she had been christened; but her answering words were few,
And somehow they didn't please me, these her answering words so few—
"Truly, sir, what's that to you?"

Then I said, "O, lovely maiden, with this basket heavy laden,
Tell me truly, I implore thee, from what parent-stock you grew?
If your father is a humble, honest, labourer like the Bumble-Bee that works, but does not grumble at the work he has to do?
Maiden did you ever grumble at the work you had to do?"
Quoth the maid, "What's that to you?"

Presently my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,
For I felt a little angry, and thus said what wasn't true:
"Hark you, maid, my friend, Joe Simmen, says that all you washerwomen
Are as sour as any lemon, cross as any *ole clo'* Jew;
Tell me maiden, is it not so, that you're like some *ole clo'* Jew?"
Quoth the maid "What's that to you?"

Deep into that countenance peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Lest the girl should prove a vixen, and begin to hit me too;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only words there spoken were the whispered words, "Pooh! pooh!"
These I whispered, for I feared her, whispered just the words, "Pooh! pooh!"
And I knew not what to do.

Round about myself then turning, all my soul within me burning,
For I did not dare to face her, as she was I knew not who;
I began at once to wonder how on earth I could thus blunder,
And why I thus should cower under these her answering words so few,
And I could not find a reason why her words should be so few;
Still I knew not what to do.

Then I glanced across my shoulder, as it were some sheltering boulder,
And I saw the maiden laughing, laughing till her face was blue.
Then I thought "'Tis now or never," so I said (and thought it clever),
"Pretty maiden, did you ever have a nice young sweetheart, who
Was, as I am, tall and handsome? If so, prithee tell me who?"
Quoth the maid "What's that to you?"

And the maiden, thus beguiling all my angry soul to smiling,
Made me say, "Ah! lovely maiden, fairly I'm in love with you."
Then began my heart to flutter, and began my tongue to stutter,
And began my lips to mutter, while around me objects flew.
Thus I muttered, while the objects round about me swiftly flew,
"Maiden, I'm in love with you."

But the maiden, sitting lonely on the velvet sod, spoke only
These four words when I made of her some interrogation new;
So upon the green grass sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what on earth I now should do,
And I asked the washer maiden, what on earth I now should do?
Quoth the maid "What pleases you."

"Torment!" said I, "thing of evil! you, at least, might have been civil,
And not given such answers to the questions I have put to you.
When I told you that I loved you, surely then I think I moved you,
And I think it had behoved you to make answers straight and true,
'Stead of which you gave me answers which were anything but true."
Quoth the maid, "What's that to you."

"Be these words our sign of parting, saucy maid!" I shrieked, upstarting.
"Get you back into the village, take these clothes along with you!
Leave no thread even as a token of these horrid words you've spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! Take these clothes which look like new,
And return to where you came from, with these clothes as clean as new!"
Quoth the maiden, "Not for you."

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So *I* left the washer maiden and her basket heavy laden,
And I hope that I may never, never more behold the two;
Yet my sleep is oft enchanted, and my dreams are often haunted
By her form when just not wanted, and the basket seems there too,
And she asks in tones of mockery, pointing at the basket, too,
"What is this, now, sir, to you?"

D. J. M.

Edinburgh Paper, November, 8, 1879.

THE PROMISSORY NOTE.

ZOÏLUS *reads*:

In the lonesome latter years,
(Fatal years!)
To the dropping of my tears
Danced the mad and mystic spheres
In a rounded, reeling rune,
'Neath the moon,
To the dripping and the dropping of my tears.

Ah, my soul is swathed in gloom,
(Ulalume!)
In a dim Titanic tomb,
For my gaunt and gloomy soul
Ponders o'er the penal scroll,
O'er the parchment (not a rhyme),
Out of place,—out of time,—
I am shredded, shorn, unshifty,
(O, the fifty!)
And the days have passed, the three,
Over me!
And the debit and the credit are as one to him and me!

'Twas the random runes I wrote
At the bottom of the note
(Wrote, and freely
Gave to Greeley),
In the middle of the night,
In the mellow, moonless night,
When the stars were out of sight,
When my pulses, like a knell,
(Israfel!)
Danced with dim and dying fays
O'er the ruins of my days,
O'er the dimeless, timeless days,
When the fifty, drawn at thirty,
Seeming thrifty, yet the dirty
Lucre of the market, was the most that I could raise!

Fiends controlled it,
(Let him hold it!)
Devils held for me the inkstand and the pen;
Now the days of grace are o'er,
(Ah, Lenore!)
I am but as other men:
What is time, time, time,
To my rare and runic rhyme,
To my random, reeling rhyme,
By the sands along the shore,
Where the tempest whispers, "Pay him!" and I answer
"Nevermore!"

GALAHAD: What do you mean by the reference to Horace Greeley?

ZOÏLUS: I thought everybody had heard that Greeley's only autograph of Poe was a signature to a promissory note for fifty dollars. He offers to sell it for half the money. Now, I don't mean to be wicked, and to do nothing with the dead except bone 'em, but when such a cue pops into one's mind, what is one to do?

THE ANCIENT: O, I think you're still within decent limits! There was a congenital twist about poor Poe. We can't entirely condone his faults, yet we stretch our charity so as to cover as much as possible. His poetry has a hectic flush, a strange, fascinating, narcotic quality, which belongs to him alone. Baudelaire and Swinburne after him have been trying to surpass him by increasing the dose; but his Muse is the natural Pythia, inheriting her convulsions, while they eat all sorts of insane roots to produce theirs.

GALAHAD (*eagerly*): Did you ever know him?

THE ANCIENT: I met him two or three times, heard him lecture once (his enunciation was exquisite), and saw him now and then in Broadway,—enough to satisfy me that there were two men in him: one, a refined gentleman, an aspiring soul, an artist among those who had little sense of literary art; the other—

ZOÏLUS: Go on!

THE ANCIENT: "Built his nest with the birds of night." No more of that!

Diversions of the Echo Club. By Bayard Taylor (John Camden Hotten, London.)

"THE AGER."

This clever parody, by Prof. J. P. Stelle, editor of the *Progressive Farmer*, and of the agricultural department of the Mobile *Register*, has been repeatedly published in United States newspapers, though generally in a mutilated form. The following is believed to be the correct version:—

ONCE upon an evening bleary,
While I sat me dreamy, dreary,
In the sunshine, thinking over
Things that passed in days of yore;
While I nodded, nearly sleeping,
Gently came a something creeping
Up my back, like water seeping—
Seeping upward from the floor.
"'Tis a cooling breeze," I muttered,
From the regions 'neath the floor—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember
It was in that wet September,
When the earth and every member
Of creation that it bore
Had for days and weeks been soaking
In the meanest, most provoking
Foggy rains that, without joking,
We had ever seen before;
So I knew it must be very
Cold and damp beneath the floor—
Very cold beneath the floor.

So I sat me nearly napping,
In the sunshine, stretching, gaping,
Craving water, but delighted
With the breeze from 'neath the floor,
Till I found me waxing colder,
And the stretching growing bolder,
And myself a feeling older—
Older than I'd felt before;
Feeling that my joints were stiffer
Than they were in days of yore—
Stiffer than they'd been before.

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All along my back the creeping
Soon gave place to rushing, leaping,
As if countless frozen demons
Had concluded to explore
All the cavities—the "varmints"—
'Twixt me and my nether garments,
Up into my hair and downward
Through my boots into the floor;
Then I found myself a shaking,
Gently first, but more and more—
Every moment more and more.

'Twas the "ager," and it shook me
Into many clothes, and took me
Shaking to the kitchen—every
Place where there was warmth in store;
Shaking till the dishes clattered,
Shaking till the tea was spattered,
Shaking, and with all my warming
Feeling colder than before;
Shaking till it had exhausted
All its powers to shake me more—
Till it could not shake me more.

Then it rested till the morrow,
Then resumed with all the horror
That it had the face to borrow,
Shaking, shaking as before;
And from that day in September—
Day that I shall long remember—
It has made diurnal visits,
Shaking, shaking, oh so sore!
Shaking off my boots, and shaking
Me to bed, if nothing more—
Fully this, if nothing more.

And to-day the swallows flitting
Round my cottage see me sitting
Moodily within the sunshine
Just inside my silent door,
Waiting for the ages, seeming
Like a man forever dreaming,
And the sunlight on me streaming
Throws no shadows on the floor;
For I am too thin and sallow
To make shadows on the floor;
'Nary shadow—any more!

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Surplus.

Lately on a midnight dreary, whilst I studied, though so weary,
Several sheets of close-writ figures I had gone through times before;
Whilst I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping. rapping at theTreasury door.
"Is that Kempe?" I slowly mutter'd. "If it is, pray leave the door—
I shall want you here no more!"

Oh! distinctly I remember, for it happen'd this December
And each separate, dying ember seem'd a figure on the floor.
Nervously I wish'd the morrow; for so far I'd failed to borrow—
From the Bank of England borrow—at the same rate as before—
At the same low rate of interest I had borrow'd at before—
They would lend at Two no more.

And I had a sort of notion that this fact was known to Goschen,
Whilst the dread of Childers fill'd me with a fear not felt before,
So that now to still the beating of my heart I'd been repeating:
"P'rhaps some luck may yet befall you ere you stand upon the floor—
Stand next April with your Budget at the table on the floor—
And a Surplus yet restore!"

Presently the rap was stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Kempe!" said I, "or Law, or Lingen, is that you outside my door?"
If it be, pray cease your tapping; if you have no cause for rapping.
Cease, and let me strike my balance ere I sleep, I you implore.
Do come in if you are out there!" Here I open'd wide the door—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Seeing ghosts of former Budgets—Gladstone's Budgets—o'er me soar;
But the silence was unbroken, and of Kempe I saw no token;
He had gone with Law and Lingen shortly after half-past four.
So I "H-s-s-h'd"—perchance assuming there were cats about the floor—
Merely cats, and nothing more.

Back into my room returning, where two composites were burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"'Tis too soon for chimney-sweeper; can it be the office-keeper?"
This I said, and once more rising, tried the mystery to explore.
"I will go and try the window, for there's no one at the door"—
This I said, and nothing more.

Open then I flung the shutter, when with quite a fussy flutter,
In there stalk'd a handsome Surplus of the Liberal years of yore;
Not the least obeisance made it, not a minute stopp'd or stay'd it,
But—nor tried I to dissuade it—hopp'd on something on the floor;
Hopp'd upon my rough-drawn Budget, which I'd thrown upon the floor—
Hopp'd, then sat; and nothing more!

Then this welcome guest beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the cheery and contented cast of countenance it wore;
"Welcome," said I, "Surplus comely! though you have arrived so 'rumly,'
For 'tis some years since a Budget drawn by me a Surplus bore;
Let this be a happy omen—that they'll come as heretofore!"
Quoth the Surplus—"Nevermore!"

Much I marvell'd that so plainly it should answer, and so sanely;
Though in sooth I hoped its answer little relevancy bore.
For 't had fill'd my heart with pleasure, and with ecstacy past measur-

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Once again to see a Surplus come within the Treasury door,
To observe a real Surplus on my Budget on the floor,
Like the one in 'Seventy-four.

But the Surplus, sitting lonely on my Budget draft, spake only
That one word already mention'd—I refer to "Nevermore."
And not for its answer caring, and by no means yet despairing,
I took heart and said: "Six millions was there left in 'Seventy-four;
When shall I next get a Surplus large as that in 'Seventy-four?"
Quoth my guest: "Why, nevermore!"

But this time 'twas not contented with the word I so resented,
But went on and said; "Oh, Northcote, ruin is for you in store!
Thanks to your mysterious master, dearth will follow on disaster,
Ills will follow fast and faster, trade will wholly leave your shore;
And the people, so impoverish'd, will your taxes pay no more.
Debt will haunt you more and more!

"Now your revenue is sinking—it's no use the matter blinking,
Every day, you know, Sir Stafford, your big deficit grows more,
And you have to borrow, borrow (three more millions, eh, to-morrow?)
You have now a floating debt that's ten times what it was of yore;
Think upon the splendid Budget Gladstone left in 'Seventy-four,
And your muddle now deplore!"

As the Surplus thus declaiming, me to blushes deep was shaming,
Straight I wheel'd my cushion'd seat in front the Budget on the floor,
Sat on the morocco padding, and betook myself to adding
Figure unto figure, madding though the look the total bore;
Whilst that grim, ungainly, ghastly Surplus still upon the floor
Went on croaking: "Nevermore!"

"Surplus!" said I, "by thy figure, which methinks I see grow bigger,
Whether Gladstone sent, or whether Fate has toss'd thee here to bore,
Tell me, desperate and daunted, by a score of failures haunted,
Soon by Childers to be taunted, tell me, tell me, I implore,
Is there—can I—shall I—ever get things straight—say, I implore?"
Quoth the Surplus; "Nevermore!"

"Surplus!" said I, "much I question, if I don't to indigestion
Owe the vision of thy presence; still I'd ask thee this once more:
In the name of Ewart Gladstone, whose finance I did adore,
Tell me, here with debt so laden, if, before I go to Aidenn,
I shall ever make a Budget with a Surplus, as of yore?
Shall I e'er announce a Surplus from my place upon the floor?"
Quoth the Surplus: "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, cruel thing!" I cried, upstarting;
"Get thee back to Mr. Gladstone, who created thee of yore;
Go, and leave behind no token of the words that thou hast spoken;
Leave my vigil here unbroken, quit my Budget on the floor!
Take thy figure off my Budget, lying there upon the floor."
Quoth the Surplus: "Nevermore!"

"No, I will not think of flitting, but still sitting, ever sitting,
On thy wretched, feeble Budgets, on the table or the floor,
Will remind thee of the figure, sometimes less and sometimes bigger,
Of the noble Gladstone's Surplus, always left in years of yore
Yes, I'll always stay and haunt you—always stay and ever taunt you—
As you draw up hopeless Budgets, and then throw them on the floor;
And my figure you shall ever see upon your study floor—
I will leave you nevermore!"

And it doubtless had been sitting still, nor shown a sign of flitting—
Had I not with sudden impulse started, falling by the door,
And discover'd, slowly rising—what is not at all surprising—
That my composites were out, whilst daylight stream'd across the floor,
Then I knew I had been dreaming, but my brain continued teeming
With the vision, and the Surplus that had come from years of yore,
And my thoughts on what that Surplus said whilst there upon my floor
Will be fixèd evermore!

Truth. Christmas Number, 1879.

THE RAVEN.

(*A Version, respectfully dedicated to the Duke of Somerset.*)

LATE, upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered, chill but cheery,
Over certain prosy volumes of Contemporary lore—
'Midst prophetic pages prowling, suddenly I heard a growling,
As of something faintly howling, howling at my chamber-door.
"'Tis some poor stray tyke," I muttered, "howling at my chamber-door;
Only that, and nothing more."

Eugh! distinctly I remember it was in the cold December,
And my fire to its last ember burned, while outer blasts did roar.
Fearfully I funked the morrow, vainly I had sought to borrow
From my friends, or, to my sorrow, add to my coal-merchant's score—
To that swollen, heavy-laden thing poor devils call a "score"—
To be settled—nevermore.

And the windy, wild, uncertain flapping of my window curtain
Filled me, thrilled me with fantastic fancies never known before;
So that, now, to check the cheating of my mind I stood repeating,
"'Tis that JONES'S dog entreating entrance at my chamber-door—
Bibulous JONES'S pug entreating entrance at my chamber-door,—
Only that, and nothing more."

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Presently the sound grew stronger. Hesitating then no longer,
"Tyke," said I, "low mongrel, truly this intrusion is a bore;
Where the deuce have you been prowling, that so late you come a howling,
Keeping up this nasty growling, growling at my chamber-door?
I was hardly sure I heard you." Here I open flung the door,—
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Back into my chamber turning, where my lamp was dimly burning,
Soon again I heard a growling, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely, that is something stirring at my lattice,
Let me see if ghost or cat 'tis, and this mystery explore.
Pooh! *I* have it, what a duffer, what a booby, to be sure!
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the casement, when, to my extreme amazement,
In there stepped a rusty Raven of the "glorious days of yore."
Not the least obeisance dropped he, not an instant stayed or stopped he,
But, like ghoul who hopped and flopped, he perched above my chamber door—
On a plaster bust of DIZZY standing o'er my chamber-door—
Perched and sat, and—nothing more!

Then this seedy bird beguiling my chilled features into smiling,
By the grave lugubrious grimness of the solemn phiz he wore,
"Thou art welcome to this haven," said I, "foul, bedraggled, shaven,
Hopeless-looking ancient Raven, croaking as of days of yore.
Tell me what thy lordly name is, is or was, in days of yore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marvelled this most sickly fowl to hear respond so quickly,
Though the *nomen* was a rum one, it a certain aptness bore,
As to those dull dupes of folly and foreboding melancholy,
Hopeful seldom, never jolly, doting on those days of yore,—
Who esteem the present hopeless, utter failure or next door—
To be mended nevermore!

But the Raven, squatting lonely on the plaster bust spoke only
That one word, as though his soul in doldrums he would thus outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered, though his spirit seemed sore fluttered.
"Come!" I said, or rather muttered, "you're dyspeptic—'tis a bore,
But to-morrow you'll be better, sleep will your lost tone restore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

Struck to find the silence broken by reply so patly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "this one word, now, is his only stock and store,
Caught from pessimistic master, who in progress saw disaster,
Coming fast and coming faster, till his wails one burden bore,—
Till his sad vaticinations one unvarying burden bore,
This same Raven's "Nevermore!"

But the Raven still beguiling my amused soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled my easy-chair in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the cushion sinking, thought to thought by fancy linking,
I employed my brains in thinking what this black and feathered bore,
Like all gaunt funereal vaunters of those precious days of yore,
Meant by croaking "Nevermore!"

Then methought the air grew denser, darkened as by cynic censor,
Some CASSANDRA whose forecastings are of evil days in store.
"Croak no more!" I cried. "Content thee with the gifts the gods have sent thee;
Give us respite and nepenthe from sad dreams of days of yore!
Let us quaff hope's sweet nepenthe, and forget those days of yore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet," said I, "of things evil! 'Things are going to the devil,'
Is the formula of fogies, I have heard that bosh before;
Times look dark, but hearts undaunted find the future still enchanted,
With fair visions such as haunted valiant souls in days of yore.
Can't you, *can't* you look less glum? Keep up your pecker, I implore."
Quoth the Raven—"Nevermore!"

"Prophet," said I, "of things evil, I don't wish to be uncivil,
But the heavens still bend above us, happy days are still in store;
All are not with megrims laden, still the future holds its Aidenn,
For brave youth and beauteous maiden; prophets *have* been wrong before,
Generally *are*, in fact; why can't they learn, and cease to bore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Then, look here! we'd best be parting, croaking fowl!" I cried, upstarting,
"You had better find your way to some Fools' Paradise's shore!
Leave no feather as a token of the rubbish you have spoken,
Leave my lonely rest unbroken, quit that bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my sight, and take thy blackness from my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

And the Raven still is squatting, my æsthetic paper blotting,
On the plaster bust of DIZZY, just above my chamber-door,
With his wall-eyes dully gleaming 'neath the nightmare of his dreaming,
And the gaslight o'er him streaming, casts his shadow on the floor;
But *my* soul in that black shadow that lies heavy on the floor,
Shall be shrouded—Nevermore!

Punch, January 10, 1880.

THE GOLD DIGGER.

ONCE upon an evening dreary, a gold-digger, tired and weary,
Cogitated very sadly, brain and bone and heart were sore,
For no gold came by his toiling, unkind fate seemed ever foiling

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All his toilsome, weary efforts, and the keeper of the store
Had pitilessly stopped his credit; quoth the keeper of the store,
"I can't tucker you no more."

Wild and gloomy thoughts were tumbling through his head and set him grumbling,
And his voice in accents mumbling 'gan the harsh fates to implore,
That they'd come to some decision, either make him some provision,
Or at once their utmost fury on his willing head outpour—
"Either make me some provision, or your deadliest vials pour"—
He kept crying o'er and o'er.

Swearing, snapping, musing, napping, presently there came a tapping,
Quite an unaccustomed tapping at this fate-tossed digger's door,
And it roused him from his musing with expectancy confusing,
Made him listen to that tapping on the night's Plutonian shore,
Wond'ring what could cause that tapping on the night's Plutonian shore,
Wondering, guessing, more and more.

Softly then he seized a waddy, quietly he bore his body
To that space within his hut, immediately behind the door;
And with easiest, gentlest motion, like the wave of summer ocean,
He hove up the latch that barred all ingress to his shanty floor,
Hove it up, and grasped his waddy, scanned the night's Plutonian shore,
Saw the light, and nothing more.

Then cried he, "What shicer is it pays me this mysterious visit?
Is't a snake or is't a wild dog? either sneak I do abhor,
Well! I don't know about funking, but I'll just lie down my bunk in,
And I'll leave the door wide open, open to what may explore
The old hut, and while exploring, if the explorer don't get sore,
Cooey on me, nevermore."

From the darkness came a fluttering, and a sort of subdued muttering
That developed into stuttering, stuttering at the open door;
And a lovely Cochin China, impudent as any Dinah,
Strutted proudly o'er the threshold like as he'd been there before,
Just as though he had a right that came all other rights before,
A right that still demanded more.

But a different opinion reigned without that small dominion;
There a calm recumbent digger eyed the proud bird o'er and o'er,
And then stealthily arising, with a cunning most surprising,
Ere Chanticleer had perceived it, he had fastened to the door;
Had made the door so very fast that the chanticleer's uproar
Might undo it, nevermore.

Then said he, "This bird celestial may I civilly request he'll
Now disclose the cause of his nocturnal tapping at my door?
Say! hath my good angel sent thee? Flutter not, nay, nay, content thee,
Thou shalt have as warm a welcome as e'er cocky had before,
Have a regular hot old welcome, such as others had before;
I can offer nothing more."

Ah! the bird was very wary, and of eloquence quite chary,
No clear answer did it make him as it dodged about the floor,
Never thanked him for his kindness, but with worse than colour blindness,
It refused to see the goodness of the digger o'er and o'er,
Really flew from his advances, as esteeming him a bore,
And desiring such no more.

Spare my muse a dire narration, take the simple intimation
That by fell decapitation, Cocky weltered in his gore.
His shrill clarion brought to silence by a digger's ruthless violence,
Never more at dawn of morning, or at close of day might pour
Its clear notes upon the air; might no matin solo pour;
Silenced quite for evermore.

Quite soon a mouth-moistening aroma, such as a famous cook's diploma
Might certify that famed cook's skill could draw from viands in his store,
Filled the hut. The pot was bubbling, Cochin China's toil and troubling
Were at an end, and he was yielding grateful broth from every pore,
Yielding broth fit for a warden, that should our digger's strength restore,
And make him a good feed once more.

'Twas no ardour scientific of immense results prolific,
Nor a questioning of his fortunes by the ancient heathen lore,
Still our much depressèd hero, whose luck surely was at zero,
Was examining quite closely Cocky's crop upon the floor,
Was inspecting it minutely on his knees upon the floor,
Close and closer, more and more.

Then he rose in great elation, no swell owner of a station
Could wear a more triumphant air than now our miner wore,
For while he had been dissecting he'd been curiously prospecting,
And Cocky's crop had yielded yellow grains of golden ore.
"No bad prospect," quoth our miner, "a good show of golden ore,
And around there must be more."

When the morrow's sun had lighted up the heavens, our miner dighted
In his clay-stained looking raiment sought the ground the fowls pecked o'er,
And with them he went a picking, and by dint of closely sticking
To his feathered mates he picked up quite a lot of golden ore—
Picked up nuggets large as brickbats, glorious lumps of golden ore,
Made a pile, and nothing more.

Newcastle Paper, April, 1880.

Quart Pot Creek.

(*Australasian.*)

On an evening ramble lately, as I wandered on sedately,
Linking curious fancies, modern, mediæval, and antique,—
Suddenly the sun descended, and a radiance ruby-splendid,

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With the gleam of water blended, thrilled my sensitive physique,—
Thrilled me, filled me with emotion to the tips of my physique,
Fired my eye, and flushed my cheek.

Heeding not where I was going, I had wandered, all unknowing,
Where a river gently flowing caught the radiant ruby-streak ;
And this new-found stream beguiling my sedateness into smiling,
Set me classically styling it with Latin names and Greek,
Names Idalian and Castalian such as lovers of the Greek.
Roll like quids within their cheek.

On its marge was many a burrow, many a mound, and many a furrow,
Where the fossickers of fortune play at Nature's hide-and-seek ;
And instead of bridge to span it, there were stepping-stones of granite,—
And where'er the river ran, it seemed of hidden wealth to speak.
Presently my soul grew stronger, and I, too, was fain to speak :—
I assumed a pose plastique.

"Stream," said I, "I'll celebrate thee! Rhymes and Rhythms galore await thee!
In the weekly 'poets corner' I'll a niche for thee bespeak :
But to aid my lucubration, thou must tell thine appellation,
Tell thy Naiad-designation—for the Journal of next week—
Give thy sweet Pactolian title to my poem of next week.
Whisper, whisper it—in Greek!"

But the river gave no token, and the name remained unspoken,
Though I kept apostrophising till my voice became a shriek ;—
When there hove in sight the figure of a homeward-veering digger,
Looming big, and looming bigger, and ejecting clouds of reek—
In fuliginous advance emitting clouds of noisome reek
From a tube beneath his beak.

"Neighbour mine," said I, "and miner,"—here I showed a silver shiner—
"For a moment, and for sixpence, take thy pipe from out thy cheek.
This the guerdon of thy fame is ; very cheap, indeed, the same is ;
Tell me only what the name is—('tis the stream whereof I speak)—
Name the Naiad-name Pactolian! Digger, I adjure thee, speak!"
Quoth the digger, "Quart Pot Creek."

Oh, Pol! Edepol! Mecastor! Oh, most luckless poetaster!
I went home a trifle faster, in a twitter of a pique ;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living rhyming being
Ever yet was cursed with seeing, in his poem for the week,
Brook or river made immortal in his poem for the week,
With such a name as "Quart Pot Creek!"

* * * * *

But the river, never minding, still is winding, still is winding,
By the gardens where the Mongol tends the cabbage and the leek ;
And the ruby radiance nightly touches it with farewell lightly,
But the name sticks to it tightly,—and this sensitive physique,
The already-mentioned (*vide* supra) sensitive physique,
Shudders still at "Quart Pot Creek!"

Miscellaneous Poems. By J. Brunton Stephens. London (Macmillan and Co.) 1880.

In 1881 a charming little volume of Essays, entitled, "*Waifs*," was published by Messrs. Maclehose, of Glasgow. Mr. William Tait Ross, the author of these papers is well known in the northern capitals for his writings, published under the *nom de plume* of Herbert Martyne. One of the most humorous chapters in "Waifs" is entitled *A Séance with a Sequel*, which recounts the author's experiences at a spiritualistic meeting in Glasgow. He there interviews the ghost of one of the geese who saved Rome ; the spirit of a duck who sailed in Noah's Ark ; the spirit of the late lamented Cock Robin ; of the mouse turned over by Robbie Burns's plough ; and of the donkey celebrated by the Poet Coleridge.

There is a good deal of dry humour in their replies, but the *séance* comes to an untimely end, owing to a wild outburst of spiritual enthusiasm on the part of the table used for communicating with the spirits.

This excitable piece of furniture suddenly made for the door, and was with difficulty restrained by four strong men. One of the party then getting alarmed, turned on the gas ; in a moment all the commotion ceased ; and so the *séance* ended.

"I will add," says the author, "nothing by way of comment, except this, that the answers obtained from the various spirits seem to me to be even more sensible and important than those obtained at any *séance* recorded in the annals of spirit rapping."

The chapter concludes with the following verses in imitation of "The Raven," entitled—

A SEQUEL.

THE SPIRITS.

LATELY on a midnight dreary,
Sitting by the fire so cheery,
Listening to the storm that beat and blew
With blustering gust and roar ;
While I sat serenely smoking,
Suddenly there came a knocking
As of some one rudely poking,

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Poking at my chamber-door—
"'Tis some dirty ill-bred spirit
Knocking at my chamber-door—
Only that, and nothing more."

But to face the audacious knocker,
I seized the shining poker,
While my heart went jumping, thumping,
As I never felt before;
For through the storm's loud shrieking
I heard high voices speaking—
'Tis some thief's ghost that is sneaking
On the outside of the door—
Some vile spirit entrance seeking
By the keyhole of the door—
This, perhaps, and nothing more.

Hesitating then no longer,
Presently my legs grew stronger,
And, brandishing the poker,
I strode towards the door;
When, without one word of fable,
The ponderous parlour-table
Marched as fast as it was able
Right across the parlour floor;
Danced across the room, and then assumed
Its post beside the door—
Which is true, and something more.

Outside louder grew the knockings,
Till I shook within my stockings,
And then there came a thundering bang,
Far louder than before;
While the ponderous parlour table
Danced as fast as it was able
Kicking up a noise like Babel,
Which I could not well explore;
Let my legs be firm a moment,
And this mystery explore—
'Tis a drunken man, no more.

For now I well remember,
In the dark days of December,
Full many a drouthy crony
Proceeds from door to door—
Pouring forth the flowing whiskey,
And, thereby getting frisky,
Plays many a curious plisky,
And raises many a splore—
It may be spirit rappers
On t'other side the door—
Only that, and nothing more.

So pulling up my breeches,
With many tugs and hitches,
I turned the key within the lock
And opened wide the door,
When arose a mighty bawling,
And a sudden stick came mauling,
That sent me quickly sprawling,
Sprawling on the parlour floor;
And I said *that* spirit rapping
I very much deplore—
I think I rather swore.

And, shouting for a bobby,
Till my voice rang through the lobby,
I made efforts to collect myself
Lying spilt upon the floor;
But it is a fact outrageous
That no guardian beak courageous,
With whiskers so umbrageous,
Hears, however loud you roar;
So, assisted by the poker,
I crawled towards the door—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Still the table it kept prancing,
And a private hornpipe dancing,
As if its soul rejoiced to see
The sufferings that I bore.
Wrathful at the wooden joker,
I smashed it with the poker,
When the loud tumultuous knocker
Fled from my chamber door,
Shouting out, to spirit rappers,
"Never open wide your door any more."
And I murmured, "Nevermore!"

THE DRAMA DESPONDENT!

(*A Poe-etical Parody.*)

As one evening in my study, seated by the firelight ruddy,
I was busily absorbing portions of dramatic lore,
Suddenly I heard a creaking, as of some one slyly sneaking
(Setting both the hinges squeaking), sneaking through my study door.
And I murmured, *sotto voce*, "Who's that fiddling with the door?
Doubtless some unwelcome bore!"

"Come in!" I sternly muttered, while my breast with anger fluttered,
When there sidled in a Figure, such as ne'er was seen before;
Like some stagey apparition, in a woe-begone condition—
And it took up its position just inside my chamber-door.
"What might be your name?" I asked it. And it answered from the door—
"I'm the Drama!"—nothing more!

"Oh, indeed!" I said, politely. "Take a chair!" but that unsightly,
Not to say dejected Figure, an unwilling manner bore.
I remarked, "You seem in sorrow,—still bear up, perhaps to-morrow
(Though some trouble has beset you, which at present you deplore)
You may meet with better fortune, and be brilliant as of yore."
Quoth the Drama, "Nevermore!"

"Why this tone of bitter anguish?" I inquired; "you seem to languish
'Neath some very dreadful burden; state the reason, I implore!
Tell me plainly, now, what is it, that has caused this sudden visit—
Why the unexpected entrance of your figure through my door?
Why that stagey exclamation that you uttered just before,—
That expression, 'Nevermore?'"

Still it groaned, and I retreated, as that sentence it repeated.
"What! again?" I said. "Pray, drop it; though your grief is doubtless sore,
You can't help trash being written for the theatres of Britain

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And 'swells' won't be *always* waiting for their 'pets' at each stage-door,
And ere long the undressed syrens, may be swept away galore."
Quoth the Drama, "Nevermore!"

Then the poor old Drama, sneering, took the cue for disappearing,—
And it pulled its mantle round it, and stalked slowly to the door—
And its groan was something fearful, as it said in accents tearful,
As it sadly bent its optics on the carpet-covered floor—
"Look here, old poetic party, I shall bet you ten to four,—
'Twill be better, Nevermore!—
That is, hardly evermore!"

H. C. N.

The Entr'acte, February 11, 1882.

A VOICE.

IN the dusk, within my chamber, I sat and sadly pondered—
Pondered o'er life's problems with my hand upon my brow.
"When," I asked, "will adverse fortune cease to torment and oppress me?"
A voice from out the window, shrill and piercing, answered, "*Now!*"

Thrilled and startled by the answer, coming from an unknown being,
I said again: "If blessing is in store, oh tell me how
Release will come, and joy and peace? Say, when, when will it be?"
And through the open casement promptly came the answer "*N-n-now!*"

Half in fear and half in frenzy, for methought the being mocked me,
I said: "Unlock the mystery of my fate, or else I vow
To curse thee for thy falseness. Tell me when I shall have blessing."
The weird, shrill voice responded still, as ever, only "*N-n-ow-w!*"

To my feet I sprang in anger, flinging wide the casement shutter:
"Djinn!" I shrieked, "or devil, or angelic being thou
Shalt say when peace wilt come and joy to calm my troubled spirit!"
The cat upon the moonlit shed below responded "*N-a-ow-w-w!*"

Free Press Flashes, 1883.

DUNRAVEN.

(*A November Night's Vision, after reading Edgar Poe and the Earl of Dunraven's Address on "Fair Trade," delivered by him, as President of the National Fair Trade League, at Sheffield, on November 12th*, 1884.)

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered weak and weary
Over many a dry and tedious tome of economic lore,
Whilst I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a snapping
As of some small terrier yapping, yapping at my study-door,
'Tis old *Ponto* there, I muttered, yapping at my study-door,—
Only that, and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was early in November
When to town the wearied Member came, and thought the thing a bore.
Eagerly I hoped the morrow SALISBURY some sense might borrow,
And I thought with ceaseless sorrow of the streamside and the moor,
Of the rare and radiant raptures of the streamside and the moor.
Heather's sweep and trout-stream's roar.

Open then I flung the doorway, when, with blast as chill as Norway,
In there stepped "Fair Trade" DUNRAVEN, solemn as a monk of yore;
Not the least apology made he, though I thought his manners "shady,"
But, as stiff as TATE and BRADY, stood within my study-door,
Underneath a bust of COBDEN just above my study-door,—
Stood, and scowled, and nothing more.

Then this sombre guest, beguiling my tired spirit into smiling
By the *doctrinaire* decorum of the countenance he wore,
"Smugly trimmed and deftly shaven, though I trust I'm not a craven,
You have startled me, DUNRAVEN," said I, "yapping at my door.
Tell me what your little game is, late at night at this my door?"
Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Tax once more!"

Much I chuckled (though urbanely) him to hear talk so insanely,
For his answer little wisdom, little relevancy bore;
And one cannot help agreeing no sane living human being
In "Fair Trade" salvation seeing, could come yapping at one's door,
Snapping, late at night in winter, at a fellow's study-door,
Just to bid him, "Tax once more!"

But DUNRAVEN, standing lonely under COBDEN's bust, spake only
Those same words as though his creed in those few words he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; calm he looked, and quite unfluttered,
Then unto myself I muttered, "Other fads have flown before;
Very soon *this* fad will vanish, as Protection did before."
Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Tax once more!"

Startled at the silence broken by reply so patly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what he utters is his only stock and store,—
Caught from some bad fiscal master, whom trade-loss or farm-disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his talk one burden bore,—
Till the dirges of his craft one economic burden bore,—
Of 'Tax—tax Corn once more!'

"Prophet," said I, "of things evil, Trade is going to the devil,
Is the plea of you and LOWTHER, CHAPLIN, many another bore.
Sophists dull, yet all undaunted, *do* you think the thing that's wanted
By our land, depression-haunted,—tell me truly, I implore,—
Is it, *can* it be Protection? Answer plainly, I implore!"
Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Tax once more!"

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"Prophet," said I, "of things evil, I *don't* wish to be uncivil,
But, by heaven! this Fair Trade figment is becoming a big bore.
Think you Corn with taxes laden means an economic Aidenn
For that somewhat ancient maiden who 'protected' was of yore,
For that very ancient maiden, Agriculture?" With a roar
Yelled DUNRAVEN "Tax once more!"

"Then it's time that we were parting, Parroteer!" I cried, upstarting,
"Get thee back to silly Sheffield, twaddle on St. Stephen's floor,
I require no further token of the rot your League hath spoken,
Fair Trade phalanx to be broken by experience sad and sore.
Take thy BEAKEY'S words to heart, who said Protection's day was o'er!"
Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Tax once more!"

And DUNRAVEN, dolefuller waxing, still stands croaking of Corn-taxing,
Underneath the bust of COBDEN, just above my study-door,
And his talk has all the seeming of a monomaniac's dreaming——
Here I woke, and day was streaming through the lattice on the floor,
And I hope that no such vision e'er again my ears will bore
With the burden "Tax once more!"

Punch, November 22, 1884.

THE RAVENOUS BULL AND THE BICYCLE.

(*With Apologies.*)

MY name is William Rory, and I'm going to tell a story,
Tell the story of an accident I've never told before.
How when coming home from Dover I felt myself in clover,
And I will say, moreover, that my feet were rather sore;
The landlord said, "You'll rue it,"
But I said, "I mean to do it." But I'll do it nevermore.

And right well do I remember, 'twas early in September,
When that landlord said, "I'd rue it," as he stood against the door,
When my feet were sore with walking for that day I had been stalking
Up and down the streets of Dover, where I'd never been before,
And I squinted at that landlord, and his warning did ignore.
But I'll do it nevermore.

So says I, "You're only joking, and at me it's fun you're poking."
But the landlord looked quite solemn, and spat upon the floor.
And says he, "You must be silly to attempt a road so hilly.
And see the time for starting, why it's just now striking four!
Pray, sir, now do not do it, but stay over, I implore."
This he oft had said before.

But then he looked more willing, as I threw to him a shilling
To drink my health in whisky, as oft I'd done before.
And then I took my spanner, and all the bolts did hammer,
And tightened up the nuts, an operation I abhor,
Then I jumped into my saddle, shouting to him "*au revoir.*"
Only this, and nothing more.

And as I felt aweary, the road to me seemed dreary
Drearier than ever it had seemed to me before,
But I was weary's master, and round the wheel went faster,
And like a wingèd demon, along the road I tore,
In an hour and three-quarters I had done of miles a score.
This I'd done, and nothing more.

And every minute faster, dreaming of no disaster,
Along the road, 'mid dust and stones, my bike her master bore.
While I my way was winging, I betook myself to singing,
When all my nerves were palsied by a distant sullen roar;
And that roaring stopped my singing, and thinks I it is a boar.
This I thought, and something more.

Just then a corner turning, my blood went through me burning,
For there in front, with fiery eyes, a bull straight for me tore.
A moment he stood eyeing, then bike and me sent flying,
The perspiration trickled down my skin from every pore,
And I rather think that in my flight I must have somehow swore.
Merely swore, and nothing more.

After such a fearful riot, I laid there on the quiet,
For he treated me so lively, and I wished the joke was o'er.
He had pitched me in a gutter, and my nerves were in a flutter,
And into a thousand pieces my new uniform he tore,
And says I he must be waiting for a taste of human gore.
This I said, and nothing more.

While in the gutter lying, I saw that bull go flying
Along the road, at such a speed he'd never gone before.
So I let him go and curs'd him, and prayed the fates might burst him,
For my bicycle he'd humbugged, and he'd made me "awful" sore,
And I felt he'd quite undone me, but he'd never do so more.
And I muttered nevermore.

I collected up the ruins of that nasty mad bull's doin's,
And straightway did I take them unto my cottage-door.
And my wife, when she espied me, said I wasn't looking tidy.
And I told the awful story to the wife whom I adore,
And she said, "My dear, stop riding; do give up for evermore."
And I have, for evermore.

A. J. FREELAND.

Wheeling Annual, 1885.

A CAT-AS-TROPHY.

THE other night as I lay musing, and my weary brain confusing o'er the topics of the day, suddenly I heard the rattling, as of serious hosts a-battling, as they mingled in the fray. "What's that?" I cried, upstarting, and into the darkness darting, slap! I ran against the door. "Oh, 'tis "naught," young *Hornet* grumbled, as o'er a huge arm-chair, I stumbled," 'tis a flea, and nothing more." "Then," said I, my anger rising, for I thought it so surprising that a flea should thus offend, "do you think a small insect, sir, thus would all the air infect, sir? No, 'tis not a flea, my friend."

Now becoming sorely frightened, round my waist my pants I tightened, and put on my coat and hat, and into the darkness peering, I saw, with trembling and much fearing, the glaring eyes of Thomas Cat, Esq.

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With astonishment and wonder I gazed upon this son of thunder, as he sat upon the floor, when resolution taking, a rapid movement making, lo! I opened wide the door. "Now clear out," I hoarsely shouted, as o'er my head my boot I flouted; take your presence from my floor!" Then, with air and mien majestic, this creature, called domestic, made his exit through the door. Made his exit without growling, neither was his voice heard howling, not a single word he said.—And with feelings much elated, to escape a doom so fated, I went back to my bed.

The Hornsey Hornet, October, 1866.

The End of "The Raven."

You'll remember that a Raven in my study found a haven
On a plaster bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And that with no sign of flitting, he persisted there in sitting
Till, I'm not above admitting, that I found that bird a bore.
Found him, as he sat and watched me, an indubitable bore,
With his dreary "Never more."

But it was, in fact, my liver caused me so to shake and shiver,
And to think a common Raven supernatural influence bore;
I in truth had, after dining, been engaged some hours in "wining"—
To a grand old port inclining—which its date was '44!
And it was this crusted vintage, of the season '44.
Which had muddled me so sore.

But next morn my "Eno" taking, for my head was sadly aching,
I descended to my study, and a wicker cage I bore.
There the Raven sat undaunted, but I now was disenchanted,
And the sable fowl I taunted as I "H-s-s-h-d!" him from my door,
As I took up books and shied them till he flew from off my door,
Hoarsely croaking, "Never more!"

"Now, you stupid bird!" I muttered, as about the floor it fluttered.
"Now you're sorry p'raps you came here from where'er you lived before?"
Scarcely had I time to ask it, when, upsetting first a casket,
My large-size waste-paper basket he attempted to explore,
Tore the papers with his beak, and tried its mysteries to explore,
Whilst I ope'd the cage's door.

Ever in my actions quicker, I brought up the cage of wicker,
Placed it on the paper basket, and gave one loud "H-s-s-h!" once more.
When, with quite a storm of croaking, as though Dis himself invoking,
And apparently half choking, in it rushed old "Never more!"—
Right into the cage of wicker quickly popped old "Never more!"
And I smartly shut the door.

Then without the least compunction, booking to St. John's Wood Junction,
To the "Zoo" my cage of wicker and its sable bird I bore.
Saw the excellent Curator, showed him the persistent prater—
Now in manner much sedater—and said, "Take him, I implore!
He's a nuisance in my study, take him, Bartlett, I implore!"
And he answered, "Hand him o'er."

"Be those words our sign of parting!" cried I, suddenly upstarting,
"Get you in amongst your kindred, where you doubtless were before.
You last night, I own, alarmed me (perhaps the cucumber had harmed me!),
And you for the moment charmed me with your ceaseless 'Never more!'—
Gave me quite a turn by croaking out your hollow 'Never more!'
But 'Good-bye!' all that is o'er!"

* * * * *

Last Bank Holiday, whilst walking at the Zoo, and idly talking,
Suddenly I heard low accents that recalled the days of yore;
And up to the cages nearing, and upon the perches peering—
There, with steak his beak besmearing, draggle-tailed, sat "Never more!"
Mutual was our recognition, and, in his debased condition, he too thought of heretofore;
For anon he hoarsely muttered, shook his draggled tail and fluttered, drew a cork at me and swore—
Yes, distinctly drew three corks, and most indubitably swore!
Only that, and nothing more!

Funny Folks Annual, 1884.

Sequel to the "Raven."

The author of the following was R. Allston Lavender, Jr., a maniac in the lunatic asylum at Raleigh, N.C. He fancied that it was dictated by the spirit of Edgar A. Poe:

Fires within my brain were burning,
Scorning life, despairing, yearning;
Hopeless, blinded in my anguish;
Through my body's open door
Came a Raven, foul and sable,
Like those evil birds of fable,
Downward swooping where the drooping
Spectres haunt the Stygian's shore.

Ghosts of agonies departed,
Festering wounds that long had smarted,
Broken vows, returnless mornings,
Griefs and miseries of yore,
By some art revived, undaunted,
I gazed steadfast; the enchanted,
Black, infernal Raven uttered
A wild dirge—not Evermore.

Gazing steady, gazing madly
On the bird, I spoke, and sadly
Broke down, too deep for scorning,
Sought for mercy to implore.
Turning to the bird, I blessed it—
In my bosom I caressed it;
Still it pierced my heart, and revelled
In the palpitating gore.

I grew mad; the crowning fancies,
Black weeds they—not blooming pansies—
Made me think the bird a spirit.
Bird, I cried, be bird no more;
Take a shape—be man, be devil,
Be a snake; rise in thy revel!
From thy banquet rise—be human!
I have seen thee oft before;
Thou art a bird, but something more.

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Tapping, tapping, striking deeper,
Rousing pain, my body's keeper,
Thou hast oft ere while sought entrance
  At the heart's great palace door;
Leave me, leave me, gloomy demon,
Fiend or spirit, most inhuman;
Strike me through, but first unveiling,
  Let me scan thee o'er and o'er—
  Thou art a bird, but something more.

Still with sable pinions flapping,
The great Raven tapping, tapping,
Struck into my breast his talons.
  Vast his wings outspread, and o'er
All my nature cast a pallor,
But I strove with dying valor,
With the poinard of repulsion,
  Striking through the form it wore—
  Of a bird, and something more.

Oh! thou huge, infernal Raven,
Image that Hell's King hath graven,
Image growing more gigantic,
  Nursed beyond the Stygian shore,
Leave me, leave me, I beseech thee,
I would not of wrong, impeach thee;
  I cried madly, then earth opened,
  With a brazen earthquake roar.

Downward, downward, circling, speeding,
Cries of anguish still unheeding,
Striking through me with his talons,
  Still the Raven shape he bore;
Unto Erebus we drifted,
His huge wings by thunder lifted,
Beat 'gainst drifts of white-flamed lightning,
  Sprinkled red with human gore—
  'Twas a bird, but demon more.

I'm no bird, "an angel brother,"
A bright spirit and none other,
I have waited, blissful tended
  Thee for thirty years and more.
In thy wild, illusive madness;
In thy blight, disease and sadness,
I have sounded, tapping, tapping
  At thy spirit's Eden door,
  Not a bird, but angel more.

In my Palmyrenian splendor,
In Zenobian regnance tender,
More than Roman thought Aurelian,
  Were the kingly name I bore;
I have left my angel-palace,
Dropping in thy sorrow's chalice
Consolation; oh! 'twas blessed,
  Sweet thy pillow to bend o'er,
  Not a bird, love's angel more.

Shining down with light Elysian
Through the pearly gate of vision,
On thy tranced soul lighted fancy,
  When across thy chamber-floor,
Fell the spirit moonlight laden,
Laden with soft dews from Aidenn,
Shaken downward, still Nepenthe
  Drunk by dreaming bards of yore.

Eden is life's mocking fever,
Where through citron groves for ever
Blow the spice winds, and the love-birds
  Tell their raptures o'er and o'er,
From earth's hell by Afrits haunted,
From its evil disenchanted,
I have borne thee, gaze upon me,
  Didst thou see me ne'er before?

Then I wakened, if to waken
Be to dwell by grief, forsaken,
With the God who dwelt with angels
  In the shining age of yore.
And I stood sublime, victorious,
While below lay earth with glorious
Realms of angels shining,
  Crown-like on her temples evermore,
  Not on earth, an Eden more.

Earth, I cried, thy clouds are shadows
From the Asphodelian meadows
Of the sky-world floating downward,
  Early rains that from them pour;
Love's own heaven thy mother bore thee,
And the Father God bends o'er thee,
'Tis His hand that crowns thy forehead,
  Thou shalt live for evermore,
  Not on earth, an Eden more.

As a gem has many gleamings,
And a day hath many beamings,
And a garden many roses
  Thrilled with sweetness to the core;
So the soul hath many ages,
And the life's book many pages,
But the heart's great gospel opens
  Where the Seraphims adore,
  Not on earth, an Eden more.

I will write a book hereafter,
Cheerful as a baby's laughter
When its mother's breast o'er leans it,
  On the sainted spirit shore;
Like Apollo, the far data,
I, the poet and the martyr,
Will chant peans of soul music
  That shall live for evermore,
  Not a friend, a brother more.

American Paper.

In many instances, authors have selected the curious metre of "The Raven," with its double echoes, and sonorous refrain, for imitation in poems of too serious a character to be styled Parodies. One clever poem of this description appeared a few years ago in "Lloyd's Poetical Magazine," and has recently been republished by its author, Mr. Ernest S. T. Harris-Bickford, of Camborne. It is entitled, "A Vigil Vision," and is a very musical though rather sad poem, in form and versification much resembling "The Raven," but having no refrain.

Any extracts would do it injustice, and it is too long to quote in full; moreover, it scarcely comes within the compass of this collection.

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Before quitting "The Raven" and the parodies it has given rise to, it must be mentioned that Mr. J. H. Ingram has clearly pointed out that it was not in itself a perfectly original poem. Indeed Poe, himself, in his half-serious, half-jesting "Philosophy of Composition" remarks, "Of course, I pretend to no originality in either the rhythm, or the metre of "The Raven;" adding, however, that nothing approaching the peculiar combination of the verses into stanzas had ever been previously attempted.

The first printed version of "The Raven" appeared in the *Evening Mirror* (New York) on the 29th of January, 1845; in 1843 Poe had been writing for the *New Mirror*, another New York paper, which in the number for Saturday, October 14th, 1843, contained a poem in twelve stanzas, entitled *Isadore*. This poem was written by Mr. Albert Pike, a well-known American *littérateur*, and was prefaced by an editorial note, stating that the poem was one of the imagination only, as the Poet's wife was then alive and perfectly well.

ISADORE.

"THOU art lost to me for ever, I have lost thee, Isadore,—
Thy head will never rest upon my loyal bosom more.
Thy tender eyes will never more gaze fondly into mine,
Nor thine arms around me lovingly and trustingly entwine:
Thou art lost to me for ever, Isadore!"

"My footsteps through the rooms resound all sadly and forlore;
The garish sun shines flauntingly upon the unswept floor;
The mocking-bird still sits and sings a melancholy strain,
For my heart is like a heavy cloud that overflows with rain.
Thou art lost to me for ever, Isadore."

* * * * *

"Thou art gone from me for ever, I have lost thee, Isadore!
And desolate and lonely shall I be for evermore.
If it were not for our children's sake, I would not wish to stay,
But would pray to God most earnestly to let me pass away,—
And be joined to thee in Heaven, Isadore."

In "Isadore" the most distinctive—the only salient—feature is the refrain with which each stanza concludes; the metre and rhythm are much less dexterously managed than in "The Raven," but it was evidently the author's intention to produce an effect similar to that which Poe, with superior skill, did subsequently create.



ANNABEL LEE.

I.

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

II.

I was a child, and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my ANNABEL LEE;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

III.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
So that her highborn kinsmen came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

IV.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

V.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in Heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE.

VI.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life, and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

(First published after the author's death.)

SAMUEL BROWN.

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a dwelling down in town,
That a fellow there lived whom you may know,
By the name of Samuel Brown;
And this fellow he lived with no other thought
Than to our house to come down.

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I was a child, and he was a child,
In that dwelling down in town,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Samuel Brown,—
With a love that the ladies coveted,
Me and Samuel Brown.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
To that dwelling down in town,
A girl came out of her carriage, ccurting
My beautiful Samuel Brown;
So that her high-bred kinsmen came,
And bore away Samuel Brown,
And shut him up in a dwelling-house,
In a street quite up in the town.

The ladies not half so happy up there,
Went envying me and Brown;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this dwelling down in town),
That the girl came out of the carriage by night,
Coquetting and getting my Samuel Brown.

But our love is more artful by far than the love
Of those who are older than we,—
Of many far wiser than we,—
And neither the girls that are living above,
Nor the girls that are down in town,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Samuel Brown.

For the morn never shines, without bringing me lines
From my beautiful Samuel Brown;
And the night's never dark, but I sit in the park
With my beautiful Samuel Brown.
And often by day, I walk down in Broadway,
With my darling, my darling, my life and my stay,
To our dwelling down in town,
To our house in the street down town.

Poems and Parodies. By Phœbe Carey (Ticknor, Reed, and Fields), Boston, United States, 1854.

The Cannibal Flea.

I.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a District styled E.C.,
That a monster dwelt whom I came to know
By the name of Cannibal Flea;
And the brute was possessed with no other thought
Than to live,—and to live on me!

II.

I was in bed, and he was in bed,
In the District named E.C.,
When first in his thirst, so accursed he burst
Upon me the Cannibal Flea!
With a bite that felt as if some one had driven
A bayonet into me!

III.

And this is the reason why long ago,
In that District called E.C.,
I tumbled out of my bed, willing
To capture the Cannibal Flea,
Who all the night, until morning came,
Kept boring away at me!
It wore me down to a skeleton,
In the District hight, E.C.

IV.

From the hour that I sought my bed—eleven—
Till daylight he tortured me,—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In that District named E.C.),
I so often jumped out of my bed by night,
Willing the killing of Cannibal Flea.

V.

But his hops they were longer by far than the hops
Of creatures much larger than he,—
Of parties more long-legged than he;
And neither the powder nor turpentine drops,
Nor the persons engaged by me,
Were so clever as ever to stop me the hop
Of the terrible Cannibal Flea.

VI.

For at night with a scream I am waked from my dream,
By the terrible Cannibal Flea,
And at morn I ne'er rise without the bites,—of such size!—
From the terrible Cannibal Flea;
So I'm forced to decide I'll no longer reside
In the District—the District—where he doth abide,
The locality known as E.C.—
That is postally known as E.C.!

Tom Hood, the younger.

---

*The L. C. D. and the L. S. D.

It was many and many a year ago—
How many boots little to me—
That a railway was made, which you may know
By the name of the L. C. D.
Crowns have tottered, and armies have fought,
And Empires have ceased to be,
Since that line from city to sea was brought—
Absorbing much L. S. D.

A friend of my youth, long under the turf,
In a cinque port by the sea,
Once walking beside the rolling surf
On the sands thus spoke to me:
"A dear old Nunky, who sleeps in peace
In a sepulchre here by the sea,
Was graciously pleased on his decease,
To leave me some L. S. D.,

"In Bank Consols, which are safe and sound,
But yield only percentage three,
While seven at least, all the season round
Might be shared from the L. C. D."
I was a child, and *he* was a child,
And precious noodles we,
Who might as well in the ocean wild
Have scattered our L. S. D.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of many far wiser than we,
Who declared the first dividend meeting would prove
The last from the L. C. D.
But when through the hills and valleys of Kent
Our railway reached the sea,
We hoped at length our capital spent
Would return us some L. S. D.

*At the time the London, Chatham, and Dover stopped paying any dividends.

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But neither the increase of traffic and fares,
Nor the strangers from over the sea,
Did ever dissever a coin from our shares
In the profitless L. C. D.
Yet the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of a dividend yet to be,
After centuries past, to gladden at last
Our descendants with L. S. D.

JOSEPH VEREY.

Hornet, February 5, 1873.

ST. ROSE OF LIMA, PERU (A.D. 1617.)

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a World they call the New,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
As the blessed St. Rose of Peru;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than the penances she could do.

She was a child, yet never a child
Did holiness so pursue,
By morning and night, and by candle-light
In wisdom and grace she grew,
And ever would strive to all earthly faults
And pleasures to say adieu.

An angel in beauty, she thought it was right
To spoil it to mortals' view,
She scratch'd it with briars, and burnt it in fires,
Until she was known by few;
(O maidens whose charms you but live to adorn
This never would do for *you !*)

But her fear of the world was more than her fear
Of loveliness losing its due—
Of tortures that thrill'd her through:
And neither the sackcloth she wore to her skin,
Nor her spiky belt thereto,
Could ever elicit the faintest complaint
From the blessed St. Rose of Peru.

When Love drew near with its honey'd words,
And tenderly tried to woo,
The name of wife and the joys of life
She rigidly would eschew.
She prick'd, for her sins, her head with pins,
And the blood in streamlets drew,
And tears they were spilt for her fancied guilt,
By the blessed St. Rose of Peru.

And oft she would fast, but to eat at last
The bitterest herbs she knew,
And all that was pleasant and good to the taste
In horror away she threw;
She stripp'd her garden of all sweet flowers,
And sow'd it with thorns and rue.

And angels would come and make her one
(In dreams) of their seraph crew,
And often the Fiend, in his beauty screen'd,
Her spirit would fain subdue,
But evil could only fail to prevail
With the blessed St. Rose of Peru.

And these are the reasons her fame would grow
In the World they call the New,
But youth wasn't past ere the wintry blast
The flame of her life out-blew;
There issued a breath from the mouth of Death
Chilling and killing the Rose of Peru.

And many and many a year flew by
In that World they call the New,
While marvels divine were wrought at the shrine
Of the blessed St. Rose of Peru.
(I should beat my breast and be much distress'd
If you call'd this part untrue.)

But my teeth never ache but I think, as I wake,
Of the blessed St. Rose of Peru;
And my corns never shoot, but the woes I compute
Of the blessed St. Rose of Peru;
And so I decide my pangs to abide
Like her who suffer'd—and braved—and died
In the capital of Peru,
The region they call Peru.

Lays of the Saintly. By Walter Parke (Vizetelly and Co.), London, 1882.

BEAUTIFUL B.

IT was many and many a year ago,
By a theatre known as P.
That a little boy stood, whom now we know
By the name of Wilson B.
Whose soul was filled with no other thought
Than to act the Prince of D.

He *was* a boy, and still like a boy,
In that theatre known as P.,
He plays in a play, that is not mere play,
And as Hamlet Prince of D.,
With many a clutch at his manly breast,
And a smile that is sweet to see.

For this is the reason some time ago,
At his theatre known as P.,
In "Lights of London" and "Romany Rye,"
And the "Silver King" did he
Lead up to the higher "Claudian" rôle
Of poetic tragedee,
Till he'd raised the taste of that theatre
To Hamlet, Prince of D.

For Irving, o'er sated with London's praise
Went once more across the sea.
Yes! that was the reason, as all men know,
And not the mere L. S. D.
That the Lyceum company, touring, had left
The coast clear for Wilson B.

But his rôle was more youthful by far than the rôle
Of actors more thrilling than he
Of parties intenser than he;
And neither the posing, nor withering smile,
Of a smothered agonee,
Can ever confuse his rôle with the rôle
Of the actor now over the sea.

The play never plays, without crowding the ways
To that theatre we've named P.
And the lamps are not lit, 'ere the crowd at the pit
Are waiting for Wilson B.
And all the night long he is there with his stride
Of his youth, his beauty, in lime-light's pride
In the theatre there you still may see
Beautiful B. as Prince of D.

J. W. G. W., November, 1884.

(Written expressly for this collection, during the run of *Hamlet* at the Princess's Theatre, London, with Mr. Wilson Barrett as the Prince of Denmark. Mr. Henry Irving, who had recently been performing the same part at the Lyceum, being then on tour in the United States.)

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Annabel Lee.

'Twas more than a million years ago,
Or so, it seems to me,
That I used to prance around and beau
The beautiful Annabel Lee.
There were other girls in the neighbourhood
But none was a patch to she.

And this was the reason that long ago,
My love fell out of a tree,
And busted herself on a cruel rock;
A solemn sight to see,
For it spoiled the hat and gown and looks
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

We loved with a love that was lovely love,
I and my Annabel Lee,
And we went one day to gather the nuts
That men call hickoree—
And I stayed below in the rosy glow
While she shinned up the tree.
But no sooner up than down kerslup
Came the beautiful Annabel Lee.

And the pallid moon and the hectic noon
Bring gleams of dreams for me,
Of the desolate and the desperate fate
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And I often think as I sink on the brink
Of slumber's sea, of the warm pink link
That bound my soul to Annabel Lee;
And it wasn't just best for her interest
To climb that hickory tree.
For had she stayed below with me,
We'd had no hickory nuts, may be,
But I would have had my Annabel Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke. By Stanley Huntley, of the "*Brooklyn Eagle.*"



Ulalume.

I.

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere,—
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir,—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

II.

Here once, through an alley Titanic
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul,—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll,—
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole,—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

III.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere,—
Our memories were treacherous and sere;
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year!
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber
(Though once we had journeyed down here),
Remembered not the dark tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

* * * *

VIII,

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom—
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb,
And I said, "What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied, "Ulalume—Ulalume—
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

* * * *

Edgar A. Poe.

Paralune.

(*A Poe-tic Fragment*).

[A new moonshade, called a Paralune, has been introduced to preserve Ladies' complexions from the alleged injurious effects of moonlight.]

Then I looked round for Sukey, and missed her;
But back she came bounding right soon;
And I said, "What's the matter, sweet Sister?"
She pointed at once to the moon,
To the silvery sheeny full moon.
"Hang it, Sukey," I cried, "you're a twister!
What's *that?* To explain were a boon."
She replied, "Paralune! Paralune!
'Tis the moonshade, the new Paralune."

Then she said, "She's a danger is Dian,
A Satellite Ladies mistrust,
To the skin she is terribly tryin',
And makes one's complexion like dust.
Red, freckled, or dingy as dust—
Nay, tanned like the tawny-maned Lion."
"What nonsense!" cried I, in disgust.
Sukey sobbed, "You're unjust, you're unjust!
And carry a moonshade I *must!*"

Then I melted, and tried to look pleasant,
And tempted her out 'neath the moon!
Explained the full disc and the crescent,
Each scoriac rock and lagoon;
And her moonshade she dropped very soon;
But next morning her nose was rubescent,
Her temper was much out of tune;
And she wailed, "Paralune! Paralune!
'Tis the fault of my lost Paralune!"

Punch, September 10, 1881.

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THE WILLOWS.

THE skies they were ashen and sober,
The streets they were dirty and drear;
It was night in the month of October,
Of my most immemorial year;
Like the skies I was perfectly sober,
As I stopped at the mansion of Shear,—
At the Nightingale,—perfectly sober,
And the willowy woodland, down here.

Here, once in an alley Titanic
Of Ten-pins, I roamed with my soul,—
Of Ten-pins,—with Mary, my soul;
They were days when my heart was volcanic,
And impelled me to frequently roll,
And made me resistlessly roll,
Till my ten-strikes created a panic
In the realms of the Boreal pole,
Till my ten-strikes created a panic
With the monkey atop of his pole.

I repeat, I was perfectly sober,
But my thoughts they were palsied and sear,—
My thoughts were decidedly queer;
For I knew not the month was October,
And I marked not the night of the year;
I forgot that sweet *morceau* of Auber
That the band oft performed down here,
And I mixed the sweet music of Auber
With the Nightingale's music of Shear.

And now as the night was senescent,
And the star-dials pointed to morn,
And car-drivers hinted of morn.
At the end of the path a liquescent
And bibulous lustre was born;
'T was made by the bar-keeper present,
Who mixéd a duplicate horn,—
His two hands describing a crescent
Distinct with a duplicate horn.

And I said: "This looks perfectly regal,
For its warm, and I know I feel dry,—
I am confident that I feel dry;
We have come past the emeu and eagle,
And watched the gay monkey on high;
Let us drink to the emeu and eagle,—
To the swan and the monkey on high,—
To the eagle and monkey on high;
For this bar-keeper will not enveigle,—
Bully boy with the vitreous eye;
He surely would never inveigle,—
Sweet youth with the crystalline eye."

But Mary, uplifting her finger,
Said, "Sadly this bar I mistrust,—
I fear that this bar does not trust.
O hasten! O let us not linger!
O fly,—let us fly,—ere we must!"
In terror she cried, letting sink her
Parasol till it trailed in the dust,—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Parasol till it trailed in the dust,—
Till it sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

Then I pacified Mary and kissed her,
And tempted her into the room,
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the warning of doom,—
By some words that were warning of doom,

And I said, "What is written, sweet sister,
At the opposite end of the room?"
She sobbed, as she answered, "All liquors
Must be paid for ere leaving the room."

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober,
As the streets were deserted and drear,—
For my pockets were empty and drear;
And I cried, "It was surely October,
On this very night of last year,
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here,—
That I brought a fair maiden down here,
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah! to me that inscription is clear;
Well I know now, I'm perfectly sober,
Why no longer they credit me here,—
Well I know now that music of Auber,
And this Nightingale, kept by one Shear."

BRET HARTE.

—o—

WHAT IS IN A NAME.

(*From "Ravings," by E. A. Poe—t.*)

THE autumn upon us was rushing,
The parks were deserted and lone—
The streets were unpeopled and lone;
My foot through the sere leaves was brushing,
That over the pathway were strown—
By the wind in its wanderings strown.
I sighed—for my feelings were gushing
Round Mnemosyne's porphyry throne,
Like lava liquescent lay gushing,
And rose to the porphyry throne—
To the filigree footstool were gushing,
That stands on the steps of that throne—
On the solid stone steps of that throne.

I cried—"Shall the winter leaves fret us?"
Oh, turn—we must turn to the fruit,
To the freshness and force of the fruit!
To the gifts wherewith autumn has met us—
Her music that never grows mute
(That maunders but never grows mute),
The tendrils, the vine branches net us,
The lily, the lettuce, the lute—
The esculent, succulent lettuce,
And the languishing lily, and lute;—
Yes;—the lotos-like leaves of the lettuce;
Late lily and lingering lute.

"Then come—let us fly from the city!
Let us travel in orient isles—
In the purple of orient isles—
Oh, bear me—yes, bear me in pity
To climes where a sun ever smiles—
Ever smoothly and speciously smiles!
Where the swarth-browed Arabian's wild ditty
Enhances pyramidal piles:
Where his wild, weird, and wonderful ditty
Awakens pyramidal piles—
Yes;—his pointless perpetual ditty
Perplexes pyramidal piles!"

Vere Vereker's Vengeance, by Thomas Hood.

J. C. HOTTEN, London, 1865.

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You 'll Resume!

Air (*more or less*) "*Ulalume.*"

Premier sings—

I had passed through a Session Satanic,
And Irish, with "Pussy,"* sleek Peer.
Those were the days of explosion volcanic,
The nights of delirium drear,
Long speeches, and labours Titanic,
Pat outrage, Egyptian panic,
Rude ruction, Obstruction, and fear,
French shirking, and shyness Germanic—
A most unforgettable year!

The Session, in fact, was a twister,
Had filled us with doubt and with gloom;
But we'd got to the end of its vista,**
For starry-eyed Hope there seemed room.
We could flee from Big Ben's heavy boom.
Yet Forecast, Hope's heavy-browed sister,
Kept whispering words of dark doom
In my ear, "You 'll resume! You 'll resume!
In two months from to-day, you 'll resume!"

"We are off!" Pussy cried. "This *is* pleasant!
How jolly! From Westminster far!"
"Ah, precisely," said I, "*for the present!*"
Cried he, "What a croaker you are!
What a—well Grand old Croaker you are!
Let us think of the grouse and the pheasant,
And not of St. Stephen's war,
Of popping at partridge and pheasant,
Not worry, and Warton, and war."

Then I said, "My dear Pussy, be sober!
Remember we're bound to be here
By the end of the month of October,
Of this unforgettable year—
By the twenty-fourth day of October.
This very identical year.
Ha! doesn't *that* make you feel queer?"

"We shall yet have to work, Puss, like winking.
Tourists? *Cloture*-ists also I trust.
Obstruction to fight without shrinking
Will call us all back—come we must,
To St. Stephens's shindy and dust."
"Oh, hang it!" cried Puss, his face sinking;
"That bothering *Cloture* be—bust!"

Then I pacified Pussy, and chid him
For giving vulgarity room.
And he promised to do as I bid him,
But there passed o'er his features a gloom—
A settled and sable-hued gloom—
As black as the pall o'er a tomb,
And I said—of it hoping to rid him—
"Dear Puss, what's the cause of this gloom?"
He replied, "You'll resume! You'll resume!
'Tis the thought of those words, You'll resume!"

Punch, August 26, 1882.

—:o:—

Hope: An Allegory.

The metre of this Poem is adapted from Edgar A. Poe's "Ulalume."

King Phœbus came forth in his splendour
Bedight in his garments of gold,
And round the young treelings so tender,
His raiments of rays did enfold—

Round Hebe, the young and the slender,
His mantle of magic he roll'd,
To keep her from blight and defend her
From sorrow, temptation, or cold.

And while he with Hebe was walking—
Whose face in the flow'rs was seen—
In the rosebud with red in between—
Violet-veined Venus came talking—
Oh! talking with Love came his queen,—
With Cupid she talking was seen;
With Cupid for hearts she was hawking—
Was hawking o'er Hebe's own green,
To snare the warm heart of the Sun-king
From Hebe, its self-chosen queen.

And while the young pair were still parting,
To Phœbus came blue-eyed Love;
To the Sun-king came Venus's dove,
And then, from the bushes, upstarting,
Soared into a cloudlet above.
Then came from his bow swiftly darting
An arrow—the arrow of Love.

With the pain King Phœbus was sobbing,
When Venus came by with her balms,
And eased the Sun-king of his throbbing,
As he lay in her beautiful arms;
The wound of its pain quickly robbing;
She sooth'd him with nepenthè calms;
She sooth'd the Sun-king in his sobbing,
By the sound of her Letheian psalms.

Then King Phœbus with poppies she crown'd,
While Somnus o'erwhelm'd him with sleep;
And with slumber his senses they drown'd,
And they soundly his senses did steep;
And Venus her arms then unwound,
While out of his heart Love did leap,
And they left him alone on the ground—
They left him alone in deep sleep.

* * * * * *

Fair Hebe was haunted with sorrow
And died 'mong the faded flowers,
While, alas! on the sad to-morrow,
Phœbus trod through the dreamy hours—
Sought alone the blighted bowers.
Not a glimpse of hope could he borrow—
Ever lost to this world of ours!
While Venus ne'er stayed to console him
But fled in the night and the gloom;
E'en Love never stayed to condole him,
But fled when young Hope lost her bloom;
E'en Somnus no more can control him—
Death's darkness before him doth loom,
And pale death must soon be *his* doom;
And they'll bury him deep in Hope's tomb.

And fair Hebe no more can return,
Until the death of life is done,
Until the race of life is run,
And the future vanquish'd, yet won,
And the goal eternal won—
Till she's drunk of the Letheian river,
And Phœbus and Hope have for ever
Mingled their beings in one.

This imitation of *Ulalume*, written by Mr. John H. Ingram, was published in 1863, when its author was in his teens. The little volume which contained it, entitled "Poems by Dalton Stone," has been suppressed, and is now very scarce.

* A term of endearment sometimes applied to Earl Granville by his political opponents.

** Cockney rhyme for which the Premier-Poet's present model Edgar Poe, is responsible.

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LENORE.

I.

Ah! broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown for ever!
Let the bell toll! a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river;
And, Guy de Vere, hast *thou* no tear?—weep now, or nevermore!
See, on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love Lenore!
Come, let the burial rite be read, the funeral song be sung;
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young,—
A dirge for her, the doubly dead, in that she died so young.

II.

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for her pride, [she died!
And when she fell in feeble health ye blessed her, that
How *shall* the ritual, then, be read—the requiem how be sung,
By you—by yours, the evil eye—by yours, the slanderous tongue, [young."
That did to death the innocence that died, and died so

III.

Peccavimus; but rave not thus; and let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong:
The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope, that flew beside, [thy bride;
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been
For her, the fair and debonair, that now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes,—
The life still there upon her hair, the death upon her eyes.

IV.

"Avaunt! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a pæan of old days.
Let *no* bell toll; lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed mirth, [earth,
Should catch the note, as it doth float up from the damnèd
To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven;
From hell unto a high estate far up within the heaven,
From grief and groan, to a golden throne beside the King of heaven."

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

This poem was published in 1844, and it has been suggested that it was probably founded on the melancholy fate of Lady Flora Hastings. This lady, who was attached to the Royal Household, became the victim of rumours affecting her reputation, and was very severely treated by the Queen and the Duchess of Kent. Although the innocence of Lady Flora was subsequently clearly established, she was unable to survive the disgrace and injustice inflicted on her, and died in July, 1839. But *Lenore* although published in 1844 was merely a revision of a poem which had appeared in an early volume of Poe's writings, before the Lady Flora Hastings scandal.

THE SUPPER OF THE FOUR.

Remiges quinque a Nunehamo reversi in Ricardi hospitis cœnaculum intrant, ex quibus quidam sic loquitur:

"Ah! 'pon my word, you fellows, I'm as tired as I was ever!
For supper shout, and let the scout know we're come from the river;
And a cushion quick! a cushion, Dick, give now or nevermore,
For on this bare cane-bottom chair I will not sit: I'm sore.
Come let the mackerel soused be brought, the pigeon-pie, the tongue,
The cider-cup and straws, and let the radishes be young;
Oh! William, bring the radishes, and William, bring them young."

Cui Speculator.

"Commons for five, sir, pigeon-pie, I'm ordered to provide,
And beer as usual, I suppose, and cider-cup beside.
The mackerel soused, sir, shall be brought, and ham, and lamb, and tongue,
And potted meats, and salad too, and radishes, sir, young;
I'll get them if I can, and, sir, I'll try to get them young."

Horrenda post cœnam voce cantantes cæteros sic excipit Ricardus hospes:

"Cœnavimus; but howl not thus: let our Noachian song
Float on the air so tunefully the dean may feel no wrong."

Noachii Carminis epitome:

"St. James's Park received the ark on its primeval tide, *
All creatures wild thereto beguiled were stabled safe inside;
By ones, by pairs, they mount the stairs, they mount by threes and fours,
Fowls came from perches, beasts from lairs, and thronged about the doors,
By five, by six, by seven, by eight, by nine, by ten, by scores."

Tum solito hilarior factus hospes olim tristissimus exclamat:

"Hurrah! to-night my heart is light! no blues I'll conjure up,
But drown the demons out of sight in a draught of cider-cup;
We'll drain it dry, then let us try to soothe our temperate mirth,
The comfort of post-prandial pipe, ere each one seek his berth,
May health to all our friends and bane to all our foes be given!"

Propinant omnes.

Now for the pipe and then to sleep, like to the sleepers seven,
From toil and boose to snore and snooze sound as the sleepers seven.

Odd Echoes from Oxford, by A. MERION, B.A.

London, J. C. Hotten, 1872.

* "Old Father Noah he built him an ark,
And set it afloat in St. James' Park," &c.—OLD SONG.

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FOR ANNIE.

I.

THANK Heaven, the crisis,
The danger is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last;
And the fever called "living"
Is conquered at last.

II.

Sadly I know
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
As I lie at full length;
But no matter; I feel
I am better at length.
* * *

VIII.

And, ah! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
In a different bed—
And, to *sleep*, you must slumber
In just such a bed.
* * *

EDGAR A. POE.

——:o:——

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

(*By one who does not appreciate Wagner.*)

THANK heaven the music
Is silent at last,
And the howling trombones
Have ended their blast;
And the opera called 'Tristan'
Is finished at last.

Sadly I know
Of its "wonderful strength"
As I dared not to move
Through its wearisome length;
But no matter I feel
It is quiet—at length.

For I could not be dozing,
Nor yet nod my head,
Lest any stall holder
Should fancy me dead;
To the beauty of Wagner
(Alas! I *was* dead.)

The moaning and groaning,
The shrieking and sobbing,
All quieted now
With that horrible throbbing
Of fiddles,—that horrible
Horrible throbbing.

The noise and the bluster,
The leit motif's pain;
The pitiless torture
Of melody vain;
The "melody endless,"
That torturing strain.

For oh! of all tortures,
That motif was worst,
That creepingly crawling
Motif at first;
That writhed like a serpent
And did all its worst
To crush all one's senses
Of tune, from the first.

The music roared on
An inferno of sound,
That's heard by a few
Very far underground,—
In a place that's not quoted
Far under the ground.

And oh! let it never
Be foolishly said,
That Wagner's not gloomy,
Altho' he be dead,—
And nothing but good
Should be said of the dead;
Yet that were too awful
A lie, tho' he's dead.

Tho' my heart is a stout one
And feels passing bold, a
World full of perils
I'd dare, but for gold, a
Fortune past counting
I'd shrink to behold, a—
Again that mad opera
Tristan and Isolde.

J. W. G. W., 1884.

(Written expressly for this collection).

COVENT GARDEN.

By a Lover of Poe-try.

A GARDEN of gardens it teaches
The bard, ever blatant, to bless
The pumpkins, the plums, and the peaches,
The salads not easy to dress;—
Pears, pumpkins, and pulpiest peaches,
Camelia, cabbage, and cress,
The pumpkins, the pippins, the peaches
Cut cabbage, and crisply curled cress!
Oh, of luscious luxurious lunches,
The poet loves *one* lunch, and that's
Of bananas in bountiful bunches,
And melons as big as your hats,
Black currants, bananas in bunches,
And cocoa nuts, mothers of mats—
For of science if you are a lover
You'll know they're the mothers of mats,
That the cocoa nut's cortical cover
Machinery makes into mats,
Into fuscous and fibre-fringed mats.

Fun, July 20, 1867.

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HYGIEA.

(A sanitary Lyric, imitated from Edgar Poe's "Ligiea," and dedicated by Mr. Punch to Dr. Richardson.)

HYGIEA! Hygiea!
Most exigent one!
I have an idea
Thou pokest thy fun.
Oh! is it thy will
To make noodles of us,
By urging us still
So to worry and fuss
Concerning our bodies,
What's eaten, what's drunk,
Until we're mere noddies
In chronic blue funk?

Hygiea, thou'rt clever;
But, 'twixt you and me,
To fidget for ever
Is fiddle-de-dee.
We mustn't eat this,
And we mustn't drink that,
Lest sound health we should miss,
Grow too thin or too fat,
Must go in for analysis
Of all "grub" about
Lest we court cramp, paralysis,
Fever, or gout;
Mustn't travel by rail,
Must shun riding in cabs;
Must,—but time would quite fail
To tell half of thy "fads."
If a mortal (I think)
Could such vigilance keep,
He would ne'er eat or drink,
He would ne'er toil or sleep.

Sanitas sanitatum
Is all very fine;
But my *ultimatum*
Is this—I must dine!
And if I stop grubbing
Till all's fair and clear,
I shall do nought but "tubbing"
For many a year.
Esculapius' daughter,
With thee I agree,
Pure air and cold water,
Are needful to me;
But perpetual worry
'Bout stomachs and nerves,
And this, that, and 'tother,
No good purpose serves.
"Nine Systems," Hygiea,
Perhaps I possess,
Though I'd an idea
The number was less.
But to square work and feast
By the rules thou art giving,
Would take nine lives at least,
And not one much worth living.

Punch, October 23, 1880.

—:o:—

A NEW POEM SAID TO BE BY POE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY GRAPHIC.

"So many spurious poems purporting to be by Poe are now brought forward for public approbation that I feel some hesitation in yielding to my inclination to send you the following, which first appeared in the *Looking Glass* some years ago, and which I have very slight reason to believe was written by Poe himself, as it is quite as characteristic as anything of the sort I have seen in a number of years.

FRANTIC JERRY FOODLE."

THE DEMON OF THE DOLDRUMS.

One night I lay a-dreaming,
In the moonlight that was streaming
In a flood of liquid glory,
Pouring on my counterpane;
Up and down were goblins tumbling,
On the slanting beams, and crumbling
'Twixt their fingers all the moonlight
In a shower of golden rain.

And some a crimson liquor
Caught and poured it in a bicker
Crowned with crystal listel pistils
Of some rare and wondrous rose,
Whose penetrative fragrance,
It its sinuous mystic vagrance,
Filled my chamber with an odor
That none merely mortal knows.

Ah! that odor—who can tell it?
None but ghouls and angels smell it
Oinoglyphic, soporific,
Hedonific, and divine.
And it seemed as if a censer
Full of pastiles, but immenser
Than a tun of old Madeira
Had been emptied of its wine.

Then methought that with a wobblin'
Strode a lynx-eyed mouse-backed goblin
Down from off the ebon footboard
And along the silken quilt,
And within the moonlight glinting
Capered with a demon squinting,
And a winking and a drinking,
And a horrid, nasty lilt.

Ah! my lips were as dry as paper
When I saw the demon caper,
As with finger pointing ever
At the opalescent bowl
He kept laughing, he kept quaffing,
With his nose much more than half in
That liquor, which did flicker
Like a burning human soul.

Ah! I longed but once to taste it
(As I saw the demon waste it),
And my coppers, hot as stoppers
Of a bowl of molten lead,
Ached to quaff that golden liquor,
From the bicker quick and quicker,
And to roll it down my gullet,
As I tossed upon my bed.

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Swift I stretched my hand to seize it,
When I heard a voice cry "Cheese it!"
And my head against the bed-post
Falling, crashing, came ca-bunk;
And the demons did evanish,
Like to spirits walking Spanish,
And I heard much lively chinning
'Bout a man who *would* get drunk.

ANOTHER CHAPTER ON "THE RAVEN."

On page 217 of the second volume of the life of Edgar Allan Poe, Mr. J. H. Ingram quotes the following extract from one of his letters:—"Have you seen 'The Moral for Authors' a new Satire by J. E. Tuel? Who, in the name of Heaven, *is* J. E. Tuel? The book is miserably stupid! He has a long parody of the 'Raven'—in fact, nearly the whole thing seems to be aimed at me. If you have not seen it and wish to see it I will send it."

Poe was well within the mark when he stigmatised "The Moral for Authors" as a miserably stupid production. It was published in 1849 by Stringer and Townsend of New York, and consisted of forty-eight pages of rhyme almost entirely destitute of reason. On one page, it is true, the author vainly attempts a feeble parody of Lord Macaulay's style, and there is, of course, the parody of the "Raven." As Poe, himself, has alluded to this, students of his life and works may probably wish to refer to it, which they would have great difficulty in doing as copies of the pamphlet are now exceedingly scarce. I therefore reprint the parody in full, from a copy kindly lent me by Mr. J. H. Ingram.

It is dated from the—

PLUTONIAN SHORE,

Raven Creek, In the Year of Poetry

Before the Dismal Ages, A.D. 18——

"ONCE upon a midnight dreary, as I ponder'd weak and weary
Over many a weary volume of recent published lore—
While I nodded o'er '*The Sleeper*,*' suddenly I heard a creeper,
As of some one peering deeper-deeper in my chamber door;
'Tis some author new, I mutter'd, or some other midnight bore;
Only this and nothing more!"

"Oh! distinctly I that volume do remember in its solemn
And sleepy double column as it fell upon the floor—
Eagerly I wished to borrow from 'COOPER'S LAST' of sorrow,
Or my own dark books of horror—horror for having more!
A sure cure for the blues, which were darkly creeping o'er
My '*Dream*,' and nothing more."

"And the bleak and dread re-over turning of each volume cover
Chill'd me—filled me with fantastic poems, never penned before,
So that, to still the rushing of my thoughts towards the head-in,
I said, ''tis an author sure, entreating entrance through the key-hole door;
A waylaid child of Poetry on a midnight 'bust,' or more,
Or else some other bore.'"

"Presently my pen grew fiery,—hesitating an inquiry,
'Sir,' said I (or Madman!), 'truly your late visit I deplore;
For the fact is, I'm inditing a piece of murky writing,
And so unseeming you came lighting, lighting on my chamber door,
Which was never done before'—here be bolted in the door,
And sat down upon the floor."

"Then this strange trick beguiling my phrenzy into smiling,
By the cool audacious impudence his brazen features wore—
Tho' thy hat is old and napless, thou, I said, art sure not sapless,
Young and tender in thy hapless wand'rings from thy mother's shore;
Tell me why thy *business* here is on this dark and dismal floor?"
Quoth the Author, 'Read *this* o'er.'"

"Much I wonder'd this ambitious youth to see an act so vicious,
Tho' its answer good deal meaning, I voted him a bore—
For we cannot help believing that no genius living grieving
Ever yet was blind in seeing a Manuscript read o'er
By the 'Reader' in a book-shop, or Book-boy in a store,
Yet he cried on, 'Read it o'er!'"

"Startled at the stillness broken by reply so greenly spoken,
Said I, 'Before like POE you flutter you should like BRYANT soar
Forc'd from some disaster—perhaps you think to master
Something in the Markette faster, faster than was ever sold before
Till the bird-en of your hopes is 'Read it o'er—read it o'er.'
Quoth the Author, 'Nothing more!'"

"But the Author still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I plac'd the faded Manuscript in front of Author, book and door,
Then into its beauties sinking, I betook myself to thinking
What this young aspiring Author with his Manuscript, and more;
What this bold, presumptuous Youth, with his head bor'd through a bore,
Meant in saying, 'Read it o'er!'"

"Thus I sat, engaged in reading, but no syllable revealing,
To the Youth, whose fiery eyes roll'd a fiery phrenzy o'er,
And o'er its pages turning, with thoughts of mystic learning,
I began a critique burning on its MATHEWS style and more,
When coming to a chapter, which I heartily did deplore,
Cried the Author, 'Read *it* o'er.'"

* The name of one of Mr. POE'S Poems.

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"Then methought the style grew duller, and the hero rather fuller
Of thoughts which even BLUE-PARD never gloated o'er.
'Man!' I cried, 'thy brain has turn'd thee—by this chapter I have learn'd thee;
'Re-write—re-write—and re-*pen* thee these pages blotted o'er—
'Take—oh! take it, and re-*pen-t* thee—and correct these pages more:
Cried the author, 'Read it o'er.'"

"'Author!' said I, 'Imp of Evil—Author great, or Good or Devil,
Whether PUTNAM sent or HARPER toss'd thee here ashore,
Dull and stupid, yet undaunted—on this sheet romantic wasted—
On this floor by volumes haunted—tell me plainly, I implore,
Is there—is there sense in this? tell me, tell me, I implore;
Quoth the author, 'Read it o'er!'"

"'Author!" said I, "thing of peril—of paper, ink and ferrel,
By that Public which looks over us—by that Fame we both adore,
Tell this head with furies laden if, within the distant trade-en
It shall find in man or maiden one to read its pages o'er,
And yet the chorus of your melody is 'Read it o'er—read it o'er.'
Quoth the Author, 'Nothing more!'"

"Be that word our sign of parting, Author, Fiend, 'I shrieked upstarting,
Get thee back unto the HARPERS on Cliff Street's Plutonian shore,
Leave no blank page as a token of that word thy tongue has spoken,
Leave my murky thoughts unbroken—quit the threshold of my door,
Take thy Manuscript 'out' with thee and take thyself from out my door.'
Quoth the Author, 'Read it o'er!'"

"And the Author never flitting still is sitting, still is sitting
On a bust of pallid Manuscripts just above my chamber door;
And his pen has all the seeming of an engine ever teeming,
And the smoke that's from it streaming throws his shadow on the floor
And the only words this engine repeats is 'Read it o'er, Read it o'er,'
And nothing more."

—:o:—

THE GOBLIN GOOSE.

A CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE.

ONCE, it happened I'd been dining, on my couch I slept reclining,
And awoke with moonlight shining brightly on my bedroom floor;
It was in the bleak December, Christmas night as I remember,
But I had no dying ember, as POE had; when near the door,
Like a gastronomic goblin just beside my chamber door,
Stood a bird,—and nothing more.

And I said, for I'm no craven, "Are you EDGAR'S famous raven,
Seeking as with him a haven—were you mixed up with LENORE?"
Then the bird uprose and fluttered, and this sentence strange he uttered—
"Hang LENORE," he mildly muttered; "you have seen me once before,
Seen me on this festive Christmas, seen me surely once before.
I'm the Goose,"—and nothing more.

Then he murmured, "Are you ready?" and with motion slow and steady,
Straight he leapt upon my bed. I simply gave a stifled roar;
And I cried, "As I'm a sinner, at a Goose Club I was winner,
'Tis a mem'ry of my dinner, which I ate at half-past four;
Goose well stuffed with sage and onions, which I ate at half-past four."
Quoth he hoarsely, "Eat no more!"

Said I, "I've enjoyed your juices, breast and back; but tell me, Goose, is
This revenge, and what the use is of your being such a bore?
For goose-flesh I will no more 'ax' if you'll not sit on my thorax.
Go, try honey mixed with borax, for I hear your throat is sore;
You speak gruffly though too plainly, and I'm sure your throat is sore."
Quoth the nightmare, "Eat no more!"

"Goose!" I shrieked out, "Leave, oh, leave me! surely you don't mean to grieve me?
You are heavy, pray reprieve me, now my penance must be o'er;
Though to-night you've brought me sorrow, comfort surely comes to-morrow.
Some relief from thee I'd borrow at my doctor's ample store,
There are pills of purest azure in that doctor's ample store."
Quoth the goblin, "Eat no more!"

And that fat Goose, never flitting, like a nightmare still is sitting
With me all the night, emitting words that thrill my bosom's core;
Now, throughout the Christmas season, while I lie and gasp and wheeze, on
Me he sits, until my reason nothing surely can restore,
I am driven mad, and reason nothing surely can restore;
While that Goose says, "Eat no more."

Punch, January 1, 1881.

—:o:—

THE COLLEGE CRAVEN.

ONCE when in the evening walking, with my darling softly talking,
Wandering by the shining river, as we'd often done before;
While the clear full moon was beaming, on the flowing waters gleaming,
And the little waves were streaming, streaming, rippling towards the shore
Like small bars of silver dancing, gliding in towards the shore,
Noiseless save for splash of oar.

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Oh, distinctly I remember 'twas in bright and clear September
Soon after I had returned to this ancient seat of lore,
Vainly I had sought to borrow from my books surcease to sorrow,
Fearing, dreading that the *harrow* would pass over me once more,
Little hoped I for Testamur, dreading to be *ploughed* once more,
Ploughed perhaps for evermore.

So I pondered deeply thinking, fancy into fancy linking,
Balmy air of cool night drinking soothingly through every pore.
Whilst I wandered with my dearest, and the moon was at her clearest,
Earth to heaven seemed the nearest it had ever been before;
Life was sweeter at that moment than it had ever been before,
Than it will be evermore.

Thus while we were gently strolling, pleasant thoughts our our minds enrolling,
Suddenly I heard a footstep that I had not heard before,
And I felt my blood run colder, and in fact was no way bolder,
As I felt upon my shoulder the "bulldog's" hand I so abhor,
Then he said with gleeful malice those old words I so abhor
"The proctor wants you," nothing more.

"Bulldog," cried I, "thing of evil, how I wish you at the devil,"
But the "bulldog," most ferocious, never let me from his paw,
But before the proctor hurried, who my wits completely flurried,
Since they were already worried, "Your name and college I implore,
And your presence in the morning I must earnestly implore,"
Quoth the proctor, nothing more.

In the morning by fears riven, though against them I had striven,
That the penalty was heavy I in no way could ignore.
But my case being duly stated, I was most severely rated,
And within the college gated, gated till the term was o'er,
Ne'er to wander forth at even till the weary term was o'er,
Only this, and nothing more.

Wadham College, Oxford, P. G. S.
Nov., 1884.

—:o:—

THE (C) RAVEN STUDENT.

Once upon a morning dreary, through my lodging window smeary,
Came the cold and blacks and street-cries making getting up a bore!
And I wished I still were napping: suddenly I heard a tapping,
As of some one pertly rapping, rapping at my chamber door!
"'Tis," growled I, "that maid of all-work rapping at my chamber-door—
What on earth can it be for."

But too well do I remember that hungriest, dreariest November;
Not a single blessèd ember cast its glow upon the floor,
Nor dared I hope that on the morrow I could venture more to borrow
On my books, which, to my sorrow, had been carried by the score
"To my uncle's," by the slattern whom the Missis called Lenore—
Why, I could not say, I'm sure.

And the shiv'ring, cold, uncertain rustling of each paper curtain
Told me of a bleaker draught than I had ever felt before;
So that, while to rise objecting, I turned again and lay reflecting,
Through the crazy rattling sashes as the rain now came by dashes,—
I began to think the knocking at the panel of my door
Was the wind, and nothing more.

Soon again it came, and stronger; hesitating then no longer,—
"Girl," I cried, "had you but listened, you could well have heard me snore,
"For the fact is, I was napping when so rudely you came rapping;
And if you again come tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
I will give you such a slapping as you never had before!"
Shrieked the maiden:—"Never, sure!"

By the Author of "Flemish Interiors."

—:o:—

"The Raven" has been repeatedly translated. A Latin version, by Lewis Gidley, was published in Exeter in 1863, and again in 1866 by Parker of Oxford and London. There are several German versions of it, also a French translation by William Hughes. But perhaps the most famous of all is the grand folio published in Paris in 1875, entitled "LE CORBEAU, traduction française de Stéphane Mallarmé, avec Illustrations par Edouard Manet." The translation is literal, and naturally loses much of the force and beauty of the original from the absence of rhyme. It lacks also much of the weird suggestiveness of "The Raven," whilst the refrain "Jamais-plus" is but a poor substitute for the sonorous "Nevermore!" Manet, the late chief of the Impressionist School of Painters, has here given full vent to his powers, and his eccentricity. In some of his illustrations the effects of light and shade are marvellous, in others he has been less successful, whilst in one or two instances the illustrations appear absolutely meaningless.

Notes and Queries recently quoted an anecdote of a Raven which must have been an ancestor of Poe's sinister bird. It is taken from a rare little

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book, to which it gives the subject of 166 pages of edifying preachment, and of course is firmly believed in by the author. The following is the title :—

"Vox Corvi; or the Voice of a Raven, that Thrice spoke these words distinctly: Look into Colossians the 3rd and 15th. The Text it self looked into, and opened, in a Sermon, Preached at Wigmore, in the County of Hereford, To which is added, Serious Addresses to the People of this Kingdom; shewing the use we ought to make of this *Voice from Heaven*. By ALEX. OLOGIE, Minister of Wigmore, &c. Licensed according to order. Matth. 21, xviii. London, 1694."

The details are thus circumstantially related :—

"On the 3d. of February, 1691, about Three in the Afternoon, this Reverend Divine, a person of the venerable Age of 80 years, and 40 of those a Laborious Teacher of God's Word, in the Parish of Wigmore, in the County of Hereford, being in the Hall of his own house, being with the Pious Matron, his Wife, some Neighbours and Relations, together with two small Grand-Children of his, in all to the number of Eight Persons; Thomas Kinnersley, one of the said Grand-Children, of but Ten Years of Age, starting up from the Fireside, went out of the Hall-Door, and sate himself down upon a Block by a Wood-pile, before the Door, employing himself in no other Childlike Exercise than cutting of a Stick, when in less than half a quarter of an Hour, he returned into the Hall in great amazement, his Countenance pale, and affrighted, and said to his Grandfather and Grandmother, LOOK IN THE THIRD OF THE COLOSSIANS, AND THE FIFTEENTH, with infinite Passion and Earnestness, repeating the words no less than three Times, which Deportment and Speech much surprising the whole Company, they asked him what he meant by those words, who answered with great Ardency of Spirit, that a RAVEN had spoken them Three times from the Peak of the Steeple, and that it looked towards W. W.'s House, and shook its HEAD and WINGS thitherwards, directing its Looks and Motions still towards that House. All which words he heard the RAVEN distinctly utter three times, and then saw it mount and fly out of sight. His Grandfather hereupon, taking the Bible, and turning to the said Text, found these words. 'And let the Peace of God rule in your Hearts, to the which you are also called in one Body; and be ye thankful.' Upon reading whereof, the Child was fully satisfied, and his countenance perfectly composed agen [*sic*]."

POE-TICAL FORGERIES.

Whilst recently turning over some odd volumes on a bookstall, in my never ending search for *Parodies*, a loose newspaper cutting fell out of one of them. It was headed "Edgar Allan Poe," and the obliging proprietor of the bookshop, where this occurred, seeing the interest I took in the subject, kindly gave me the slip, which I reprint below. Although the letter is dated "August 31" no year is given, nor was there anything on the cutting to indicate from what paper it had been taken. However, after considerable searching amongst the newspaper files in the British Museum I was enabled to trace it to *The Morning Star* (London) of September 1, 1864.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

SIR—I have noticed with interest and astonishment the remarks made in different issues of your paper respecting Edgar A. Poe's "Raven," and I think the following fantastic poem (a copy of which I enclose), written by the poet whilst experimenting towards the production of that wonderful and beautiful piece of mechanism, may possibly interest your numerous readers. "The Fire-Fiend" (the title of the poem I enclose) Mr. Poe considered incomplete and threw it aside in disgust. Some months afterwards, finding it amongst his papers, he sent it in a letter to a friend, labelled facetiously, "To be read by fire-light at midnight, after thirty drops of laudanum." I was intimately acquainted with the mother-in-law of Poe, and have frequently conversed with her respecting "The Raven," and she assured me that he had the idea in his mind for some years, and used frequently to repeat verses of it to her and ask her opinion of them, frequently making alterations and improvements, according to the mood he chanced to be in at the time. Mrs. Clemm, knowing the great study I had given to "The Raven," and the reputation I had gained by its recital throughout America, took great interest in giving me all the information in her power, and the life and writings of Edgar A. Poe have been the topic of our conversation for hours.

Respectfully,

M. M.'CREADY."

London, August 31.

THE FIRE-FIEND.

A NIGHTMARE.

I.

IN the deepest depth of midnight, while the sad solemn swell
Still was floating, faintly echoed from the Forest Chapel Bell—
Faintly, falteringly floating o'er the sable waves of air
That were through the Midnight rolling, chafed and billowy with the tolling—
In my chamber I lay dreaming by the fire-light's fitful gleaming,
And my dreams were dreams foreshadowed on a heart fore-doomed to Care!

II.

At the last long lingering echo of the midnight's mystic chime—
Lifting through the sable billows to the Thither Shore of time—
Leaving on the starless silence not a token nor a trace—
In a quivering sigh departed; from my couch in fear I started:
Started to my feet in terror, for my Dream's phantasmal error
Painted in the fitful fire a frightful, fiendish, flaming face!

III.

On the red hearth's reddest centre, from a blazing knot of oak,
Seemed to gibe and grin this Phantom when in terror I awoke,
And my slumberous eyelids straining as I staggered to the floor,

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Still in that dread Vision seeming, turned my eyes toward the gleaming
Hearth, and—there! oh, God! I saw it! and from out its flaming Jaw it
Spat a ceaseless, seething, hissing, bubbling, gurgling stream of gore!

IV.

Speechless; struck with stony silence; frozen to the floor I stood,
Till methought my brain was hissing with that hissing, bubbling, blood :—
Till I felt my life-stream oozing, oozing from those lambent lips :—
Till the Demon seemed to name me; then a wondrous calm o'ercame me,
And my brow grew cold and dewy, with a death-damp stiff and gluey,
And I fell back on my pillow in apparent soul-eclipse!

V.

Then, as in Death's seeming shadow, in the icy Pall of Fear
I lay stricken, came a hoarse and hideous murmur to my ear :—
Came a murmur like the murmur of assassins in their sleep:—
Muttering, "Higher! Higher! Higher! I am Demon of the Fire!
I am Arch-Fiend of the Fire! and each blazing roof's my pyre,
And my sweetest incense is the blood and tears my victims weep!"

VI.

"How I revel on the Prairie! How I roar among the Pines!
How I laugh when from the village o'er the snow the red flame shines,
And I hear the shrieks of terror, with a Life in every breath!
How I scream with lambent laughter as I hurl each crackling rafter
Down the fell abyss of Fire, until higher! higher! higher!
Leap the High Priests of my Altar in their merry Dance of Death!"

VII.

"I am monarch of the Fire! I am Vassal-King of Death!
World-encircling, with the shadow of its Doom upon my breath!
With the symbol of Hereafter flaming from my fatal face!
I command the Eternal Fire! Higher! higher! higher! higher!
Leap my ministering Demons, like Phantasmagoric lemans
Hugging Universal Nature in their hideous embrace!"

VIII.

Then a sombre silence shut me in a solemn shrouded sleep,
And I slumbered like an infant in the "Cradle of the Deep,"
Till the Belfry in the Forest quivered with the matin stroke,
And the martins, from the edges of its lichen-lidden ledges,
Shimmered through the russet arches where the Light in torn files marches,
Like a routed army struggling through the serried ranks of oak.

IX.

Through my ivy fretted casement filtered in a tremulous note
From the tall and stately linden where a Robin swelled his throat :—
Querulous, quaker breasted Robin, calling quaintly for his mate!
Then I started up, unbidden, from my slumber nightmare ridden,
With the memory of that Dire Demon in my central Fire
On my eye's interior mirror like the Shadow of a Fate!

X.

Ah! the fiendish Fire had smouldered to a white and formless heap,
And no knot of oak was flaming as it flamed upon my sleep;
But around its very centre, where the Demon Face had shone,
Forked shadows seemed to linger, pointing as with spectral finger
To a BIBLE, massive, golden, on a table carved and olden—
And I bowed, and said, "All Power is of God, of God alone!"

On showing this poem to Mr. J. H. Ingram he at once pronounced it a forgery, and from his remarkable collection of books relating to E. A. Poe he produced a small volume of 104 pages clad in green and gold, entitled *The Fire-Fiend and other Poems*, by Charles D. Gardette. Published in New York by Messrs. Bunce and Hartington in 1866. The book contains "The Fire-Fiend" and "Golgotha," both written in imitation of E. A. Poe, and some poems entitled "War Echoes" and "Vagaries" of no particular interest. The account given of the origin of the hoax perpetrated on the public by the author of "The Fire-Fiend" is contained in the

PRE-NOTE.

"A FEW—and but a few—words of explanation seem appropriate here, with reference to the poem which gives title to this volume.

The "FIRE-FIEND" was written some six years ago, in consequence of a literary discussion wherein it was asserted, that the marked originality of style, both as to conception and expression, in the poems of the late EDGAR ALLEN (*sic*) POE, rendered a successful imitation difficult even to impossibility. The author was challenged to produce a poem, in the manner of "*The Raven*," which should be accepted by the general critic as a genuine composition of Mr. POE's, and the "FIRE-FIEND" was the result.

This poem was printed as "from an unpublished MS. of the late EDGAR A. POE," and the hoax proved sufficiently successful to deceive a number of critics in this country, and also in England where it was afterwards republished (by Mr. MACREADY, the tragedian), in the *London Star*, as an undoubted production of its *soi-disant* author.

The comments upon it by the various critics, professional and others, who accepted it as Mr. POE's, were too flattering to be quoted here, the more especially since, had the poem appeared simply as the composition of its real author, these

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gentlemen would probably have been slow to discover in it the same merits. The true history of the poem, and its actual authorship, being thus succinctly given, there seems nothing further to be said, than to remain, very respectfully, the Reader's humble servant,

THE AUTHOR."

The poem which follows "The Fire-Fiend" is nearly as clever an imitation of Poe's verbal eccentricities, but is perhaps a trifle too ghastly to be pleasant reading :—

GOLGOTHA:

A PHANTASM.

WHILE the embers flare and flicker, gathering shadows thick and thicker—
While the slender shaded lamplight sheds a glimmer gray and dull—
On my mantle, smoke encrusted, o'er two war-knives hacked and rusted,
In my fascinated vision grins a dark and dented Skull !

Through the midnight Forest leaping—Death's red harvest fresh from reaping—
Once this skull was steeped and drunken in a revelry of gore :
In his crimson orgie shrieking, mad with lust, and murder reeking—
Thus the Blood-Avenger found him—smote him !—and he raved no more !

In that forest, leaf-enfolded, many a nameless year he mouldered,
Withered, shrivelled, fell to utter dry and desolate decay;
Till of all his savage glory naught there was to tell the story
Save this dark uncouth and dented skull I found, and bore away !

With the coward thought to mock it, in each eyeball's blackened socket
Once I set a globe of silver as a dread and dismal jest.
Oh ! full often has the glitter of those pale orbs caused a bitter
Burst of sharp and sudden terror to a timid twilight guest

But to-night their flashes daunt me, and their changing glances haunt me,
And their cold glare shivers through me like a scymitar of ice !
Well I know their threat is seeming—that no life is in their gleaming,
Yet my soul is strangely troubled by my own accurst device !

Ay ! my soul is strangely troubled ! and my heart-throbs fiercely doubled !
And I cannot wrench my gaze from off those silver demon balls !
To my brain their blaze seems burning—Ah ! by Heaven ! I saw them turning !
Yes ! see—see them ! there ! they roll ! O God ! a red light from them falls !

* * * * *

How its white teeth glint and glisten ! Listen ! Am I mad ! O, listen !
No ! It speaks ! I hear a whisper rattle through its hollow jaws !
"With this jest my front adorning, Pale-Face, you are blindly scorning—
Sadly, sorrowfully scorning all your Being's Primal Laws !

"Count the dim descent of ages ! Turn Life's crisp and crumbling pages !
Is a single leaf forgotten in this Golgotha of Doom ?
Fool ! You bear a fragile carnal shroud around your ghastly charnel
But to add another atom to the Inevitable Doom !

"I have stripped my shroud before you : You, perchance, now wear it o'er you !
Every shred of Life is worn from the Dead Past o'er and o'er !
Through the years the Earth is heaving with this weird and wondrous weaving,
And your slender thread but waiteth till the Loom hath need for more !"

* * * * *

It hath ceased ! There is no glimmer on the hearth ! The lamp grows dimmer,
Dimmer, dimmer,—now it flickers, flashes, wildly flares—is fled !
Through the Darkness round me heaving, now I hear a sound of weaving,
As a mighty loom were working, viewless, with a viewless thread !

THE BELLS.

I.

HEAR, the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells !
What a world of merriment their melody foretells !
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night !
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the Heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells—
Golden bells !
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight !
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats,
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon !

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Oh, from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour
Now, now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair;
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the dangers ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone,
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls;
And their King it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls
A paean from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
With the paean of the bells;
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the paean of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

(First Published after the Author's death.)

——:o:——

THE SWELLS.

By Edgardo Pooh.

SEE the Gardens with the swells—
Noble swells!
What power of foolery their presence here foretels!
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
To each other left and right,
What to them is any matter?
Since their tailor and their hatter,
Are their sole delight.
Running tick, tick, tick,
And hastening to Old Nick,
By expending time and money on dancing, dicing, *belles*,
Are the swells, swells, swells, swells,
Swells, swells, swells!
Are the foolish and profligate young swells.

See the dressy little swells—
Snobby swells!
What a world of happiness that Moses' paletot tells!
Through the murky air of night,
How they shout out their delight,
From their Cashmere-shawled throats,
And out of tune,
What a drunken ditty floats
To the gas-lamps shining on policemen's coats,
On their shoon!
Oh, from out the Bow-street cells,
What a gush of harmony uproariously wells!
How it smells!
How it knells—
For the morrow! how it tells
Of the folly that impels
To the laughing and the quaffing
Of the swells, swells, swells,
Of the swells, swells, swells, swells,
Swells, swells, swells,
Of the dining and the fine-ing of the swells!

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See the literary swells—
Writing swells!
What a tale of envy now their turbulency tells,
How they quarrel, snarl, and fight
With each other as they write!
Much too dignified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
With their pen,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the buyer,
In a mad expostulation with the dazed and doubting buyer!
And they leap high, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour
Now—now to sit or never—
On a throne above all other men.

See the venerable swells!
By-gone swells!
What a world of solemn thoughts their gaiety compels!
In their ancient fashioned coats,
In their stiff cravatted throats,
How we recognize the Regent and his *corps!*
There remains now not e'en one,
All, all the set are gone,
Ils sont morts!
Save the few men—ah! these few men!
Who are left among the new men
All alone!
And who toiling, toiling, toiling,
Through their days, mere skin and bone,
Feel a pleasure now in spoiling
Each hearty, healthy tone—
Do these swells, swells, swells,
These swells, swells, swells, swells,
Swells, swells, swells,
These worn-out used up, godless, ancient swells!

Our Miscellany.—By E. H. Yates and R. B. Brough, 1857.

——:o:——

The Ball-Room Belles.

See, the ball-room full of belles,
Merry belles,
What an evening of flirtation their merriment foretells.
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
Through the mazy Mabel valse.
Mothers glancing, but what matter!
Pleasant partners how they flatter,
Never dreaming girls are false
When they sigh, sigh, sigh,
And pretend that they would die—
But they dream of expectations of the golden studded swells
Hear the belles, belles, belles, belles,
Belles, belles, belles,
Hear the laughing and the chaffing of the belles.

See the richly-dowered belles,
Golden belles,
How they cotton to the stupid-headed swells.
With what grace and matchless art
They can play their pretty part
For the quartered coats of arms!
Champerones
How they advertise the charms
Of their darlings,—with ever ready alarms
Undertones!

Oh! and then these high-born swells,
What a want of education their conversation tells.
How it sells,
How it dwells
Upon bathos! how it tells
Of the lesson that impels
All the sighing and the lying
Of the belles, belles, belles,
Of the belles, belles, belles, belles,
Belles, belles, belles,

All the glancing and the dancing of the belles.
Hear the loudly-talking belles,
Prancing belles,
How we sorrowfully gaze upon their costume, since it tells
Of the latest Paris fashion!
And the dark eyes how they flash on
Every simple-looking girl!
They can only whirl, whirl
To the tune,
With a noisy explanation of their doings in the Row,
With a careless declaration that the ball is very slow.
Dancing round, round, round,
To the merry music's sound,
Never pausing for a breath,
Tho' their partners pale as death,
Look and gasp as if they'd fall into a swoon.
Oh, you belles, belles, belles,
What a tale your muslin tells;
And your hair.
How you sneer and pick to pieces
Major Mabberly's six nieces,
How you flirt upon the fifty-seventh stair;
Yet the people guess at last,
By your laughing,
And your chaffing,
Your vocabulary's fast.
And the ear distinctly tells
You are slangy,
And slap-bangy,
From your joking with the swells,
And their easy conversation with the loudly-talking belles,
With the belles,
With the belles, belles, belles, belles,
Belles, belles, belles,
From the grinning and the dinning of the bells!

Fun, December 30, 1865.

——:o:——

Pills.

An Edgar Poe(m).

See the doctors with their pills—
Silver-coated pills!
What a world of misery their calomel instils!
How they twingle, twingle in the icy-colden night.
You have taken two that mingle,
And you wish you'd had a single;
While your cheeks are ashy white.
And every time, time, time
You groan in pantomime
A tan-tan-tantalising yearn for rum your bosom fills
To lull the paean of pills, pills, pills,
The mountain misery of pills!

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Take one of Morrison's pills,
Or Parr's life pills—
Warranted, or the money returned, to cure all ills;
To bring repose at night,
And occasion you delight,
When they're fairly down your throat,
From noon to noon.
And eloquence promote
For your turtle dove who listens while you doat
Neath the moon.
Oh, read the flaming bills
And the "extract from a letter that voluminously fills
The hand-bills,
And the tills
Of the vendor of the pills,
Whose physic never kills.
Money ringing,
Money flinging
In the tills, tills, tills,
From the pills, pills, pills, pills,
And what chiming, and what rhyming on the pills!

Beware of strychnine pills—
Brazen pills.
What a work of horror their treachery fulfils!
The false friend with a smile
Stands beside you for a while;
And you're pleased to hear him speak
While you shriek, shriek,
And moan, moan,
Your heart and brain consuming in the fire, fire;
Your pulse and temples throbbing in the fire;
Beating higher, higher,
While you gaze and still admire
The murd'rer beside you,
Who knows what must betide you,
As he watches for the swoon.
Oh. the pills, pills, pills,
What a pang of terror thrills,
And despair,
Every heart that beats with love;
When the evidences prove
That the murderer for days and nights was there;
Tending gently as a nurse,
Always whining,
While designing
How to make you worse and worse.
See! The glass he quickly fills
With some new fangle,
Life to strangle,
While your fine old port he slyly swills,
And knows the hour is fast approaching by the number of the pills,
Of the pills;
By the number and the poison of the pills.
And you roll, roll, roll,
Roll—
With the *paean* of the pills;
And he a draught distils
To qualify the pills,
And he's thinking of the wills
That Doctor's Commons fills (!)
Keeping time, time, time,
In the sublety of crime,
By the *paean* of the pills,
Of the pills:
Keeping time, time, time,
In the hardihood of crime,
By the throbbing from the pills,
From the pills, pills, pills,
By your sobbing from the pills.
Keeping time, time, time,
As he kneels, kneels, kneels.
In the blasphemy of crime,
By the pulse he feels, feels;
While the pills, pills, pills
Are perfecting all their ills.
Oh, the pills, pills, pills—
Pills, pills, pills!
So ends my rhyming and my chiming on the pills.

DAMER CAPE.

Vagrant Leaves, No. 2., Nov. 1, 1866.

——:o:——

THE HELLS.

Hear the echoes from the Hells—
German Hells!
What a tale of selfishness their recollection tells!
How fickle fortune battles
With the ball that rolls and rattles
On its devilish career!
While the coins that oversprinkle,
All the numbers seem to twinkle,
With a simper or a sneer.
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of ruined rhyme.
To the hum of speculation that annually swells
From the Hells, Hells, Hells—
From the Hunters and the Punters of the Hells.

Hear the merry laughing Hells,
Baden Hells!
Ringing out their call to happiness like wedding bells;
Blinding eyes with lust of gain,
Dead'ning hearts to others' pain,
With the molten gold and notes.
Calling out,
"We are misery's antidotes!!"
Come and clutch us!" o'er their poison-beauty gloats
Longing Doubt—
How the air resounding fills
With the cries from out that Hall of Cure for Ills!
How the swells
At the wells,
Dream of health or of wealth, how each tells
Of the craving that impels
To the winning and the sinning
Of the Hells, Hells, Hells,
To the losing and abusing of the Hells.

Hear the losers at the Hells—
Homburg Hells!
What an end of dread despondency their mien foretells!
When fortune turns her back,
And the promised Red looks Black,
And the Black grows Red with shame,
As it hears its worshipped name;
All is lost
In a timorous appealing to the mercy of Leblanc:
In a sad expostulation with the croupiers of Leblanc:
Playing higher, higher, higher,
With a maddening desire
And a desperate endeavour
Now—now to win or never.

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Though it love and honour cost.
Oh the Hells, Hells, Hells!
What tale their echo tells
Of despair!
How they cling to Black and Red!
What a tremor they outspread
On the loving hearts that wait in hope at home.
Yet the year it fully knows
By the curses
Or the purses
How the fortune ebbs and flows!
How the scandal stinks and smells
By the sinking or the swelling in the budget of the Hells!

Hear the groaning in the Hells—
German Hells!
Ev'ry coin in hope thrown down,
Be it florin, thaler, crown,
Is a groan.
And the croupiers dressed in sable,
Sitting down before the table,
And who dealing, dealing, dealing,
In that well-known monotone
Coldly glory in the feeling
That their human heart is stone!
Green cloth their only scenery,
They go by some machinery
Without souls;
And their master takes the tolls,
While the ball it rolls and rolls,
Rolls
And rattles in the Hells.
But his heart no longer swells
At the Pæan of the Hells;
For he hears above the echo of the Hells
The knells, knells, knells,
Of the Hells.
In the fast approaching time,
When ruin, lust, and crime
Will be driven from the wells,
In the downfall of the Hells—
Of the Hells, Hells, Hells,
To the moaning and the groaning of the Hells!

The Tomahawk, October 19, 1867.

—:o:—

Christmas Fancies.

Here is Christmas with its bills—Little Bills!
'Mid a world of merriment intruding with their ills.
What a tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
At the area bell all day,
They're enough the brow to wrinkle
Of a placid periwinkle,
With their constant "Please to pay."
Coming time after time,
Without reason, without rhyme,
Holding long confabulations on the lowness of their tills;
With their bills, bills, bills, bills!
Bills, bills, bills,
Oh, the worry and the scurry of the bills!

And the Host of other ills—Christmas ills!
Eatables in'baronies and drinkables in rills,
All the day and all the night
Spent in over-eating quite,
And in pouring down your throat
Inopportune—
Floods of liquor that would float—
If not a merchant vessel—a big boat,
Pretty soon!
Oh, the gorges and the swills,
With no thought about the morrow, and the call for Dr. Squills,
And your wills,
Codocils,
That you write with shaky quills,
For 'tis indigestion kills!
Oh, the languish and the anguish
Of your ills, ills, ills, ills,
Ills, ills, ills,
Oh the bother and the pother of your ills!
Then to-morrow and its pills—bitter pills!
Fever-heats succeeding on the heels of horrid chills,
All the livelong restless night—
What a cheerful Christmas plight!
Too much agonized to speak,
You can only squeak—squeak
Like a coon,
In a clamorous appealing from your indigestion's pangs—
In a mad expostulation with the gnawing of its fangs,
And a sense of utter loathing for the pills,
For the pills, pills, pills, pills,
Pills, pills, pills—
And the comrades of the pills,
The pills, bills, ills!
Oh, the very name of Christmas all my soul with terror fills.

Fun, December 28, 1867.

—:o:—

The Bells.

Oh, those bells—oh, those bells!
Oh, those bells, bells, bells!
Oh, the weary, weary, worry that their ringing always tells!
How they jangle and they jangle
Through the troubled day and night!
How they clash, and clang, and mangle,
As if calling out in spite—
You must run, run, run!
Your work's never done,
From the rising to the setting of the sun, sun, sun.
Oh those never-ceasing bells—
Chamber-bells—
What a climbing and a fetching their music ever tells!
Now it's number seven hundred—
Now it's number twenty-five—
Now it's forty more in chorus
Calling—Waiter, look alive!
Ting-a-ling, ling, ling,
Don't you hear me ring, ring?
You, had better come a-running, or I'll break a string, string!

Oh, those silver-sounding bells—
Parlour-bells—
What a coming and a running their melody compels!
How they jingle, jingle, jingle,
Till the horrid jingling seems
To multiply and mingle
Into harsh and mocking screams,
Crying—Fly, fly, fly!
We are paying very high,
We'll get our money's value, or we'll know the reason why.

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Oh, those cruel, clanging bells—
Front-door bells—
Oh, what cozy dreams of comfort their sounding forth dispels!
How their clanging and their banging
Keeps one trotting to and fro,
Till you seem a sort of nightmare,
Kept forever on the go
By the clang, clang, clang,
And the bang, bang, bang!
Till the ringers of those door-bells you could hang, hang, hang!

Oh, that best and blessed bell—
Dinner bell—
With what harmony and melody its brazen accents swell!
How its full and unctuous greeting
Seems to reach your inner man,
And you answer as a waiter,
And a hungry waiter, can
To its ding, dong, dong!
Come along, long, long!
So the blessed bell for dinner ends my song, song, song

Anonymous.

——:o:——

THE BILLS.

SEE the members with their bills,
Private bills,
What a world of promises their bringing-in fulfils;
How they jostle one another,
And compete for vacant nights,
How they pant, and gasp, and smother,
Pushed aside by party fights,
While their movers, standing by,
Emit a doleful cry,
Apprehensive of the destiny that ultimately kills
Their bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
The dismal fate in keeping for their bills.

See the silly annual bills,
Foolish bills,
With what deluded hopefulness their introduction fills
All their friends throughout the land,
Who can never understand,
That the House will throw them out
One by one;
That though the movers shout
At a speaker who is dozing while they spout,
When they've done,
With patience sorely tried,
But with a gush of thankfulness the members will divide,
And decide,
To deride
The foolish annual bills;
And the lesson each instils
Is, that clearly these are merely
Futile bills, bills, bills.
Bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
Never to be anything but bills.

See the Ministerial bills,
Burly bills,
With what prolonged expectancy their introduction thrills!
Through the country far and wide,
Their friends exult with pride;
Too much horrified to speak,
Their opponents only shriek
In affright,
In a clamourous appealing to the wisdom of the House—
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic House.
They declare the bills a chouse,
And affirm they will, by *nous*,
Rouse the country now or never,
By a resolute endeavour,
To resist the pale-faced premier,
With his bills, bills, bills,
While each party-leader drills
For the fight
His forces great or small
To enfranchise or enthral
The country on the great division night;
And the public hardly knows,
Mid the wrangling
And the jangling,
How the danger ebbs and flows,
But each newspaper instils
Into readers,
By its leaders,
All its own views of the bills,—
Its own views of the pestilent or patriotic bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
The stupendous and tremendous public bills.

See the sickly autumn bills,
Dying bills,
What a flood of penitence each moralist distils
From their slow but sure decay,
As the session wears away,
From the melancholy lesson that they teach;
For every dying scheme
Is in its turn the theme
Of a speech,
And is tediously debated
Until hopelessly belated,
Overthrown,
And its mover prosing, prosing,
In a muffled monotone,
Feels a glory in disclosing
All its merits little known.
In the spring he moves the bills,
And clears his voice and swills
From a tumbler set beside him,
While his enemies deride him,
And his friends cry out, "Hear, hear,"
And he wins a feeble cheer,
Now and then
Only, when
With brows knit in a frown,
His arm sways up and down,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the moving of the bills:
Of the bills,
To the solemn exposition of the bills,
Till at last the daylight lengthens,
And the summer sunshine strengthens,
And finally it grills
The members in their places,
So sadly, with long faces,
They consent to slay their bills,

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To abandon all their bills;
All their bills, bills, bills,
To massacre their bills,
Though sorely 'gainst their wills.
And each bereaved one fills
The house with lamentations o'er his bills,
With sorrow at the slaughter of his bills:
Of his bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
With sorrow at the slaughter of his bills.

Fun, August 13, 1870.

——:o:——

THE FLUTE.

Lo, the fluter, with his flute—
Grecian flute!
How long the world has waited
For its tantalising toot!
"Unheard melodies are sweetest,
Said the charming poet Keats;
But our pleasure is completest
When we hear them on the streets;
Or sounding loud and shrill
Through the homes of Murray-Hill—
On the heights of Murray-Hill
Loud and shrill,
Hear the flute, flute, flute, flute,
Flute, flute, flute.

That wicked *Broadway Journal*,
Whose Editor infernal,
Lets no trumpet but his own
Through the market place be blown—
Had the chief not been carousing,
Had the "Raven" not been drowsing,
The world had not been waiting,
Been waiting, all in vain,
For that melancholy strain
Of the flute—
In anxious expectation for the tintinnabulation
Of the flute.

American Paper.

——:o:——

THE CHIMES DONE IN RHYMES.

AFTER POE AND NEWMAN.

Harken to the chimes
That in these Sunday times,
Ring out upon the air.
From the lofty spire,
Rising higher, higher,
In great waves of sound
Vibrating round and round,
Calling out to prayer,
And dropping iron blessings down,
In sweetest music on this wicked town.

We hear professor Pratt,
Keen and clear G flat,
And in each ring there seems to be,
A "horse" cry of agony—
The tortured tones
Of groans and moans—
A poor creature's speechless agony,
They rise and swell,
Like cries from hell,
Calling the faithful forth to solemn prayer

Then came Schuyler—
Schuyler smiler, Schuyler smiler,
How it rings and sings and swings,
Vibrating on the ear,
As if the hollow smile were set to music here.
"Come ye Christians," cryeth Schuyler,
The soft political beguiler,
"Come ye Christians, join with me
In praises of the powers that be,
For have we not a neat majority?"
Just such praise in troubled days
Of Our Savior; he would have cried,
"The law should take its course, let him be crucified."

Schuyler smiler, Schuyler smiler,
From the spire, rising higher,
Rings and swings and sings
The bell,
That of a politician's heaven seems to tell.
Of a deeper, coarser tone
Chimes the bass a lengthened groan,
For it tells alone,
Alone,
Of the punishment that's sent
In the person of our President.
Dull and hollow, how it moans
In its heavy undertones!
As if it sought to tell—
That bell—
Of a burdened people doomed to toil
That rogues may fatten off a wasted soil;
Of want and degradation dire,
War, pestilence and fire;
Where rules no ballot but the bayonet,
And Liberty that was and is not yet;
Of Peace, sweet Peace and great content,
Ere the coarse soldier came to be our President
Of office sold for gifts;
Of a low greed that lifts
Mean men to power,
When cowards rule while good men cower.
How it rolls and roars,
And on us pours
Its flood of heavy sound
The vibrating air around,
As the iron tongue upon the iron rim
Clangs out its cry of sin:
Fasting and prayer for a people curs'd
Of all ills the evil far the worst—
A stupid tyranny that brings
No compensation on its blackened wings.

These are the Newman chimes,
And these our modern times.
Were Our Saviour, with weary feet,
Again to walk the dusty street,
And see that lofty steeple;
Hear its clangor calling in the people
See the saints with saintly faces;
In diamonds, silks, and costly laces
Thronging to their downy places—
Hear his apostle state
From marble stall to velvet-cushioned seats,
Not the words of peace, but those of deadly hate
While Mammon the scene completes—
Much would He marvel, and we fear,
Seizing the rod
Would drive old Newman out, and clear
Our goodly people from the house of God.

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Ding, dong, bell,
Hear them swell—
Pratt, G flat, scat!
Schuyler smiler, Schuyler smiler;
While groans
And moans
In heavy undertones
The Presidential bell. D. P.

The Capital, (*U.S.A.*) November 26, 1871.

——:o:——

The Bills.

By the late Edgar Allan Toe.

I.

Hear the duns with lots of bills—
Unpaid bills!
What a world of merriment their misery distils!
How they rattle, rattle, rattle,
On your sported outer door!
While within you drink and prattle.
For an oak is half the battle
With a dun—unchristian bore,
Keeping knock, knock, knock,
Like a sort of ticking clock,
To the bitter tribulation of your gyp whose hand he fills
With his bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
With a lumping and a thumping lot of bills.

II.

Hear the loud alarm of bills—
Tailors' bills—
What a tale of trousers and of coats whose volume fills
Some dozen drawers. They might
Make one scream out with affright—
Too hard up to pay this week;
You can only speak, speak
Through the door,
In a pitiful appealing to the mercy of the dun,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and dirty dun.
Bills get higher, higher, higher,
And the parent's wrath is dire;
His son's resolute endeavour
Not now to pay nor ever,
Making him scold and swear and roar.
Oh the bills, bills, bills,
Hardest far of human ills
To remove!
How they cram and crowd each drawer,
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating gov!
Yet the ear it fully knows
When one's thinking,
Or a drinking,
When a dun comes up or goes;
Yet the hand it fully fills
Up a beaker,
Getting weaker,
And the beggar drinks and swills.
But that drinking and that swilling gets one off some of the bills;
Of the bills—
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills—
In the paying or delaying of the bills.

The Light Green, Cambridge, 1872.

The Bells.

By an Overworked Waiter

Hear the strangers pull the bells—
Tinkling bells!
What voracious appetites their clattering foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
From morning until night,
And the dishes seem to twinkle,
As the gravies oversprinkle,
With a crystalline delight;
And they chime, chime, chime,
As a shout from time to time,
From "pottle-bodied" gourmands or animated swells,
Is mingled with the ever-ringing bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
The tintinnabulation of the bells.

Hear the early breakfast bells—
Tiresome bells!
Perhaps a Continental trip their harmony foretells,
With a guest awake all night,
And ringing, ere 'tis light,
For change of gold or note,
Hours too soon.
While the ship he wants to sail by does not float
Out of harbour until noon;
And in accents most unmusical he yells
For coffee to be taken,
With toast and eggs and bacon,
Up many flights of stairs, while he tells
Of twenty other wishes
Respecting drinks and dishes,
Which I strive to hear in vain,
For a train
A thousand country visitors propels
From Bath or Tunbridge Wells,
Who come ringing, ringing, ringing at the bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
And I march away to answer fifty bells.

Hear the hasty dinner-bells—
Frantic bells!
What a tale of hunger now their turbulency tells!
The fires are blazing bright,
The cooking is all right,
But I scarce can breathe or speak,
I'm so bothered all the week—
Don't have a bit of rest—
Through the clamourous appealing of some gormandising guest,
And in mild expostulation to his deaf and frantic ire,
I say, "Yessir, yessir, yessir,"
To my hard-hearted oppressor,
'Mid the clatter
Of the platter,
And of dish and glass and spoon,
Or an organ,
With the owner like a Gorgon,
Grinding in the street some doleful tune;
Yet the ear it fully knows
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the dining ebbs and flows,
To the jangling of the bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the clamour and the clangour of the bells.

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Later still the supper bells—
Busy bells!
What a world of cheerful thought their melody compels,
Of pleasant airs that float
From operatic throat,
Of farce and pantomime;
But the bells begin to chime,
And, alas! unlucky wight,
Not for me is such delight,
The pleasure-seekers claim me as their own;
Be it man or be it woman,
They are all alike inhuman—
They are ghouls
Wanting soles,
Sausages and rolls,
Flowing bowls,
Pie or tart,
Souper a-la-carte,
Lobster salad, oyster,
Peppered grill, or something moister;
And they chat and laugh and joke,
Heedless of the yoke
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,
Which my presence through the weary night compels,
Till morning comes again with the bells—
The merciless and everlasting bells.

Funny Folks, April 3, 1875.

—:o:—

THE GIRLS.

HEAR the laughter of the girls—
Pretty girls.
What a fund of merriment each ruby lip unfurls!
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
In the balmy air of night!
While the stars that over-spatter
All the heavens hear their clatter
In a soft and wild delight;
To the tintinnabulation that, increasing, ever purls
From the girls, girls, girls, girls.
Girls, girls, girls,
From the wild, capricious, saucy, jaunty girls.

See the flirting of the girls,
Radiant girls!
How the lover's softened brain wildly whirls
Through the mazes of the ball,
Up and down the stately hall!
How he skips to and fro
And perspires!
Would that we could tell the idiot all we know
Of the fires
Into which the false ones hurl.

Each new whim—see the flame—how it swirls!
How it curls!
How it curls!
Better far that they were churls,
Than fall victims to the girls;
To the prattle and the rattle
Of the girls, girls, girls,
Of the girls, girls, girls, girls,
Girls, girls, girls—
To the sacking and heart racking of the girls!

Merry Folks.

THE BILLS.

After Poe, by a Mercantile Poet.

SEE the traders with their bills
Showy bills;
What a joyous feeling every speculator fills,
As his bills go crinkle, crinkle,
On the counters smooth and bright;
And the eyes of bankers twinkle
At their shareholders delight,
Who are dreaming all the time,
Of dividends sublime—
Of a very high percentage made from cashing doubtful bills,
Bills, bills, bills, bills,
Of gratifying profits from accommodation bills.

See the foreign merchants' bills,
Flimsy bills!
For railways, ships and waterworks and tunnels through the hills,
Oh, we take them with delight,
And for "3 months after sight"
Give them sovereigns and notes;
And very soon
The merry gambler floats
Far away from British shores, while he gloats
On the boon;
An operatic melody he trills,
And his mellow meerschaum fills,
And he swills
A bumper as he chuckles at the state of bankers' tills;
When his bills
Falling due,
Not a Jew
Will give twopence for the batch of foreign bills.

Then the failure of the bills,
Brazen bills!
What a tale of terror now the crazy city fills!
Managers, directors, how it thrills!
When they see from morn till night,
Houses crashing left and right,
Fearing, ere a week,
A crowd may shriek, shriek,
With a clamorous appealing at the counters of the bank
Saying, gentlemen, we'll thank
You very much without delay to empty all your tills;
Things are looking very black,
And we want our money back;
And the banker fully knows
By the banging
And the clanging
How the danger ebbs and flows.
But we trust these passing ills
Will clear the city air,
By inducing greater care
How good money is exchanged for worthless bills,
Bills, bills, bills, bills,
In discounting such accommodation bills.

Funny Folks, 14 August, 1875.

—:o:—

THE BELLES.

I.

OH, the dancing of the belles,
Silver belles!
What a world of merriment that glancing group foretells.
How they dance, dance, dance,
In the white and heated light,

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Till the berries that o'ersprinkle
Every picture seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight.
Keeping time, time, time,
To the valse-exciting rhyme
Of Der Schönen Blauen Donau that so musically wells;
Oh, the belles, belles, belles, belles,
Belles, belles, belles,
Oh, the dancing and the glancing of the belles.

II.

Oh, the court-invited belles,
Golden belles!
What a world of plush and paint their dazzling grandeur tells.
Through the balmy air of night,
Through a vision of delight,
From the jarring city notes
Out of tune,
What a splendid vision floats
To the eyes of Miss Fitz-Neotes
Of Aroon!
Oh the crushing and the rout,
And the gathers that come out!
How the agony voluminously wells,
How it swells!
How it dwells!
On the temper how it tells!
To what anger it impels.
Oh, the rushing and the crushing of the belles!
Of the belles, belles, belles, belles,
Belles, belles, belles,
Oh, the tearing and despairing of the belles!

III.

Oh, the belles of the Mabille,
Brazen belles!
What a world of lying love their honied accent tells.
In the glare and in the light.
How they dance out their delight,
Thinking of the future never,
Dancing on and dancing ever,
With a weary simulation of a love they cannot feel,
In the glare and in the glitter and the hell of the Mabille.
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour
Now—now to win or never,
Golden youth!
Oh, the belles, belles, belles,
What a tale their laughing tells
Of despair.
How they dance, dance, dance,
With a weary smile and glance,
In the glare and in the glitter that are there!
Yet the eye it fully knows
By the sighing
Lips and dying
How the hoping ebbs and flows.
Yet the eye distinctly tells
How the hoping sinks and swells,
By the dancing, and the glancing, and the prancing of the belles,
Of the belles—
Of the belles, belles, belles, belles,
Belles, belles, belles,
By the sighing lips and dying of the belles.

BENJAMIN D——. *His Little Dinner*, 1876.

THE BILLS.

HEAR the doctor with his bills,
Horrid bills!
What a world of medicine, of powders and of pills,
How you sicken, sicken, sicken,
When they burst upon your sight,
While your very pulse will quicken,
And your blood will seem to thicken,
And throb in fearful fright,
Keeping time, time, time,
In an allopathic rhyme,
To the merry little "guinea" that so very neatly fills
Up the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
That adds a portly total to the bills.

Hear the tailor with his bills,
Heavy bills!
What a vast extravagance their money column fills,
In the merry summer's light,
How they pall upon the sight,
From the hard up debtors' throats,
In dismal tune,
What a grumbling ditty floats,
To the sanguine "Master Stitchem" as he gloats,
Grasping loon.
Oh, from out his sounding tills
What a rush of chinking satirically trills,
How it trills,
How it spills.
Hopes of Future! How it fills
Up the cranium to "dils."
Oh, the adding and the padding,
Of the bills, bills, bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
Till we're bilious at the summary of bills.

Hear the butcher with his bills,
Meaty bills!
What a hearty appetite their money column fills,
On the thoughtful mind at night,
How they grin with blue delight,
We're too much annoyed to speak,
But we shriek a dismal shriek,
And out of tune,
In a senseless, vain appealing to the mercy of the man,
In a vain expostulation with the deaf and grasping man.
Screaming man, man, man,
Make them smaller if you can,
And our sensible endeavour
Shall be never, never, never,
To pay the greasy, red-faced loon.
Oh, the bills, bills, bills,
What a cup their total fills,
Of despair!
How they come in more and more,
Till the eye is nearly sore
As it contemplates the culminating store.
Yet the mind it fully knows
By the ringing,
They are bringing,
A further lot which we must add to those,
Yet the bosom quickly fills,
By the ringing,
By the ringing,
With a dark foreboding fills,
For it knows of many long outstanding unreceipted bills,
Heavy bills!
Oh, the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
Oh, the torture we are put to by the bills!

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Hear the matron with her bills!
Many bills,
What a pleasant breakfast time their large addition kills.
From our happy dreams by night,
How we start with ghastly fright,
And quick relapse with melancholy groan,
Again to hear their notes
From their grim fantastic throats
In threatening tone.
And the devils! Ah! the devils,
And minutely he that revels
All alone
In the padding, padding, padding,
In that dismal monotone,
Feels delight as thus he's adding
Round the debtor's neck a stone.
He is neither man nor woman,
But a junior clerk inhuman,
Worst of lads.
And his chief it is who pads,
And he adds, adds, adds,
Adds
More figures to the bills,
And his demon mind it fills
With delight to view the bil s,
And he capers and he trills,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a Basinghall street rhyme,
To the rustle of the bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills,
To the total of the bills,
Keeping time, time, time,
As he trills, trills, trills,
In a Basinghall street rhyme,
To the padding of the bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills,
To the adding of the bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
Oh, the trying care, undying, of the bills!

The Corkscrew Papers.
London: W. H. GUEST, 1876.

——:o:——

THE SWELLS.

LISTEN to the lisping of the swells—
Awful swells
Ennui in intensity each drawling accent tells,
As they saunter in the "Row,"
With *entourage comme il faut*,
Far too *blasé* e'en to speak,
Save in childish pipings weak,
Out of tune,—
In a mild expostulation at the want of something new,
In a clamorous appealing at the dearth of aught to do,—
Looking cool, cool, cool,
At all "get-ups" not by POOLE,
As club scandal they retail
Of the last connubial sale
Of the day!
How they leer,
And peer, and sneer,
At Saint John's Wood broughams queer,
In a charmingly debilitated way!

Next, we have another kind of swells—
Seedy swells!
Impecuniosity within their aspect dwells,
And their boots, and hats, and clothes,
Sadly foreign are to those
Which our former friends disclose
Every day!
And they dismally recur unto the days ere tick expired,
When they dined and wined *ad lib.*, and were both fêted and admired—
Ere the Hebrew would refuse
To transmute their I O U's,
And they only knew the blues
As a bore;
When the features of their creeds
Were feeds, and weeds,
And steeds,
And the thought of being poor
In the future they ne'er saw,
But would greet it with a roar,
To be sure!

Last, we have the naughtiest of swells—
Howling swells!
Each, in larks nocturnal, both our other friends excels,
Thinking nought of getting "tight,"
Screeching out in wild delight
In the "startled eve of night"
Tavern melodies, despite
The warning of the much-disgusted "p'lice,"
Making rows, rows, rows,
Imitating small bow-wows,
While the cats on all the tiles,
Whom this mad defiance riles,
Add their quota to the torment of the Peace!
Yes, these swells, swells, swells,
Bibulation deep impels
To wake the peaceful midnight with their yells, yells, yells
With their yells, yells, yells, yells, yells, yells, yells,
Their sleep-destroying, horrifying yells!

Worthy a Crown?—1876.

——:o:——

THE BELLS.

HEAR the tramcars with their bells,
Merry bells,
What a good threepennyworth their melody foretels,
As they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Through the day and through the night,
All the cars that oversprinkle
The lines fly in a twinkle,
From the red, or blue and white;
And from eight p.m. they chime,
Through the Corporation slime
(The proper term is mud, but then you see it would'nt rhyme—
It's sometimes very difficult to hit upon a rhyme.)
Until the licensed victualler his customers expels,
And their bacchanalian yells,
Join in chorus with the bells;
With the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
The racing and the chasing of the bells.

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Hear the yellow dinner bells,
In hotels—
How pleasant to the tympanum of all the hungry swells,
How it conjures to the eye
Happy dreams of pigeon pie,
And gorgeous *table d'hotes*,
Coming soon;
And swimming butter boats,
And turtle soup that glistens as it floats
In the spoon:
Now rising from the dish
Comes the odour of the fish,
How it smells, and it tells
Why the eye so brightly glistens, and the ear so fondly listens
For the bells,
For the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
The rousing to carousing by the bells.

Hear those clanging iron bells,
Railway bells.
What a page of accidents their dissonance foretels,
As we thunder o'er the river
How the nervous ladies shiver,
How they groan.
And the stoker ah, the stoker.
He who wields the mighty poker,
All alone.
And who, like a thing of evil,
Sits undaunted on his throne,
As if he knew the devil
Would be careful of his own
(It has often been remarked that he is careful of his own.)
The engine is a pyre,
The poker is his lyre,
And he joins in ghastly cadence with the demons of the fire
(Perhaps you're not aware that there are demons in the fire)
They rush across the fells
Through the forests and the dells,
And echo goblin choruses in answer to the bells,
Ringing knells for the swells,
With the bells,
With the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
The rasping, and the grasping of the bells.

Zoz, October 26, 1878.

——:o:——

The Bills.

E. A. POE-TICS FOR THE SEASON.

Hear the postmen with the bills—
Christmas bills!
What a world of merriment their frequency instils!
How they gather, gather, gather,
On the file to such a height,
That one wishes—don't one, *rather!*—
Them considerably farther—
Altogether out of sight;
With their "Time, time, time,
With the proceeds of your rhyme—
Time to meet the invitation which so chronically fills
All the bills, bills, bills, bills,"
Prompts our glaring and our swearing at the bills.

Dash that fellow with the bills!
Olden bills!
What a world of happiness their cursed coming kills!
And from morning until night
How they check a man's delight
With demands for gold and notes:
Payment for shoon,
Meat and drink and coal and coats;
While they nearly all desire their pounds and groats
Very soon!

Oh, the girls' astounding frills!
Oh, the rare old sherry which papa at moments swills!
And the pills for the ills.
Thence resulting! it all fills
Up the avalanche which chills
Us, the starters and the martyrs
Of the bills, bills, bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills—
Of the pining and the whining of the bills!

Hear the checking of the bills,
Bothering bills!
What a lot of bitter spite their tedious tale distils!
In the silence of the night
How we plot to "fly a kite,"
To avoid the mocdy menace of their tone!
For their only antidote
To the check in every note
Is a loan.

And the people—hang the people!—
They would call from every steeple
How your payments you postpone.
And in calling, calling, calling
Oft enough to make them blown,
Proves they glory in appalling
Men whose debts are all they own
Be they man or be they woman,
They are certainly less human
Than like ghouls;
And their king is he who rolls
Most people into holes,
Bowls
Men over with his bills!
And his merry bosom fills
With delight at leaving bills;
And he dances and he trills,
Saying, "Time, time, time,
To pay up your pound and dime—
Pay the figure of the bills,
Of the bills."

Saying, "Time, time, time!
Owing money is a crime;
It is robbing to have bills,
To have bills, bills, bills;
It is shocking to have bills!'
Saying, "Time, time, time!"
As he trills, trills, trills,
To the growing of the bills—
Of the bills, bills, bills,
To the growing of the bills—
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills—
To our groaning and our moaning o'er the bills.

Funny Folks, January 25, 1879.

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The Hose.

Hear the ballad of the hose—
Striped hose.
What a blissful wealth of plumpness they tenderly enclose!
Naught you'll find in ancient story
Like those shapely symmetries.
Solomon, in all his glory,
Was not arrayed in one of these
Dainty hose, hose, hose.
Nothing can compare with those
Striped with the crimson color of the fragrant-scented rose.
Oh! those hose, hose, hose, hose,
Hose, hose, hose—
Those softly rounded, garter-bounded hose.

There's a charm about those hose—
Silken hose—
Which, from an æsthetic standpoint, admiration will impose!
And whene'er we chance to spy them,
Then they seem our sole "Utopias,"
And we feel we'd like to buy them—
Buy them filled, like Cornucopias—
Saucy hose, hose, hose.
And the beauty they disclose—
How the eye of the beholder in entranced rapture glows
On those hose, hose, hose, hose,
Hose, hose, hose—
Those grace-enveloped, full-developed hose.

You, by chance, may see those hose—
Well-filled hose—
Peeping from the mystic meshes of a labyrinth of clothes.
Damsels dark and damsels fair,
Each, mayhaps, displays a pair
Of deftly-woven, parti-colored stockings, which more winsomely allure
By the floral garniture
Of their clockings.
But the people—ah! the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
Far from those:
'Mid the clanging and the rumble
Of the bells—they never "tumble"
To the hose.
At that lofty elevation,
They maintain their equipose,
Suffering not the excitation
Consequent on seeing those
Shapely hose, hose, hose—
White as winter's snows,
Save the stripes, so richly tinted with the blushes of the rose,
Are the hose, hose, hose, hose—
Those hose, hose—
Are the fascinating, aggravating hose. Lutin.

Puck, (New York), May 21, 1879.

—:o:—

The Bills.

(An apology for which Punch is proud to owe to Edgar Poe.)

I.

See the ever-swelling bills—
Heavy bills!
What a world of botherment Sir Stafford's bosom fills!
How they tumble, tumble, tumble
In, to his extreme affright!
While the nation 'gins to grumble
At the wild financial jumble,
To the Liberals' delight.
E'en the *Times*, *Times*, *Times*,
Hints at economic crimes
In the quick accumulation that the world with wonder fills,
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills,—
The growing and o'erflowing of the bills.

II

See the Military bills—
Bouncing bills!
How their growth the Chancellor's optimism chills!
For each little local fight,
Afghan, Zulu, what a sight
Of cash, in gold or notes,
Must come soon!
What triumphant mockery floats
From the Radical, who capers while he gloats
O'er the tune,
The pretty tune to which
The Nation, racked though rich,
Will have to pay the piper from its coffers and its tills,
For the bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills,
The ne'er ceasing increasing of the bills!

III.

See the long Imperial bills—
Bloated bills!
How their swoln proportions hint of choking bolus pills
For John Bull, who, at the sight,
Stares and stammers with affright!
Too much horrified to reckon
All the burdens piled his neck on
By the lune,
The mad hallucination which his fancy did inspire,
The wild and weak ambition, which his foolish brain did fire,
To soar higher, higher, higher,
With a lunatic desire,
And an imbecile endeavour
Now, now to swell, or never,
To Imperial plenilune!
Oh the bills, bills, bills!
What a tale their tottle fills!
Hard to bear!
How they mount to more and more!
What a cold, cold *douche* they pour
On the folly of the frantic Jingo scare!
Yet our pockets fully know,
By the waxing
Of the taxing,
How they flow, and flow, and flow;
Yet the ear that daily fills
With the wrangling,
And the jangling
Of the rival Party quills,
Knows how the Country chills,
At the swelling beyond telling in the number of the bills—
Of the bills—
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills,
The mounting past all counting of the bills!

Punch, Oct. 25, 1879.

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BILLS.

(SCENE.—Paterfamilias discovered in the act of looking through his morning's letters.)

I.

HERE'S the postman with his bills—
Christmas bills!
What a world of coming trouble their very sight instils!
How they worry, worry, worry,
In their envelopes of blue!
Whilst though I conceal my flurry,
I am really in a hurry,
To break open and review
The long lines, lines, lines,
Of fours and noughts, and nines,
And the terrifying total—which, as it is, my heart so thrills—
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills—
Oh, the flurry and the worry of the bills!

II.

Here are two most lengthy bills—
Bonnet bills!
What a world of foolish details, to be sure, their columns fills!
Here are bonnets for all weathers,
Trimm'd with birds, and flowers, and feathers'
Tulle diaphanous that floats—
Each new device!
Gold-tipp'd grasses, silver oats,
Birds have yielded up their plumage, beasts their coats,—
At a price,
Which is down in Madame's bills.
(Three guineas! only fancy for a wreath of daffodils!)
Why it chills,
And it thrills,
And a lesson new instils,
Does the wicked waste that fills,
And makes bigger every figure
Of those shameful bonnet bills!
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills—
These increasing and ne'er ceasing
Bonnet bills!

III.

Here are more alarming bills—
Butcher's bills!
What a tale their total tells of the worst of household ills!
How the figures seem to glare,
And to tell one everywhere
Of bones weighed out as meat,
Of triumphant plans to cheat
In their bills.
In their bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills—
Change the prices and devices of their bills.

IV.

Here are countless other bills—
Sundry bills!
Of which the reckoning up is like climbing up high hills!
Now I tremble with affright
On my lawyer's to alight,
With its endless six and eightpences
All shown;
And the doctors, though one line,
To bad language doth incline,
Or a groan;
Whilst the tailor—oh, the tailor!
Was he ever found to fail, or
Ever known
Not to pile up useless details
In the manner to him prone;
"Fancy twill'd," and "double mill'd,'
"Blue Elysian," "braided," "drill'd,'
Till each garment that he retails
Is described in terms high flown.
Then there are bills, of course,
Sent by tradesmen, who, perforce,—
(Without doubt);
Of American sirloins sold as Scotch beef superfine,
Of suet charged but never sent, of fat skewer'd on the chine;
Of rump steak at one-and-nine,
And of "rounds" so steep'd in brine,
That, spite resolute endeavour,
One could eat it never, never!
Nor anyhow the salt boil out.
Oh these bills, bills, bills,
Writ with skewers 'stead of quills—
They recall
Prices always going higher,
Though at Newgate 'twould transpire
Often meat had had a most decided fall.

Yes, there's scarce a line that shows
Joints overweighted,
Price o'erstated,
As one by experience knows.
Yet the whole with hope one fills,
Co-operation
Through the nation
Soon will empty butchers' tills;
Or at least bring down the prices they are charging in their bills—
With under-dash—
Must make up *by Tuesday week*
Such a sum; so from you seek
Cash!
To assist them with *their* bills,
And here, too, like bitter pills,
Come the long-forgotten bills—

Accounts one fancied settled,
Till by them newly nettled,
All the air with cries one fills,
Making moan, moan, moan,
In a muffled monotone,
At the checking of the bills—
Of the bills!
Making moan, moan, moan,
In the same old monotone,
At the reckoning of the bills!

Of the bills, bills, bills,
At the checking, the reck'ning of the bills.
With a deep and final groan,
At the bother of the bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills,
At the pother of the bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
At the bother, and the pother of the bills.

Truth, January 8, 1880.

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THE BELLS.*

HEAR a voice announcing IRVING in *The Bells*—sledge's bells!
What a scene of wild excitement the advertisement foretells!
See the rush upon the pay-hole—
People stand a night and day whole
To secure a little corner for *The Bells!*
To look ghastly pale and shudder, every man and every "brudder"
Feels that nothing can be equal to *The Bells!*
Bells! *Bells!* *Bells!* *Bells!*
Too horrified to cheer,
Folk will testify by fear
How appalled they are by IRVING in *The Bells;*
While great beads of perspiration will appear,
For in conscience-stricken terrors he excels!
Gloomy *Bells!*
Pit and gallery will glory in the weird and frightful story,
Which may even thrill the bosom of the swells,
For every Yankee "dude"
Unquestionably should
Have nightmare after witnessing *The Bells!*
Will our cousins all go frantic from Pacific to Atlantic, or condemn as childish antic
IRVING'S dancing, and his gasping, and his yells!
There's a certain admiration which the strange impersonation
Still compels,
E'en from those who can't see beauty in *The Bells*—
In the play that Mr. LEWIS calls *The Bells!*
Wondrous *Bells!*
You first made HENRY famous, so the stage historian tells,
Will the scene be now repeated which in London always greeted
His performance of Mathias in *The Bells?*
Or will every sneering Yankee,
In his nasal tones, say "Thankee,
I guess this is just another of your mighty British 'sells?'"
Let the thought for ever perish, that the actor whom we cherish
Could fail to lick creation in *The Bells!*
But if there are detractors
Of this foremost of our actors,
Of the gentlemanly IRVING—friend of TOOLE'S—
"They are neither man nor woman, they are neither brute nor human,"
They are fools!

Judy, October 24, 1883.

—:o:—

The following verses, in imitation of POE, are quoted from a little work entitled "Original Readings and Recitations," by W. A. Eaton, published by H. Vickers, Strand. Mr. Eaton is a well-known Temperance Advocate, and the author of many pathetic poems admirably adapted for public Recitations :—

THE VOICE OF THE BELLS.

I love the sound of bells
At evening, when the sun
To the tired labourer tells
His hard day's work is done.
I love to hear,
So soft and clear,
Their notes go sailing o'er mount and mere.
Bells, softly chime
Your sweet, low rhyme.
Ring on, still ring.
While softly the shadows creep,
Over the folded sheep.
The day is done;
Down goes the sun,
And Silence opens the gates of Sleep.

I love the sound of bells
On a glorious summer morn,
When ev'ry note that swells
Tells of a joy new born.
The wedding note
Doth lightly float,
Gaily o'er hill and dale,
Merrily, cherrily,
Madly, gladly,
Telling of joys that will never fail.
Bells, bells, bells!
Hark how their music swells!
How it floats along,
Like a glorious song!
Bells, bells, bells, bells!
Oh, teach me the joy that your glad music tells.

I love to hear the bell
That is rung for a passing soul,
As, solemnly over the dell,
Its mournful boomings roll.
Toll, toll, toll,
For a passing soul;
While the mourners tramp
Through the graveyard damp.
Toll, toll, toll!
Boom, boom, boom!
Over an open tomb.
With a voice of terrible gloom,
(Toll, toll, toll,)
As long as the ages roll,
Thou wilt tell men of their doom.
But yet I love thee well,
Thou mournful, chiming bell;
For who shall say,
While thou dost toll,
What glorious chimes
And echoing rhymes
Will welcome to heaven the new born soul?

* * * * *

—:o:—

THE BILLS.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE GENTLE READER.

HARK! the postman! he brings Bills!
Christmas Bills!!
What a world of torment now my bosom fills!
How they trouble, trouble, trouble,
All the merry Christmas time,
While a woe unfathomable
Seems to bubble, bubble, bubble
In my mind and mars the merry Christmas chime.
For they come, come, come,
In a multiplying sum,
Admitting no evasion of their ills;
Oh the Bills! Bills!! Bills!!! Bills!!!!
Bills!!!!! Bills!!!!!! Bills!!!!!!!
Oh, the torment and the torture of the Bills!

* It was announced that Mr. IRVING intended to make his first appearance in New York in his celebrated part of *Mathias* in "The Bells."

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Hang those Bills !
Christmas Bills ! !
For their presence all our Christmas joy dispels ;
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone !
And every note that floats
From our dry and dusty throats
Is a groan ;
And we wish we were the people
Who dwell up in a steeple—
Happy people !
All alone !
And who, toiling, toiling, toiling
For their creditors' despoiling,
Find it easy all cash payments to postpone,
And find pleasure in the spoiling,
In the spoiling and the moiling,
In the spoiling of a bailiff with a stone.
They are scarcely man and woman,
They are almost superhuman—
They are kings,
And like kings can sit and sing,
While they fling, fling, fling,
Fling rocks upon their duns ;
While each dun gets up and runs
For his pistols and his guns,
And he dances and he groans,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a strange spasmodic rhyme,
To the volley of big stones,
Of big stones ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a ghastly sort of rhyme,
To the volleying of the stones,
Of the stones, stones, stones,
To the volley of the jolly big stones.
Keeping time, time, time,
While he yells, yells, yells,
In a wild galvanic rhyme,
For the payment of his bills,
Of his Bills ! Bills ! ! Bills ! ! ! Bills ! ! ! !
Bills ! ! ! ! ! Bills ! ! ! ! ! ! Bills ! ! ! ! ! ! !
For the instant liquidation of his Bills !

Free Press Flashes, 1883.

——:o:——

O ! THE HAMMERS.

O ! the hammers, hammers, hammers,
Clanging hammers ;
How they beat, how they chime,
With a joyous music time,
Soul-inspiring, never tiring
To the ear ;
O'er the waters of the Tyne
Rolls the melody divine
Loud and clear ;
And the toilers, strong and grim,
Glory in the sounding hymn,
For they know that each blow
Keeps the homely hearth aglow ;
So they hammer, hammer, hammer,
And the far-resounding clamour
Gives them cheer.

O ! the hammers, hammers, hammers,
Throbbing hammers,
How they leap, how they skip,
O'er the bosom of the ship,
Ever beating and repeating
Labour's lay ;
Hark ! they tell of human might,
With an echoing delight,
All the day ;
O ! the battle must be won,
And the toiling must be done,
For the strife of each life
Is for children and for wife ;
So they hammer, hammer, hammer,
And the wild, sonorous clamour
Is their stay.

From "Poems and Songs," by WILLIAM ALLAN.—Simpkin Marshall & Co., London, 1883.

——:o:——

REMINISCENCES OF SUMMER.

SEE the frog, the slimy, green frog,
Dozing away on that old rotten log ;
Seriously wondering
What caused the sundering
Of the tail that he wore when a wee pollywog.

See the boy, the freckled schoolboy,
Famed for cussedness, free from alloy ;
Watching the frog
Perched on the log,
With feelings akin to tumultuous joy.

See the rock, the hard, flinty rock,
Which the freckled-faced boy at the frog doth sock ;
Conscious he's sinning,
Yet gleefully grinning
At the likely result of its terrific shock.

See the grass, the treacherous grass,
Slip from beneath his feet ! Alas,
Into the mud
With a dull thud
He falls, and rises a slimy mass.

Now, see the frog, the hilarious frog,
Dancing a jig on his old rotten log ;
Applying his toes
To his broad, blunt nose
As he laughs at the boy stuck fast in the bog.

* * * * * *

Look at the switch, the hickory switch,
Waiting to make that schoolboy twitch ;
When his mother knows
The state of his clothes
Won't he raise his voice to its highest pitch.

Free Press Flashes, 1883.

——:o:——

THAT AMATEUR FLUTE.

HEAR the fluter with his flute—
Silver flute !
Oh, what a world of wailing is awakened by its toot !
How it demi-semi quavers
On the maddened air of night !
And defieth all endeavours
To escape the sound or sight
Of the flute, flute, flute,
With its tootle, tootle, toot—
With reiterated tooteling of exasperating toots,
The long protracted tootelings of agonising toots,
Of the flute, flute, flute, flute,
Flute, flute, flute,
And the wheezings and the spittings of its toots.

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Should he get that other flute—
Golden flute—
Oh, what a deeper anguish will its presence institoot!
How his eyes to heaven he'll raise,
As he plays,
All the days!
How he'll stop us on our ways
With its praise!
And the people—oh, the people,
That don't live up in the steeple,
But inhabit Christian parlours
Where he visiteth and plays—
Where he plays, plays, plays—
In the cruellest of ways,
And thinks we ought to listen,
And expects us to be mute,
Who would rather have the earache
Than the music of his flute,
Of his flute, flute, flute,
And the tootings of his toot,
Of the toots wherewith he tooteleth its agonising toot,
Of the flute, flewt, fluit, floot,
Phlute, phlewt, phlewght,
And the tootle, tootle, tooting of its toot.

American Paper.

——:o:——

THE OFFICE BOY'S MOTHER IN AMERICA.

"Bells, bells, bells, bells, bells!"
How their clashing, and their clanging, all thought of peace dispels!
Oh, well might EDGAR ALLAN POE—or any other poet, born in American clime—
Adopt the bells, the ceaseless bells, as subject for his rhyme.
From early morn, till dewy eve, their clamour resounds loud and long,
The railway train as it puffs and clatters through the streets, proclaims its passage with "ding, dong! ding, dong!"
The matutinal milkman tinkle tinkles on his way,
And the vegetable vendor tintinabulates "ting-a-ring! ting-a-ring!"—enough to drive one mad, as a body may say.
The steamboat bell resounds, as if summoning the nation to its doom,
And from chapel, church, and schoolhouse—at all hours—echoes forth the solemn "boom, boom, boom!"
And at any time—day or night—just as it were—to fill up the blank,
The fire-engine rushes through the streets, with its quick, sharp, metallic, warning voice, "Clank—clank—clank—clank!"
It ain't till you've lived in an American city that you learn how it was they came to dub
The oh-no-we-never-mention-him with the name of *Bells*-ebub!

* * * * *

Judy, January 14, 1885.

BISAKEL.

'ISRAFEL," BY POE, RECAST FOR A NEW ROLL.

The angel Bisakel, whose wings are wheels, has the fleetest pace of all God's creatures.—*Koran.*

In heaven a spirit doth dwel
Whose great wing is a wheel,
None fly so wildly well
As the angel Bisakel,

And the giddy stars, so legends say,
Slowing their course, attend the play
Of his wondrous heel.

Maturing her age
In her highest noon,
The enamelled moon
Reddens with rage,
And to witness, with misgivin',
(With the nautic Pleiads even,
More than seven.)
Pauses in heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other gossiping things)
That Bisakeli's fire
Is owing to that tire
O'er which he sits and slings
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual wings.

But surely that angel trod
Treadles amazing flighty;
And, for a grown-up god,
Their bicycling Houris' are
His rivals—Aphrodite
Transports faster than a star!

The ecstasies he took
With such company to deal—
His leg and style, his pure caoutchouc,
With the fervour of his wheel—
Well may the stars go reel!

We say thou art not wrong,
Bisakeli, who despisest
Feathers and psalming song;
Bloom thou the laurels among,
Best angel and the wisest,—
Merrily live, and long!

Ah, heaven is his'n, indeed—
This world is sweets *and* sours;
Our powers are puny powers,
And the slowest of his perfect speed
Is the swiftest of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Bisakel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not spin so wildly well
Our mortal wheelery,
While a better song than now might swell
From my lyre within the sky—
But—how is this "for *high*"?

Lyra Bicyclica, By J. G. DALTON, Boston, 1880.

——:o:——

THE STEED OF FIRE.

From Poe's "Eldorado"—Fabled Golden made true steel.

SOBERLY dight,
A modern knight,
Upon a hack of hire
Had journeyed long
Singing a song
In search of a steed of fire.

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But he grew old,
This knight, tho' bold,
With o'er his heart a dire
Dump as he found
Nothing around
That looked like a steed of fire

And as his strength
Waned, he at length
Met a bicycling flyer:
"Flyer," said he,
"What! can it be—
Can this be the steed of fire?"

"Upon this mount
We surely count,
'Tis all you can desire;
Ride, boldly ride,"
Cycler replied,
"If you seek for a steed of fire!"

He dried his tears,—
And shed his years,
All on the windy wire,
And sweeps along
Singing much song
In praise of the steed of fire.

Lyra Bicyclica, By J. G. DALTON, Boston, Hodges & Co., 1880.

——.o:——

THE RAVEN.

Scene—Study in Chief Secretary's Lodge, Phœnix Park.
**G.O.T. loquitor*—

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary
Over two delightful volumes rich in biographic lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis the footman with the tumblers, tapping at my chamber door—
Only that and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak November;
Wrought each separate dying ember, Gladstone's nose upon the floor,
Terror-struck I feared the morrow; vainly had I sought to borrow
From those books surcease of sorrow; agony perhaps in store!
If those students, sons of Gladstone, failed to top Sir Stafford's score!
Name it not for evermore.

Open then I flung the portal, when, with impudence immortal,
In there stepped a stately Raven of old Buckshot's† days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he,
But as cool as Joseph Brady, perched upon my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Bradlaugh just above my chamber door—
Perched and spat, and nothing more.

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil, prophet still, Parnell, or devil,
Whether Gladstone or young Herbert sent or brought thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this island disenchanted,
In this home by horror haunted, tell me truly, I implore,
Shall I, shall I poll as many as did Roseberry before?"
Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil, prophet still, Churchhill or devil,
By that bust that scowls beneath thee, by that God he don't adore,
Tell this soul with terror haunted, tell this Secretary daunted,
Of the triumphs which we've vaunted, of the victory in store,
Shall the newsboys shout to-morrow how I've topped Sir Stafford's score?"
Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

ANONYMOUS.

Received from Edinburgh, March 12, 1885.

* The Right Hon. George Otto Trevelyan, M.P., Author of a Biography of Lord Macaulay.

† A nick-name applied to the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., by the Home Rulers.

——:o:——

THE RAVEN.

The London correspondent of the *Western Morning News*, says:—"Speaking of poetry re-calls a very curious circumstance that has recently been talked about, and which is probably new to most readers. Everyone has read or heard that wonderful poem of Edgar Poe's—'The Raven'—and probably most of those who have read it know also of that very singular essay in which the poet explains the manner in which the poem was composed. He tells them how he came to make choice of the particular metre, how the burden suggested itself to his mind, how the last verse was written first and the others to lead gradually up to it, with a variety of minute and particular details, all tending to shew its originality. The whole of this essay turns out to be as ingenious a fiction as any o the 'tales of mystery' with which it is usually bound up. Poe's sole accomplishment was a minute and accurate acquaintance with Oriental languages, and this he turned to account by translating almost literally the poem of 'The Raven' from the Persian. The translation is so minute and accurate that even the cadences are preserved throughout, while the curious repetition of rhymes by which it is distinguished is equally characteristic of the work of the Persian poet. As a singular specimen of a literary imposture such a matter as this deserves notice. The discovery is due to the well-known eastern traveller, Mr. Lang, formerly of the Bombay service, and has since been corroborated, I hear, by some of the most celebrated Orientalists in England."—*The Daily Review*, Edinburgh, August 18, 1864.

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SPIRITUAL POEMS.

A VERY curious feature of the modern American press has been the rapid growth of so-called Spiritual literature. Those who are incredulous in regard to these Spiritual manifestations simply assert that a poetical medium is one, who not having sufficient genius and originality to make a name and a place in literature for himself, falls back on the trick of imitating the style of some deceased popular author, and proclaims his (often stupid) Parody the veritable production of the spirit of the author imitated. Perhaps it is owing to the known partiality entertained by Edgar A. Poe for alcohol during his lifetime, or it may be due to the ease with which his style of versification may be imitated, that his spirit has been so often invoked, and his name so frequently used by the Spiritualists.

Without attempting to discuss the mode in which these poems have been given to the world, it will be quite sufficient to quote a few, and these of the very best, to show that Poe's Spirit has not produced anything at all equal in quality to the poems written by Poe whilst he was still in the flesh. Power, freshness, and originality they seem to lack entirely, but the quantity is superabundant; the chief difficulty in making a selection that shall be at once illustrative and interesting, is to avoid making it too voluminous, Few, indeed, of these poems possess the attributes of Poe's style,—his luxurious reiteration of thought in similar lines,—his musical alliteration—his exquisite sense of rhyme. Here and there occurs a slight assumption of the mystical, but it is mere obscurity without suggestiveness. It is asserted that most of these Spiritual Poems were taken down from the lips of persons whilst in a state of trance.

One of the earliest Spirit Poems was said to be dictated through the medium of Mrs. LYDIA TENNEY, of George Town, Mass., U.S.A., and was triumphantly claimed as a proof that Poe's Spirit had written a poem. Mr. William Sawyer utterly demolished this poem in an article in the *Brighton Herald*, and as it does not possess any resemblance to Poe's style, it would be out of place here.

The first Spirit poem to be quoted is a sequel to "The Raven," by a certain R. ALLSTON LAVENDER, who asserted that it was dictated to him by the spirit of E. A. Poe. When last heard of Mr. Lavender was an inmate of a lunatic asylum in the United States.

SEQUEL TO THE RAVEN.

FIRES within my brain were burning,
Scorning life, despairing, yearning,
Hopeless, blinded in my anguish;
Through my body's open door
Came a Raven, foul and sable,
Like those evil birds of fable,
Downward swooping where the drooping
Spectres haunt the Stygian shore.

Ghosts of agonies departed,
Festering wounds that long had smarted,
Broken vows, returnless mornings,
Griefs and miseries of yore;
By some art revived, undaunted,
I gazed steadfast: the enchanted,
Black, infernal Raven uttered
A wild dirge—not evermore,

Gazing steady, gazing madly
On the bird, I spoke, and sadly
Broke down, too deep for scorning,
Sought for mercy to implore.
Turning to the bird, I blessed it—
In my bosom I caressed it;
Still it pierced my heart, and revelled
In the palpitating gore.

I grew mad; the crowning fancies,
Black weeds they—not blooming pansies—
Made me think the bird a spirit.
Bird, I cried, be bird no more;
Take a shape—be man, be devil,
Be a snake; rise in thy revel!
From thy banquet rise—be human!
I have seen thee oft before;
Thou art a bird, but something more."

* * * * *

Oh! thou huge, infernal Raven,
Image that Hell's King hath graven,
Image growing more gigantic,
Nursed beyond the Stygian shore,
Leave me, leave me, I beseech thee,
I would not of wrong impeach thee;
I cried madly, then earth opened
With a brazen earthquake roar.

Downward, downward, circling, speedi ,
Cries of anguish still unheeding,
Striking through me with his talons,
Still the Raven shape he bore;
Unto Erebus we drifted,
His huge wings by thunder lifted,
Beat 'gainst drifts of white-flamed lightning,
Sprinkled red with human gore—
'Twas a bird, but demon more.

* * * * *

Then I wakened, if to waken
Be to dwell by grief forsaken
With the God who dwelt with angels
In the shining age of yore.
And I stood sublime, victorious,
While below lay earth with glorious
Realms of angels shining,
Crown-like on her temples evermore,
Not an Earth, an Eden more.

Earth, I cried, thy clouds are shadows
From the Asphodelian meadows
Of the sky-world floating downward,
Early rains that from them pour;
Love's own heaven thy mother bore thee,
And the Father God bends o'er thee,
'Tis His hand that crowns thy forehead:
Thou shalt live forever more,
Not on Earth, in Eden more.

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As a gem hath many gleamings,
And a day hath many beamings,
And a garden many roses
Thrilled with sweetness to the core;
So the soul hath many ages,
And the life's book many pages,
But the heart's great gospel opens
Where the Seraphims adore,
Not on Earth, an Eden more.

There are in all sixteen verses in this imitation. The next example is one of the numerous poems delivered by Miss LIZZIE DOTEN (a spiritual trance speaker) whilst supposed to be under the influence of the spirit of EDGAR A. POE.

A GRAND POEM.

FROM the throne of life eternal,
From the home of love supernal,
Where the angels make music o'er the starry floor,
Mortals, I have come to meet you,
And with words of peace to greet you,
And to tell you of the glory that is mine forevermore.

Once before, I found a mortal
Waiting at the heavenly portal—
Waiting out to catch some echo from that ever-opening door;
Then I seized this quickened being,
And through all his inward seeing,
Caused my burning inspiration in a fiery flood to pour.

Now I come more meekly human,
And the weak lips of a woman,
Touched with fire from off the altar, not with burning, as of yore,
But in holy love descending,
With her chastened being blending,
I will fill your soul with music from the bright celestial shore.

As one heart yearns for another,
As a child turns to its mother,
From the golden gates of glory, turn I to the earth once more;
Where I drained the cup of sadness,
Where my soul was stung to madness,
And life's bitter, burning billows swept my burdened being o'er.

Here the harpies and the ravens,
Human vampires, sordid cravens,
Preyed upon my soul and substance, till I writhed in anger sore;
Life and I then seemed mismated,
For I felt accursed and fated,
Like a restless, wrathful spirit, wandering the Stygian shore.

Tortured by a nameless yearning,
Like a fire-frost, freezing, burning,
Did the purple, pulsing life-tide through its feeble channels pour;
Till the golden bowl, life's token,
Into shining shards was broken,
And my chained and chafing spirit let from out its prison door.

But, whilst living, stirring, dying,
Never did my spirit cease crying:
"Ye who guide the fates and furies, give, oh! give me, I implore—
From the myriad host of nations,
From the countless constellations,
One pure spirit that can love me—one that I, too, can adore."

Through this fervent aspiration
Found my fainting soul salvation;
Far from out its blackened fire quick did my spirit soar,
And my beautiful ideal,
Not too saintly to be real,
Burst more brightly on my vision than the fancy formed Lenore.

'Mid the surging sea she found me,
With the billows breaking round me,
And my saddened, sinking spirit in her arms of love upbore;
Like a lone one, weak and weary,
Wandering in the mid-night dreary,
On her sinless, saintly bosom, brought me to the heavenly shore.

Like the breath of blossoms blending,
Like the prayers of saints ascending,
Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, blend on souls forevermore;
Earthly lust and lore enslaved me,
But divinest love hath saved me,
And I know now, first and only, how to live and how to adore.

O, my mortal friends and brothers!
We are each and all another's,
And the soul which gives most freely from its treasures hath the more.
Would you lose life, you must find it,
And in giving love you bind it,
Like an amulet of safety to your heart for evermore.

BALTIMORE, August, 1872.

IN a volume entitled *Poems of the Inner Life* written by the same lady, and published by Colby and Rich, of Boston, U.S.A., there is a long imitation of "Ulalume," from which the following verses may be quoted:—

THE KINGDOM.

'TWAS the ominous month of October—
How the memories rise in my soul!
How they swell like a sea in my soul!—
When a spirit, sad, silent, and sober,
Whose glance was a word of control,
Drew me down to the dark Lake Avernus,
In the desolate Kingdom of Death—
To the mist-covered Lake of Avernus,
In the ghoul-haunted Kingdom of Death.

And there, as I shivered and waited,
I talked with the souls of the dead—
With those whom the living call dead;
The lawless, the lone, and the hated,
Who broke from their bondage and fled—
From madness and misery fled.

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Each word was a burning eruption
That leapt from a crater of flame,
A red, lava-tide of corruption,
That out of life's sediment came,
From the scoriac natures God gave them,
Compounded of glory and shame.

"Aboard!" cries our pilot and leader;
Then wildly we rush to embark,
We recklessly rush to embark;
And forth in our ghostly Ellida*
We swept in the silence and dark—
Oh God! on that black Lake Avernus,
Where vampires drink even the breath
On that terrible Lake of Avernus,
Leading down to the whirlpool of Death!

It was there the Eumenides † found us
In sight of no shelter or shore—
No beacon or light from the shore.
They lashed up the white waves around us,
We sank in the waters' wild roar;
But not to the regions infernal,
Through billows of sulphurous flame,
But unto the City Eternal,
The Home of the Blessed, we came.

To the gate of the Beautiful City,
All fainting and weary we pressed,
Impatient and hopeful we pressed.
"O, Heart of the Holy, take pity,
And welcome us home to our rest!
Pursued by the Fates and the Furies,
In darkness and danger we fled—
From the pitiless Fates and Furies,
Through the desolate realms of the Dead.'

* * * * *

Like the song of a bird that yet lingers,
When the wide-wandering warbler has flown;
Like the wind-harp by Eolus blown,
As if touched by the lightest of fingers,
The portal wide open was thrown;
And we saw not the holy Saint Peter,
Not even an angel of light,
But a vision far dearer and sweeter,
Not as brilliant nor blindingly bright,
But marvellous unto the sight!

In the midst of the mystical splendour,
Stood a beautiful, beautiful child—
A golden-haired, azure-eyed child,
With a look that was touching and tender,
She stretched out her white hand and smiled:
"Ay, welcome, thrice welcome, poor mortals,
O, why do ye linger and wait?
Come fearlessly in at these portals—
No warder keeps watch at the gate!"

* * * * *

* The dragon-ship of the Norse mythology.
† The Fates and Furies.

Then out from the mystical splendour,
The swift-changing, crystalline light,
The rainbow-hued, scintillant light,
Gleamed faces more touching and tender
Than ever had greeted our sight—
Our sin-blinded, death-darkened sight;

And they sang: "Welcome home to the Kingdom,
Ye earth-born and serpent-beguiled;
The Lord is the light of this Kingdom,
And His temple the heart of a child—
Of a trustful and teachable child.
Ye are born to the life of the Kingdom—
Receive, and believe, as a child."

ANOTHER long poem, entitled "Farewell to Earth," was delivered by Miss LIZZIE DOTEN at the conclusion of a Lecture at Clinton Hall, New York; it purported to be E. A. POE's final "Fare well to this World." It was printed in Number 2 of *Inspirational Poems*, and published by F. N. Broderick, 1, St. Thomas's Square, Ryde, Isle of Wight, for the small price of one penny; alas! it was dear at that. But the culmination of absurdity is to be found in a book entitled *Improvisations from the Spirit*, published in London in 1857. This ridiculous work was the production of Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson, a rather well known character in St. John's Wood about thirty years ago. If we are to credit this author, the 400 closely printed pages of this curious jumble of clerical cant terms, spiritualism, and Swedenborgianism, were written under a kind of inspiration. Since August 1857 the inspired volume had rested undisturbed on the library shelves of the British Museum, nor had any sacrilegious paperknife disturbed its uncut edges until the Editor of *Parodies* assailed them. And there he found an "Imitation of E. A. Poe," a mad kind of poem, a dribbling in rhyme, of which one verse will surely be sufficient for even the most spiritualistic reader:—

And that his feet were gaining
Strange features from below;
And that his toes were raining
Toe-nails upon his brow:
And that his heart and liver
Were shuffling in their seats;
And that he heard them quiver
And saw their anxious heats.

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POT-POURRI.

In the library of the British Museum there is a small octavo pamphlet of 24 pages, entitled "Pot-Pourri." It was apparently printed for private circulation only. The author's name is not given, but it bears the imprint, "Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by ABEL REID, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington." "S. W. GREEN, Printer and Electrotyper, 16 & 18, Jacob St., New York." The eleven poems it contains are all parodies of Poe's writings, as the titles sufficiently indicate. Indeed many of the lines are taken bodily, and without the slightest acknowledgement, from Poe himself, whilst the stanzas, entitled, "Part of an Unfinished Ghoul-Poem," in "Poetic Fragments," were written by Poe, and intended by him to form the conclusion of "Ulalume." He had, however, suppressed these lines at the request of Mrs. Whitman, the lady to whom he was engaged to be married, when his career was cut short by his miserable excesses. The author of "Pot-Pourri," though evidently an admirer of the genius of Poe, utters a protest against the excessive hero-worship of some American critics; but it is a pity that he was not himself more candid and ingenuous in his treatment of the dead poet's works. The following is an exact reprint of this scarce pamphlet; to facilitate comparison with the originals, a few stanzas from Poe's poems are quoted at the foot of several of the parodies.

POT-POURRI.

THE RUINED PALACE.
DREAM-MERE.
ISRAFIDDLESTRINGS.
THE GHOULS IN THE BELFRY.
HULLALOO.
TO ANY.
HANNIBAL LEIGH.
RAVING.
THE MONSTER MAGGOT.
POETIC FRAGMENTS.
UNDER-LINES.

—o—

* THE RUINED PALACE.

In a green depth, like a chalice,
  By most sweet flowers tenanted,
Stood a fair and stately palace.
  There a poet-soul—now dead—
Lived in days in vain lamented,—
  Had lived to-day,
But was wayward—or demented,—
  Weak, or worse,—who dares to say?

For his thought was streak'd with fancies,
  To all simple truth untrue;
Bizarre, as the hues of pansies,—
  The dark shades he knew;
And he wander'd from this Aidenn:
  Wander'd, and was lost, alas!
Though his own beloved maiden
  Track'd his footsteps through the grass.

He return'd not. Devastation
  Housed in his disorder'd rooms;
On his couch lay Desolation;
  Vampyres flitted through the glooms.
By the pure white Parian fountains
  Lounged the ghouls, obscenely bare;
Never wind came from the mountains
  To refresh the stagnant air.

O'er the garden walks neglected
  Crawl'd the toad, the worm, the snail;
Droop'd the young buds unrespected:
  Loving care could not avail.
For the poet-soul, the master,
  Could alone that place
Make beautiful, and from disaster
  Free—as Aidenn—by God's grace.

When he the palace left, and garden,—
  The moment that he would depart—
  * * * *
Speech is vain, and tears but harden
  On the world's ice heart.

—:o:—

DREAM-MERE.

On a root, knobbed, gnarl'd, and lonely.
Overstruck with toadstools only,
Sits an Eidolon named NIGHT,—
On a toadstool half upright.
I have seen this sprite but newly,
And I look'd at him quite throughly,
In his ultimate dim Thulè
As he sate there half upright.
In a wild, weird clime, and singing sublime,
  Out of TUNE—out of TIME.

* THE HAUNTED PALACE.

I.

In the greenest of our valleys
  By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace,
  Radiant palace, reared its head.
In the Monarch Thought's dominion,
  It stood there;
Never seraph spread a pinion
  Over fabric half so fair!

II.

Banners—yellow, glorious, golden—
  On its roof did float and flow
(This, all this, was in the olden
  Time, long ago);
And every gentle air that dallied,
  In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
  A winged odour went away.
  * * * * *

E A. POE.

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Bottomless hollows and roaring floods,
And caves and chasms and haunted woods,
Forms that no man can discover
For the dews that drip all over;
Mountains toppling evermore
Into seas without a shore;
Shoreless seas that still aspire,
Surging to hellish heavens of fire;
Boundless lakes all lone and dead,
Where sometimes Night lies outspread
In the waters still and chilly,
With his nose in a lolling lily.

By these shoreless lakes outspread,
These lone waters, lone and dead,
These lone waters, still and chilly
(Night's nose in the lolling lily);
By these toppling crags,—no river
Murmurs near, no leaflets quiver—
All so dark and dead and chilly;
By these dank woods, by the swamp,
Where the toad and bull-frog romp;
By these dismal tarns, by the holes
Where dwell the Ghouls—
Poor damp souls!
By each corner most unjolly,
By each crevice melancholy,
By my own poetic folly—
Frenzy of poetic drift,
In an unexpected rift,
There, I swear, I met aghast
In a sheet the unmemoried Past,
In a shroud a Ghost, whose eye
Looking into vacancy
Made me shudder, start, and sigh,—
One forgotten, from thought outdriven,
I know not whether on Earth or in Heaven.

For the heart whose woes are legion
'Tis a peaceful, soothing region—
This same desert drear of Night,
Where the Eidolon sits upright
On his toadstool, or outspread,
Lies lolling on his lily-bed.—
For the spirit that likes a shadow
'Tis, O, 'tis an Eldorado,—

Though the traveller, travelling through it,
Ever fails to interview it
(No one ever openly knew it),
For its mysteries all are closed
By the darkness superposed
Of the Eidolon, who, I ween,
Wills not the formless should be seen:
And thus the sad soul that here passes
Is like a blind ass without glasses.

On his root, knobb'd, gnarl'd, and lonely,
Overstruck with toadstools only,
Squats the Eidolon named Night,
Squats in sad poetic plight.
Is there more, and would you know it?
Fix the headgear of the Poet,
Wandering God knows where, but newly
From this ultimate dim Thulè.*

—:o:—

ISRAFIDDLESTRINGS.

The Angel Israfel, whose heart strings are a fiddle.

IN heaven a Spirit doth dwell
Whose heart strings are a fiddle,
(The reason he sings so well—
This fiddler Israfel),
And the giddy stars (will anyone tell
Why giddy?) to attend his spell
Cease their hymns in the middle.

On the height of her go
Totters the Moon, and blushes
As the song of that fiddle rushes
Across her bow.
The red Lightning stands to listen,
And the eyes of the Pleiads glisten
As each of the seven puts its fist in
Its eyes, for the mist in.

And they say—it's a riddle—
That all these listening things,
That stop in the middle
For the heart strung fiddle
With which the Spirit sings,
Are held as on a griddle
By these unusual strings.

* DREAMLAND.

I.

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have reached these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thule—
From a wild weird clime that lieth sublime
Out of SPACE—out of TIME.

II.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
And chasms and caves and Titan woods,
With forms that no man can discover
For the dews that drip all over;
Mountains toppling evermore
Into seas without a shore;
Seas that restlessly aspire,
Surging into skies of fire;
Lakes that endlessly outspread
Their lone waters, lone and dead,—
Their still waters, still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily.

* * * * *

E. A. POE.

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Wherefore thou art not wrong,
Israfel! in that thou boastest
Fiddlestrings uncommon strong;
To thee the fiddle strings belong
With which thou toastest
Other hearts as on a prong.

Yes! heaven is thine, but this
Is a world of sours and sweets,—
Where cold meats are cold meats,
And the eater's most perfect bliss
Is the shadow of him who treats.

If I could griddle
As Israfiddle
Has griddled—he fiddle as I,—
He might not fiddle so wild a riddle
As this mad melody,
While the Pleiads all would leave off in the middle
Hearing my griddle-cry.*

—:o:—

THE GHOULS IN THE BELFRY.†

HEAR the story of the Ghouls!
Who will tell us of the Ghouls?
Who has been told?
Of the Ghouls, Ghouls, Ghouls,—
Who are neither man nor woman.
Who are neither beast nor human,
Who are neither fish nor cayman,—
Who will tell us, clerk or layman?
They are Ghouls;
Live in holes
Like moles
Under the boles, boles, boles
Of old trees, where the forest rolls
Of the mouldy days of old;

Or in tarns, tarns, tarns,
Dull and dismal as the yarns
Of morbific spools,—
Dank tarns and dismal pools,
There dwell the Ghouls,
With other tarn'd fowls,—
Not to say fools.

But the high tarn nation place is
The dank tarn of Auber
In the Ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.
There they sit, with their faces
Bow'd down to their knees,
At the feet of dead trees.
With the dew dropping down from their hair.
They sit there from the end of October,
To the end of the winter next year.
These are woodlandish Ghouls,
Damp, desolate souls
Who have nothing to do
But be haunting the dank tarn of Auber
Through the mildewest part of the year,
That begins at the end of October.
In the woodlandish Ghouldom of Weir.

Yes! these are the woodlandish Ghouls—
Ghouls—Ghouls—Ghouls—
With no business kind of controls—
Mere shoals.
But busier—ah! much busier polls
Have the Churchyard Ghouls,
Prowling there for the bodies of poor dead souls;
And who after supper
Take an upper
Climb to their goal in the steeple!
Where they sit, where they brood, where they heap ill
On the people undergone;
Sitting cheeks by jowls.

---

* ISRAFEL.

"And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures."—KORAN.

I.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell.
"Whose heart-strings are a lute;"
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel;
And the giddy stars (so legends tell),
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

II.

Tottering above
In her highest noon
The enamoured Moon
Blushes with love;
While to listen, the red levin
(With the the rapid Pleiades even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in heaven.

III.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings,—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

* * * * *

VII.

Yes, heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

VIII.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

E. A. POE.

† An imitation of "THE BELLS."

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Now and then they roll a stone,
Having set the bells a-tolling
In a muffled monotone,
On the people undergone.
And their King it is who tolls,
As he lolls, lolls, lolls
On his throne all carved with scrolls
In his palace in the steeple.
Where he lolls among his people!
Ah! his people who roll stones,
In muffled monotones,
On the hearts of the underfolk,
In the dead of night awoke
By the melancholy yells,
By the miserable howls,
To say nothing of the growls,
Of these Ghouls,
Of these tollers of the bells,
As they toll, toll, toll
Toll;
Toll;
Toll
A pæan from the bells:
And the merry bosom swells
Of the Ghoul-King as he tolls,
As he dances and he yells
To the throbbing of the bells
As they toll,
Toll,
Toll.

It is so the poet tells
Who has heard these Ghoulish bells;
And whose rheumy running rhyme,
Bowl'd in time, time, time,
With the throbbing and the sobbing
And the bobbing and hobnobbing
And sense-robbing of the bells,
Could alone expound their yells
For the clamor each expels,
From the loud full-hammer'd tone,
Sometime hoarsening to a groan,
Sometime worsening to a moan,
Till one bell tolls out alone
In a muffled monotone
Between murmuring and moan,—
Till the King lolled there, as shown,
On his scroll-becarven throne,
Grown weary of the yells
And the bowling of the bells
(Well! well! to be so bold)
As they moan and groan and yell
Pell-mell,
Would be fain to be unthroned,
For the pain too wholly own'd,
Untold but wholly known,
(Toll de roll!)
Of the moans, groans, yells,
As they shake the steeple stone,
And awake the undergone
(Rest his soul!)
With the tolling of their knells,
Roll'd like blood-drops from heart wells,
Misereres out of cells,
Or weird witch-moulded spells
Under fells!
The bells, bells, bells,
Whose tolling ever tells
Of Ghouls, of hells, of knells,
Told by bells, bells, bells
Bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
The unholy yelling, knelling, wholly sense dispelling,
Moaning, groaning, all-atoning,
Rolling, tolling of the bells,
Bells,
Bells.

—:o:—

Hullaloo.*

The eves were as grey as grey embers,
The leaves dirty yellow and sere,—
They were yellow, but dusky and sere;
That eve was the worst of November's,
And they are the worst of the year.
'Twas an eve that one surely remembers,
Being out in the dusk with my dear;
For the fire was gone out to weak embers;
So I went out too, with my dear.

Hear then! Through an alley Satanic—
Of hemlock, I roam'd with my love,—
Of hemlock with Sarah, my love.
O my passion was quite oceanic,
With waves like the wind in a grove,
When the wind maketh waves in a grove
And the leaves with a sort of a panic
Seem taken; I thought of the stove,
And, shivering, as if with a panic
Was taken, at thought of the stove.

Our talk at the first had been jolly,
But our words soon were slow as our walk,
Our young memories scarcely could walk;
Then we thought it was right melancholy
To be out in the dark without talk—
For we knew that we came out to talk
Still we felt in our hearts it was folly
The vast dream of silence to baulk,
Till, whispering at last, I said—Golly!
And Sarah back whisper'd me—Lawk!

* A Parody of "Ulalume."

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And now as the night was senescent,
And some roosters were hinting of morn,—
Foolish roosters then hinting of morn!—
As the night grew more old and unpleasant,
We saw in the distance a horn,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
To the sides of the road was outborne;
'Twas Sal's father's horn lanthorn there present,
The crescent distinct from the horn.

And I said—He is better than Dian;
But I wish that his light had more size,—
And the light wasn't much for its size;
He has guess'd—that's a thing to rely on—
Has father, the way our walk lies,
And he has come out like Orion,
The fellow up there in the skies,—
Yes, Sally! those stars in the skies—
Come out like another Orion
To help me take care of my prize,
To take her safe home bye-and-bye on
The pathway that fatherward lies.

But Sarah, uplifting her finger,
Said—Surely that light I mistrust,—
That lanthorn I strangely mistrust;
O hasten! O let us not linger!
O fly! let us fly! for we must.
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Voice,—O, he'll make such a dust!
In anguish she sobbed, letting sink her
Sweet voice, as if fearing a bust,—
O but father 'll kick up such a dust!

I replied—This is nothing but dreaming;
We need but keep out of the light,—
But he kept dodging us with the light;
And Sarah would soon have been screaming—
She shook like a leaf with affright,
Like a leaf, or a bird in a fright;
So I lifted her out of the gleaming,
Through a gap in the hedge, out of sight:
And her father went on, never dreaming
He left us behind in the night.

Then to pacify Sarah I kiss'd her,
And soon took her out of the gloom,—
It was getting quite cold in the gloom,
And she cried; but I said—Dear! desist, or
I never shall get you safe home.
Then we ran, and in good time got home.
Father said—How on earth have I miss'd her?
She said—I was never from home.
No, Pa! I was never from home.
I have been all the night in my room.

Now my head is as grey as an ember;
And my heart is all crisped and sere,—
Like a crisp leaf that's wither'd and sere;
And yet I am fain to remember
Above all the nights in the year—
Ah, Sally! if you were but here—
That night of all nights in the year—
Ah, Sally! if you were but here—
That cold dreamy night of November,
That night of all nights in the year,
That long ago night of November,—
The night we were out in, my dear!

—:o:—

To Any.

Thank heaven! the crisis
Of hunger is past;
And you can't guess how nice is
This little breakfast,
Now the thing call'd good living
Is come to at last.

I eat what I love
And recover my strength;
And my jaws only move
As I lie at full length.
I might sit—but I feel
I am better at length.

And I lie so composedly,
Feeding and fed,
A careless beholder
Might fancy me dead.
Not seeing my jaws work
Might fancy me dead.

The grunting and groaning,
The writhing and raving,
Are quieted now,
With that horrible craving
At stomach—that horrible
Stomachic craving.

The sickness, the faintness,
The emptiness—pain
Have ceased; and my stomach's
A stomach again,
And feels like a stomach
Not living in vain.

And oh! of all tortures
That torture the worst
Has abated,—the terrible
Torture of Thirst,
For a napthaline river
Or fusil lake burst:
I'd have drunk dirty water,
For quenching that thirst.

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Of a puddle that flows
With a smell, and no sound
From a hole but a very few
Feet underground,
Though I holded my nose
As I stoop'd to the ground.

And ah! let it never
Be foolishly said
That this my mahogany
Is not well spread!
With such victual before me
I call it a spread;
And such drink—my cosmogony
Knows nought instead.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes:
The upsetting or ever
'Twas wetting one's nose is
All over. Sweet spirit!
Thy scent in my nose is.

And now while so pleasantly
Curl'd up it fancies,
A fragranter odour
Than rue has, or pansies,—
Or even than rosemary
Mingled with pansies,—
The beautiful bourbon,
The Puritan fancies.

And so I lie happily
Drinking a many
And eating a few,
It will cost a big penny;
I don't mind the cost;
For I have not a penny.*

* * * *

Hannibal Leigh.*

It was many and many a year ago—
It seems so long to me,
That there lived in a city which you may know
A man named Hannibal Leigh;
And this man he seem'd to have nothing to do
But to drink and get drunk with me.

I was a fool and he was a fool,
In this city by the sea
For we drank and got drunk till we made it a rule
That neither should drunker be;
And we drank till we might have lesson'd a school
Of fishes, such drinkers were we.

And this was the reason that long ago
In this city by the sea
A fusilier spirit of ill distilling
Destroy'd my Hannibal Leigh.
'Twas a spirit of ill when my pal was willing
To drink for ever with me;
And some were saying it was fulfilling
A kind o' warning to me.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying him and me—
Yes! that was the reason, whatever was given
In that city by the sea,
Why the fusilier spirit came out a-killing
My still-swilling Hannibal Leigh.

But I drink all the longer and drink it more strong,
For the two, for I drink like three,—
For myself once and twice for Leigh;
And no fusil here nor in heaven along,
Nor spirit down under the sea,
Shall ever dissever our drinks to do wrong
To the spirit of Hannibal Leigh.

---

* For Annie.

I.

Thank heaven, the crisis,
The danger is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last;
And the fever called "living"
Is conquered at last.

* * *

IV.

The moaning and groaning,
The sighing and sobbing,
Are quieted now,
With that horrible throbbing
At heart—Ah, that horrible,
Horrible throbbing!

V.

The sickness, the nausea,
The pitiless pain,
Have ceased, with the fever,
That maddened my brain—
With the fever called "living,"
That burned in my brain.

VI.

And, O! of all tortures
That torture the worst
Has abated—the terrible
Torture of thirst
For the napthaline river
Of Passion accurst.
I have drunk of a water
That quenches all thirst.

* * * E. A. Poe,

* A Parody of "Annabel Lee."

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For whenever I drink I endeavour to think,
I am drinking with Hannibal Leigh;
And my hand never raise but to drink to the praise
Of my drink-Kaiser Hannibal Leigh;
And in all the night tide I hold on to the side
Of the counter, the counter where Hannibal died;
And I think that I Hannibal see
And I'm Hannibal, Hannibal's me.

——:o:——

Raving.*

Once upon a midnight, weary,
As I maundered, gin-and-beery,
O'er an oft-repeated story,
Till my friends thought me a bore—
Sitting weeping, and half sleeping,
Something set my flesh a-creeping,
And I saw a Raven peeping
Through my room's unopen'd door.
"See that Raven," said I to them,
"Trying to get through the door,—
A Black Raven—nothing more?"

Now, I was not drunk, but weary,
For my head was out-of-geary
With close study of quaint volumes,
Curious in forgotten lore;
(Though they said delirium tremens)
I'd been reading bits of Hemans,
And some leaves of Jacob Behmen's,
Two or three—perhaps a score;
And I said—"It *is* a Raven
Rampant just outside the door—
Striding through," I said—and swore,

I insisted, and I twisted,
And resisted and persisted
Though they held me and, close-fisted,
Saw no Raven at the door:
I forgot all I had read of,
For that ill bird took my head off,
Like a coffin lid of lead off
The dead brain of one no more.
Would I trust their words instead of
What I saw right through the door?
Through the door,—I said—and swore.

Yes! it is a Raven surely,
Though he does look so demurely
Like a doctor come to assure me
I am drunk: Not so,—I swore.
Drunk? I drunk? I've not been drinking;
I'm but overcome with thinking;
There I saw that Raven winking
In the middle of the floor.

Doctor! there's the Raven rampant
In the middle of the floor;
He has hopp'd straight through the door.

Look! his curst wings brush the dust off
That fallen, broken, batter'd bust of
Psyche,—where it lies in the shadow,
Shatter'd flung down on the floor.
See! he spurns the broken pieces.
Catch him, Doctor! When he ceases
He will rend me. Past release is—
Nothing! Nothing on the floor?
Yes! The Psyche lies in the shadow,
Lieth shatter'd on the floor—
To be lifted nevermore.

* * * *

——:o:——

The Monster Maggot.*

A Poet! With never a single theme
Of glory or delight;
He folds his wings for a gloomy dream
Of death, despair, bedight;
And, willing not that Beauty use
His wilderness of soul,
He chooseth, for his daintier muse
Raven or Ghoul.

And now a "Conqueror Worm" he sings,
A blood-red crawling shape,
Invisible woe from its condor wings
Out-flapping, all agape;
While angels bewing'd, bedight in veils,
Watch mumbling mimes, with tears,
In a play, where a maniac, Horror, wails
To the music of the spheres.

The play is the play of Human Woes,
Of Madness, Sin, and Death!
There is nothing else the Poet knows
God's azure sky beneath,
But Madness, Horror, and Sin
Death and Sorrow, and Wrong:
Even so doth the singer begin,
So ends his song.

"It writhes"—the Worm—"with mortal pangs
"The mimes become its food;
"And the angels sob at vermin fangs
"In human gore imbued,"
This monster terrible, formless, huge,
Means—put in plainest terms:
Our Poet needs a vermifuge.
The child's disease is *worms*.

*A Parody of "The Raven."

* A Parody of "The Conqueror Worm."

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POETIC FRAGMENTS.

PART OF AN UNFINISHED GHOUL—POEM—

SAID *we* then—the two, then—Ah! can it
Have been that the woodlandish Ghouls—
The pitiful, the merciful Ghouls,
To bar up our way and to ban it
From the secret that lies in these wolds—
From the thing that lies hidden in these wolds—
Have drawn up the spectre of a planet,
From the limbo of lunary souls—
This sinfully scintillant planet
From the hell of the planetary souls?

—:o:—

POT-POURRI.

"A ROSEMARY odour
"Commingled with pansies—
"With rue:"—
Your poet has fancies.
But methinks such an odour
Were odious to more than a few.

—:o:—

UNDER LINES.

On a Poet's Tomb.

TOMB'D in dishonor! Not like thine own Ghoul
Have I thus dug thee out, Unhappy One!
For critical devouring; but some words
Writ heedlessly above thee call for words
Of answering rebuke. If Israfel
In heaven needs his own heart-strings for his lyre—
The only organ of harmonious worth—
Shall not earth's poet? And if he be weak,
Rent by ill memories, harsh with sour desire,
Untunable, rejoicing not in good,
Can aught but discord issue? Speech absurd
Of "art for art's sake!" when art is not art
Out of the circles of the universe,
Out of the song of the eternities,
Or unfit to attend the ear of God.

My mocking words aim at, not thee, but those
Who would strain praise for thee, disgracing Truth.

[CONCLUSION OF POT-POURRI.]

THE ART OF PARODY.

MANY good and honest souls, neither prigs nor pedants, are disposed to look with suspicion on the parody. They are not incapable of appreciating its good points; they will even allow it, when it is so, to be very good fun of its kind; but it is the *kind* they cannot away with. Nor are they always of that sort—a numerous and flourishing sort in our day—which, being itself one monstrous parody, is naturally prone to look with dislike on all who are blessed—or cursed, as some would say—with a sense of the ridiculous. But they regard it as an abuse of the gifts both of nature and of art; as apt to degrade and vulgarize what should really elevate and refine; as itself intrinsically an injustice; and, indeed, the more unjust as it is the more skilful.

There is so much both of justice and reason in this dislike that one cannot but respect it, though seeing how unreasonably it may be pushed and how unjust it may become. It is based, primarily, of course, upon sentiment—but it is a sentiment, in its original shape, both honourable and true. The word sentiment has come in these days to have a ridiculous twang in our ears partly through the silly and perverted uses to which the thing itself is too often applied, and partly through a confusion between the two qualities, *sentiment* and *sentimentality*, which may best be distinguished perhaps by defining the latter as the abuse of the former. It is sentiment which leads us to mark the houses where great men have been born or lived; it is sentiment which leads us to gaze with reverent admiration on that place of honour in the British Museum wherein are enshrined the handwritings of so many of our illustrious dead; all the care we take to preserve the memorials of the past is inspired by sentiment. But it is a sentiment which every right-thinking man would be far more ashamed to miss than to share. It is a very different feeling, for example, from that which induced a young lady on the other side of the world to preserve under a glass case the cherry-stones which she had snatched from the plate of a Royal Duke; it is a very different feeling from that which induces so many pious souls to play such fantastic tricks at the knees of living men. This objection, then we are not disposed in the first instance to quarrel with, especially as most of the so-called parodies, burlesques, or "perversions" of to-day are certainly bad enough to cover even a greater intolerance. They are bad both in art and tactics. They deal too often with subjects which should be kept free even from the most good-natured ridicule, and they deal with them clumsily. There is a sort of mind to whom every success, however lawfully and honourably gained, is sufficient cause for mockery; the higher a great figure towers above their heads the more active are their monkeyish gambols at its feet. The living and the dead are alike the objects of their impish regard, and if they perhaps enjoy a livelier pleasure in the thought of the irritation they can cause to the living, they seem to share a peculiar satisfaction in showing themselves superior to any feeling of reverence for the dead—to say nothing of the fact that in the latter case the game is apt to be a little the safest. The most part of mankind will sooner laugh at their more successful fellows than try to imitate, or, at least, to respect them; it is easy, then, to understand why the most witless and illiberal parody will never want an audience.

Nevertheless, the parody in itself is not only capable of increasing the gaiety of nations by perfectly harmless and legitimate means, but can also, when properly handled and directed, be made to play the part of a chastener and instructor. It has been often said that to parody a writer is really to pay a compliment to his popularity; and this is so far true that no one would think it worth his while to parody any work which was not tolerably well known, for half the point of any imitation must always lie in the readiness with which its resemblance to the original is recognized; if the

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original be not known the imitation must necessarily fall flat. No really good writer was ever injured by a parody; few, we may suppose, have ever been annoyed by one. No one, for example, was more quick to recognize the cleverness and laugh at the fun of "A Tale of Drury Lane" in the *Rejected Addresses* than Scott himself; Crabbe, though he thought there was a little "undeserved ill-nature" in the prefatory address owned that in the versification of "The Theatre" he had been "done admirably." On the other hand, we can fancy that Messieurs Fitzgerald and Spencer saw very little fun or wit, or anything but "undeserved ill-nature" in "The Loyal Effusion" and "The Beautiful Incendiary." The paradoxical saying attributed to Shaftesbury, which so puzzled and irritated Carlyle, that ridicule is the test of truth, finds its true explanation in his real words, "A subject which will not bear raillery is suspicious." Nothing good was ever destroyed by raillery; where it plays the part of iconoclast, the images it breaks are the images of false gods. Nay, and even to the true it may sometimes prove of service. It may gently admonish, for instance, the best and most established writer, when, from haste, from carelessness, from over-confidence, he is in danger of forfeiting his reputation; it may gently lead the tiro, while there is yet time, from the wrong into the right path. Nor on writers only may it be exercised with advantage. All men who have in any capacity become, as it were, the property of the public may by its means be warned that they are trespassing too far on their popularity, that they are in danger of becoming not only ridiculous themselves, but harmful to others; for every strong man who presumes upon his strength is capable of becoming a source of injury to his weaker brethren. We do not say that its lessons are always, or even often, taken to heart; but that does not detract from their possible virtue. If such a plea were allowed, what, in the name of humanity, would become of so many of us? What would become of our lawyers, our statesmen, our philosophers, our doctors, our policemen, our—appalling thought!—our critics, if the failure of their endeavours to set and to keep their erring brethren in the straight path were to be taken as a right reason for their abolition? Their resistance to error may seem hopeless, may be often ineffectual, but not for that should they abandon it; rather should they cry, with the author of *Obermann*, "Let us die resisting."

But whatever may be the moral virtue of a parody, there can be no question that to show any reason for its existence at all it must be very good. There is nothing in the world so pitiful as poor fun, and a bad parody is perhaps the poorest kind of fun. In his review of the famous *Addresses*, Jeffrey discussed the various sorts of parody at some length, and with a good deal of acuteness, distinguishing between the mere imitation of externals, mere personal imitation, so to speak—and that higher and rarer art which brings before us the intellectual characteristics of the original. "A vulgar mimic," he says, "repeats a man's cant phrases and known stories, with an exact imitation of his voice, look, and gestures; but he is an artist of a far higher description who can make stories or reasonings in his manner, and represents the features and movements of his mind as well as the accidents of his body. It is a rare feat to be able to borrow the diction and manner of a celebrated writer to express sentiments like his own—to write as he would have written on the subject proposed to his imitator—to think his thoughts, in short, as well as to use his words—and to make the revival of his style appear a natural consequence of the strong conception of his peculiar ideas." And he goes on, "The exact imitation of a good thing, it must be admitted, promises fair to be a pretty good thing in itself; but if the resemblance be very striking, it commonly has the additional advantage of letting us more completely into the secret of the original author, and enabling us to understand far more clearly in what the peculiarity of his manner consists, than most of us would ever have done without this assistance." Jeffrey here carries the parody into the regions of very high art indeed, if he does not, as we are rather inclined to think he does, lay more upon its shoulders than it can bear. In a note to the same review, when reprinted in the collected edition of his essays, he remarks of these *Addresses* that "some few of them descend to the level of parodies, but by far the greater part are of a much higher description;" from which it would seem that he draws a distinction between a parody and something "of a much higher description," which we must confess to being a little in the dark about, unless it be an imitation, and that we should be disposed to rank very much below a good parody. Many of our minor bards, for example, have produced extraordinarily close imitations of Mr. Swinburne's style; but we should certainly rank these far below a clever parody, such a one, for instance, as that on *Locksley Hall* in the "Bon Gaultier Ballads,"* or as Mr. Calverley's inimitable "The Cock and the Bull," or "Lovers," and "A Reflection." No better imitations, both of style and substance, have ever been written in prose than Thackeray's "Codlingsby" and "George de Barnwell;" but they are most unquestionably parodies. Indeed it is hard to see what virtue there can be in an imitation which is not also a parody—that is, as we take it, a consciously exaggerated imitation; an imitation which is not that, surely, instead of, as Jeffrey says, descending to the level of a parody, goes near to descend to the much lower level of a plagiarism.

If we wished to distinguish between the parody designed to ridicule and that designed only to amuse, we should be inclined to say that, while the latter contents itself with an imitation of the style, the former aims also at an imitation of the thought and substance. In the parodies we have noticed, for example, Thackeray unquestionably intended to ridicule the authors of *Eugene Aram* and *Coningsby*. Both their subjects and the manner of handling those subjects seemed to him such as deserved ridicule and he ridiculed them accordingly, as no one but Thackeray could. On the other hand, we do not for a moment suppose that the clever Oxford parodist who sang the labours and ultimate triumph of "Adolphus Smalls of Boniface" intended to ridicule Macaulay. He took *The Lays of Ancient Rome* as his model, because they were more familiar probably to his readers than any other form of verse, and because their external characteristics were most easy to reproduce. We read such lines as—

> Now thickly and more thickly
> To the Five Orders gates,
> In cap and gown throng through the town
> White-chokered candidates.
> Stunner of Christ Church, ne'er before
> In academics seen;
> And Nobby of the collars high,
> Girt with the scarf none else may tie;
> Loud-trowsered Boozer, stripes and all;
> And whiskered Tomkins from the hall
> Of seedy Magdalene;

or as—

> They gave him his *testamur*,
> Which was a passman's right;
> He was more than three examiners
> Could plough from morn to night,—

* "The Lay of the Lovelorn," this was quoted on page 21, Part II. of *Parodies*.

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we read such lines, and laugh at them without feeling that any injustice is done to Macaulay. Again, when we read of another and less fortunate sufferer,—in the schools of Cambridge this time—how

In the crown of his cap
Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map
Of the Dorian States;
And they found on his palms, which were dirty,
What is frequent on palms—that is dates—*

we entirely acquit the writer of any design to laugh at Mr. Bret Harte. In both these cases the parodies are really no more than proofs of the universal popularity of the writers parodied. But when we read in *Rejected Addresses* the parodies on Wordsworth and Coleridge, we feel that the writers were intentionally casting ridicule on certain trivialities, certain commonplaces both of diction and thought, to which these great men did occasionally sink.

It seems to us, also, that Jeffrey has rated the virtue of *sound* in a parody too low—which is, perhaps, only to say that he rates the whole art of parody higher than we do. Surely it is an essential of this sort of imitation that the words should strike the ear with the very echo of the original. For this reason the specimens we have quoted seem to us so particularly good; and for the same reason, with the exception of the "Lay of the Lovelorn," the clever ballads of Bon Gaultier do not seem to us to really come under the definition of parodies at all. And it is this quality which gives the point to Mr. Bromley Davenport's "Lowesby Hall."† In such lines as these—though, indeed, the whole parody is so good that selection is difficult—it is the *sound* which does everything, but how inimitably it does it!—

Here at least I'll stay no longer, let me seek for some abode,
Deep in some provincial country far from rail or turnpike road;
There to break all links of habit, and to find a secret charm
In the mysteries of manuring and the produce of a farm.
To deplore the fall of barley, to admire the rise of peas,
Over flagons of October, giant mounds of bread and cheese;
Never company to dinner, never visitors from town,
Just the Parson and the Doctor (Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown).
Droops the heavy conversation to an after-dinner snort,
And articulation dwindles with the second flask of port.

We are very far from saying that parody is a matter of sound only; to borrow a well-known line,

The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

But certainly it strikes us as being a very important point, and we doubt whether any really clever parody ever was written, or ever will be, in which it does not play a conspicuous part, if not the most conspicuous. And this, perhaps, is the reason why those greatest works of poetry, where the style strikes one as the natural and inevitable vehicle of the thought, are really above the reach of parody; why all attempts to parody them, however clever, lose their cleverness in the larger consciousness of bad taste. But to place all parodies under this ban is surely unreasonable. It is unreasonable, as depriving the world of a great deal of harmless amusement, and also, as we have said, of a method, often more truly efficacious than more serious castigation, of exposing incompetence and affectation.

The Saturday Review, February 14, 1885.

* "The Heathen Pass-ee" from *Light Green*. This parody was given in full in Part IX. *Parodies*, page 135.

† Where and when did this Parody appear? The "Saturday Reviewer" omits this important information, whilst he tantalises his readers by saying that "the whole parody is so good that selection is difficult." It should have appeared here in full had a proper reference been given to it. All the other Parodies alluded to in the article will be included in this collection under the authors to whom they refer.—ED. *Parodies*.

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Miss Ann Taylor's "My Mother."

MY MOTHER.

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet hushaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

Who dress'd my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My Mother,

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love GOD'S holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My mother.

And can I ever cease to be,
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was't so very kind to me,
My Mother?

Ah, no! the thought I cannot bear,
And if GOD please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My Mother,

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch *thy* bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

For GOD, who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in His eyes,
If I should ever dare despise
My Mother.

The Athenæum of May 12, 1866, contained a note speaking favorably of the general tone of the poem "My Mother," but stating that it was spoilt by the last verse, in which the only reason given why a child should not despise its mother is *the fear of God's vengeance*. The writer proposed that Mr. Tennyson should be asked to compose a final verse more in accordance with the sentiments contained in the preceding lines.

In the following number of *The Athenæum* (May 19, 1866), appeared a reply from the authoress of "My Mother," then a very old lady:—

COLLEGE HILL, NOTTINGHAM,
May 15, 1866.

"Allow me to thank your Correspondent of last Saturday for both his praise and blame; I am grateful for one and confess to the other, in his notice of a little poem —'My Mother,' of which I was the author, it may be something more than sixty years ago. I see now, so much as he does, though *not in all its implications*, that, should another edition pass through the press, I will take care that the offending verse shall be omitted; or, as I may hope (without troubling the Laureate), replaced. I have regarded our good old theologian, Dr. Watts, as nearly our only predecessor in verses for children; and his name —a name I revere—I may perhaps plead in part, though not so far as to accept now, what did not strike me as objectionable then. There has been an illustrated edition of our 'Original Poems' recently published by Mr. Virtue, and I am sorry to see it retained there; but, as still the living author, I have sufficient right to expunge it.

"Possibly you may have heard the names of Ann and Jane Taylor, of whom *I* am the *Ann*; and remain, yours, &c., ANN GILBERT."

The Editor added: "She sends us the following alteration of the verse:—

For could our Father in the skies,
Look down with pleased or loving eyes,
If ever I could dare despise,
My Mother?"

This suggested alteration does not, however, remove the objectionable word "despise," which is utterly absurd as applied to such a mother as the poem describes.

It may be added that the original last verse is still very generally printed with the poem.

The history of the poem was thus given in that valuable storehouse of literary facts, "Notes and Queries," in August 30, 1884.

"In 1798, Ann Taylor, then residing with her family in Colchester, aged about sixteen, made a purchase of *A Minor's Pocket-Book*, a periodical published by Harvey and Darton, 55, Gracechurch Street, London. This contained enigmas, and the solutions of previous ones, and poetical pieces to which prizes were adjudged. Fired with enthusiasm, she set to work, and unravelled enigma, charade, and rebus, and forwarded the results under the signature of 'Juvenilia.' They were successful, and obtained the first prize—six pocket-books. She continued

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her contributions for some years, at first anonymously, assisted by her younger sister Jane, and subsequently she became the editor during twelve or fourteen years, up to the time of her marriage in 1813.

"On July 1, 1803, Darton and Harvey wrote requesting some specimens of easy poetry for young children. The letter proceeds: 'If something in the way of moral songs (though not songs) or short tales turned into verse, or—but I need not dictate. What would be most likely to please little minds must be well known to every one of those who have written such pieces as we have already seen from thy family,' &c. Their father (Isaac Taylor, afterwards of Ongar) did not quite approve of the proceeding, remarking, 'I do not want my girls to become authors.'

"The commission was undertaken by the two sisters, and, at the end of 1803, a small volume appeared, with the title, *Original Poems for Infant Minds*, by several Young Persons. The work did not consist exclusively of the Taylor contributions. Ann remarks, 'Having written to order, we had no control over the getting out of the volumes, and should have been better pleased if contributions from other hands had been omitted.' The sisters received five pounds for the first volume, which succeeded so well that a commission was given in November, 1804, for a second volume, for which they were paid another five pounds. It is in the first volume that 'My Mother,' entirely written by Ann, appears.

"Jane Taylor continued to devote herself to literature until her decease, in April, 1824, at the age of forty-one. Ann married the Rev. Joseph Gilbert, in December, 1813, and withdrew from literary work for the rest of her life, except very occasionally. This is much to be regretted, as she possessed rare talents; many of the most popular poems usually ascribed to Jane having been really written by Ann. Mrs. Gilbert survived to a happy and honoured old age, and died Dec. 20, 1866, within a month of the completion of her eighty-fifth year.

"Only a fortnight before her death she wrote, 'You remember that in May last there was a discussion in the *Athenæum* on my poem, 'My Mother,' which surprised everybody as an announcement and advertisement of my continued existence, so that the Post Office has gained all but a revenue from letters addressed to me, which, kindly complimentary as they are, I have, of course, had to answer.'

"The above brief notices of an estimable member of a talented family may not be without interest in connexion with the poem to which allusion has been made.

"Sandyknowe, Wavertree. J. A. PICTON."

A further account of Miss Ann Taylor and her family will be found in "The Family Pen," by Isaac Taylor, which contains memorials, biographical and literary, of the Taylor family, of Ongar. The work was published in two volumes in 1867. The poem "My Mother," has recently been translated into German by Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, Before quoting any parodies of this poem it may be as well to insert the well-known lines "To Mary," written by the poet Cowper ten years before the publication of Miss Taylor's "My Mother." The similarity of the two poems can scarcely have been accidental, and authors of parodies of the one, often approach near to an imitation of the other.

TO MARY. (*Mrs. Unwin.*)

AUTUMN 1793.

THE twentieth year is well nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be our last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly would'st fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them, nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently pressed, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

WILLIAM COWPER.

—:o:—

THE VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY AN OUTCAST.

WHO tucked me up in bed at night,
And cried as she blew out the light:
"Now go to sleep, you little fright?"—
My Mother.

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Who patted me upon the head,
And in the gruffest accents said :
"Get out, you oaf, and earn your bread?"—
My Father.

Who dropped on me a scalding tear,
Exclaiming, as she boxed my ear :
"The gallows is your doom, I fear?"—
My Sister.

Who gently asked me what I'd got,
And cried, while pocketing the lot :
"Be off, or else you'll get it hot?"—
My Brother.

Who with my locks would gently play,
And wrote me when she ran away :
"With such a fool I cannot stay?"—
My Wife.

Who stuck to me through thick and thin,
Then drew a bill and let me in,
Exclaiming: "What an ass you've been?"—
My Friend.

Who filled with tears my sorrow's cup,
By crying, as she went to sup :
"Here, p'leesman, lock this blackguard up!"—
My Aunt.

Who rescued me from out the dirt,
And said, in accents harsh and curt,
"No more nor sixpence on this shirt?"—
My Uncle

Judy, November 26, 1879.

——:o:——

MY RELATIONS.

WHO taught my baby-lips to coo,
And trained them first to utter "Boo!"
And spanked me pretty soundly, too?—
My Mother.

Who rapped me smartly on the head
Because I said his nose was red,
And sent me howling off to bed?—
My Father.

Who called me "Clever little lad,
The very picture of my dad."
And gave me *sixpence—which was bad?*—
My Grandfather.

Who, when I asked her if her hair
Was all her own, said, "Little bear!"
And fixed me with a stony stare?—
My Aunt.

Who is, alas! the *only* friend
On whom I can at all depend,
And will remain so to the end?—
My Uncle.

Funny Folks, November 29, 1879.

——:o:——

NURSY PURSY.

[This poem, written by a child aged only five years and three months, is printed more as a literary curiosity than for any other reason. A kind of tender pathos may be observable here and there, which in a child so young is, at least, surprising.]

WHO wore a hideous high-crown'd cap,
Who called me tootsy-wootsy chap,
Yet used my little head to slap?
Dear Nursy-pursy.

Who said she'd watch, then meanly slept,
And pinch'd me spiteful when I wept.
And for my pap her stale crusts kept?
Dear Nursy-pursy.

Who gazed into my heavy eye,
And said, "A powder we must try;
This horrid child, he lives too high?"
Dear Nursy-pursy.

Who, when I yell'd, cried, "Hold your din!"
Or choked me with a drop of gin
(It wasn't spasms, but a pin)?
Dear Nursy-pursy.

Who on my toddlums let me run
Much sooner than she should have done,
Which I've grown up a bandy one?
My Nursy-pursy.

ANONYMOUS.

——:o:——

COMPETITION IN LONG CLOTHES.

A LAY OF NORTH WOOLWICH.

(*Apropos of the Baby Show*).

WHO felt the weight, and scanned the size
Of rival yearlings with surprise,
Yet doubted not to win the Prize?
My Mother!

The heat, the Baby-freighted train,
To change thy purpose all were vain :
Was't love of me? or hope of gain,
My Mother?

Who let the public eye make free
With secrets of our nursery,
That int'rest only you and me?
My Mother!

Who babes with piglings would confound,
Show both for flesh, so firm and sound,
And weigh their merits *by the pound?*
My Mother!

Ambition noble! to prepare
Spring infants, fattened up with care,
FIRST QUALITY, TEN POUNDS THE PAIR,
My Mother!

If breeders prizes be allowed,
Maternity, to please the crowd,
Concurrently must be endowed,
My Mother!

Home joys, my mother, now are cheap :
I pass my time in healthy sleep,
Yet win a cup to pay my keep,
My Mother!

The Tomahawk, July 31, 1869.

——:o:——

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

WHO kissed me when I first was wed,
And *said* I was her "dear son Fred"—
But did not mean a word she said?
My Mother-in-law.

Who when our honeymoon was o'er
Came just to stop a week, no more!
And proved herself a horrid bore?
My Mother-in-law.

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Who coming for a week to stay,
Remained serene day after day,
And showed no wish to go away?
My Mother-in-law.

Who sowed the seeds of married strife
Between the husband and the wife,
And so embittered all our life?
My Mother-in-law.

Who never let a quarrel flag,
Whose tongue was ne'er too tired to wag,
Who taught her daughter how to nag?
My Mother-in-law,

Whom would I fain, ah! fain beguile
To some far distant Sandwich Isle?*
That infamous old crocodile,
My Mother-in-law.

——:o:——

A Lay of Real Life.

Who ruined me ere I was born,
Sold every acre, grass and corn,
And left the next heir all forlorn?
My Grandfather.

Who said my mother was "no nurse,"
And physicked me and made me worse,
Till infancy became a curse?
My Grandmother.

Who said my mother was a Turk,
And took me home and made me work,
But managed half my meals to shirk?
My Aunt.

Who, "of all earthly things," would boast
"He hated other's brats the most,"
And therefore made me feel my post?
My Uncle.

Who got in scrapes, an endless score,
And always laid them at my door,
Till many a bitter bang I bore?
My Cousin.

Who took me home when mother died,
Again with father to reside,
Black shoes, clean knives, run far and wide?
My Stepmother.

Who marred my stealthy urchin joys,
And, when I played, cried "What a noise!"—
Girls always hector over boys—
My Sister.

Who used to share in what was mine,
Or took it all, did he incline,
'Cause I was eight and he was nine?
My Brother.

Who stroked my head and said, "Good lad;"
And gave me sixpence—"all he had"—
But at the shop the coin was bad?
My Godfather.

Who, gratis, shared my social glass,
But when misfortune came to pass,
Referred me to the pump?—Alas!
My Friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,
Who ever sympathised with grief.
Or shared, my joy, my sole relief?
Myself.

ANONYMOUS.

* In the Sandwich Isles it is death for a man's mother-in-law to visit him without permission. *Happy Sandwich Islanders.*!!!

Her Mother.

Who comes and causes little tiffs;
And gives the most suggestive sniffs,
Whene'er a man takes twenty whiffs?
My Mother-in-law!

Who, when a babe is born, appears,
And in my business interferes,
Until at last she domineers?
My Mother-in-law!

Who comes to stay a day or two,
And then stops all the winter through;
Pretending she's obliging you?
My Mother-in-law!

Who makes out you ill-treat her child,
When preternaturally mild,
You are at last by her driven wild?
My Mother-in-law!

Who makes the servants notice give,
And when she at your house will live,
Makes you from home a fugitive?
My Mother-in-law!

Who at the meals turns up her nose,
Who loves your projects to oppose,
And very nasty hints out-throws?
My Mother-in-law!

Who, cuckoo like, invades the nest,
Till happiness is dispossest,
And then remains a tiresome guest?
My Mother-in-law!

From FINIS.

——:o:——

Dick's Letter to the Editor of the "Boy's Own Paper."

I THINK the public ought to know
The miseries I undergo
From one who only love should show;
My Brother!

Who thinks my head was made to hit?
My hat a subject for his wit,
Till laughing almost brings a fit!
My Brother!

Who makes me by the hour stand scout,
But kicks me if I catch him out,
Demanding what I am about?
My Brother!

Who goes financially to smash,
And borrows all my hoarded cash,
To purchase stamps, or some such trash?
My Brother!

Who makes me copy out his lines
When he's been kicking up his shines,
And forces me to pay his fines?
My Brother!

Yes, spite of all the ties of birth,
To him my woes cause only mirth;—
You are the biggest fraud on earth,
My Brother!

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Audi Alteram Partem.

Tom's Letter to the Editor.

Dick's my small brother; that's enough
To show my lot is rather rough;
Of one thing I get *quantum suff*,
My Brother!

Who's always writing home to sneak?
Who gives me endless kinds of cheek,
Yet wants me to correct his Greek?
My Brother!

Who never at a game will play
Unless you let him have his way,
And bat at least ten times a day?
My Brother!

Who cannot stand the mildest snub?
Who gets his double share of grub?
And if you touch him starts to blub?
My Brother!

'Tis sad to see one's rackets "go";
'Tis hard to slog and miss a slow;
You're worst! for you're a constant woe,
My Brother!

The Boy's Own Paper, Feb. 16, 1884.

——:o:——

Some "Confidences" to the Editor.

A "Sister" writes from Newcastle-upon-Tyne:—"Dear Mr, Editor,—In the March part of 'B. O. P.' occur two poems, ostensibly Dick's and Tom's Letter to yourself, anent the miseries which Tom inflicts upon Dick, and *vice versa*. Now, on perusal of the said poems, my small brother Harry discovered that some features of (to *him*, at least) absorbing interest had been omitted in their construction. 'But *that* fellow hasn't got red hair,' he exclaimed, indignantly, 'or else *his* brother would have bullied him about that, too.' 'Then since *you* have,' I mildly ventured to hint, 'suppose you write a description of your woes, and we'll send it to the Editor. While *I* will have *my* say about 'brothers,' for really I don't see why girls shouldn't have a voice in the matter, seeing that they often have not only to mend, at unreasonable times, the said brothers' wearing apparel, but also to bear at all seasons with their growlings.'

"So, Mr. Editor, Harry and I send you our humble offerings, which you are at perfect liberty to make public, if you see fit, or to banish to the realms of the W. P. B. if you don't.

"Very truly yours,
"His Sister."

Harry's Complaint.

Who would not help me when I fell,
But bade me, roughly, "Stop that yell!"
Or, straightway, he "would go and tell?"
My Brother!

Who took my marbles all away—
Because, "you don't know how to play"—
And wouldn't heed my plaintive "Nay?"
My Brother!

Who wouldn't let me use his ball,
Nor cricket ever learn at all,
Because I was "so very small?"
My Brother!

Who laughed because my hair was red,
And filled it full of crumbs of bread,
Then, jeering, cried, "The baby's fed?"
My Brother!

Who always was so nice and meek,
And *never* (!) could a harsh word speak
(And yet he was the biggest sneak)?
My Brother!

Whom all the ladies thought "*so* good
And only wished *their* brothers would
Follow his footsteps, *if they should!*
My Brother!

——:o:——

A "Sister's" Complaint.

Who, subsequently, older grown,
Becomes a bore, as will be shown,
Prating of "time," and "tune," and "tone!"
My Brother!

Who plays the fiddle in a key
Midway between keys "A" and "B,"
And scorns all mild advice from me?
My Brother!

Who holds it as a solemn charge
To wear the "Masher" collar large,
Nor knows the draper's overcharge?
My Brother!

Who walks with stately port upright?
Who wears his "pantaloons" too tight,
Which adds absurdly to his height?
My Brother!

Who always will a silk hat wear
Upon his highly-scented hair,
And in his hand a cane-stick bear?
My Brother!

Who think there ought to be no boys,
Who nothing make save "rents" and noise,
And rudely spoil our household joys?
Their Sisters!

The Boy's Own Paper, May 10, 1884.

——:o:——

Who! Ah, Who?

Who culled me from a foreign source,
And trotted me as his own horse,
In brain—spun harness; Why, of course,
My Author.

Who set me up in type so rare
(I heard him at his "devils" swear!)
And for my future didn't care?
My Printer.

Who sent me like a sandwich forth,
And tastily my inward worth
Displayed upon the sweetest cloth?
My Binder.

Who eyed me with a guardian's eye,
And thought my price, a sov., not high,
Cast me forth with, "hey! buy, buy!"
My Publisher.

Who found a strong "coincidence,"
Informed the public how and whence
My author gleaned at small expense?
My Critic,

The Figaro, February 18, 1874.

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MR. WILSON BARRETT (*producing MS.*). As my
collaborateur and friend is late,
I think I will begin, at any rate.
Our scene, then, Prince——

[*Enter* Mr Henry Irving, *hurriedly*.]

Mr. H. Irving. But what is this I see?
This is not what we settled, Wilson B.?
I was to read, you know——

Mr. W. B. Yes, you are right,
But in your absence, well, I thought I might
At all events commence.

Mr. H. I. (*bitterly*). Ha, ha! again,
That eagerness advantage to obtain.
Pardon me, Prince, if I, to check emotion,
Carol a strain I made up on the ocean:—

WHO first in melodrama played,
And then, when he a name had made,
Like me, Shakespearean parts essayed?
My Barrett!

Who copied me in sundry ways,
And jealous of my early bays,
Got Wills to write him blank-verse plays?
My Barrett!

Who, when I Romeo's part had done,
Vowed he would play a younger one,
And so came out with Chatterton?
My Barrett!

Whose breast with such ambition burned,
That he the whole of "Hamlet" learned,
And played it when my back was turned?
My Barrett!

And who, if I do not take care,
Will my dramatic sceptre share;
Nay, perhaps to rival me will dare?
My Barrett!

Truth, Christmas Number, 1884.

——:o:——

MY BANKER.

WHO puts my money in his till,
And when in difficulties will
Employ it to take up a Bill?
My Banker.

Who cuts a very pretty dash
By spending other people's cash,
And ends with a tremendous smash?
My Banker.

Who has a pleasant country seat,
With park and grounds and all complete,
And is a thorough going cheat?
My Banker.

Who goes to Church and says his prayers,
And gives himself religious airs,
And pawns my bonds and sells my shares?
My Banker.

Who, when convinced his house must go,
Hints to a friend to let him know,
'Tis well to keep his balance low?
My Banker.

Who lives in most *recherché* style,
And wears the very blandest smile,
Though he's insolvent all the while?
My Banker.

Who may a lesson yet be taught,
And find himself some morning brought
Before the Central Criminal Court?
My Banker.

Punch, June 30, 1855.

——:o:——

MY BROKER.

WHO leads me on to fields Elysian,
Where golden prospects greet my vision,
And charges but a small commission?
My Broker.

Who, while I trudge through muddy ways,
Rides (for that small commission pays)
Behind a handsome pair of bays?
My Broker.

Who, sitting at Pactolus' fount,
Buys, sells, or holds for "next account,"
Charging, of course, a *small* amount?
My Broker.

Whose tone is soft, whose manner bland;
Who, lightly holding by my hand,
Talks figures I don't understand?
My Broker.

When panics come, who seems to wear
A calm, serene, superior air,
As if it wasn't *his* affair?
My Broker.

Whose villa's somewhere in the West;
Whose wife's in silk and sealskin drest;
Whose wines and weeds are of the best?
My Broker's.

Whose waist expands; who still can sport
A face of roundest, ruddiest sort,
Through drinking forty-seven port?
My Broker.

Whom did I look on as my friend,
Till he those "Turks" would recommend,
Yet knew the inevitable end?
My Broker.

Punch, October 23, 1875,

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

Dear Mr. Punch,—Although a Broker myself, I heartily enjoyed your lines this week, which are true of here and there a case in our calling, though about as applicable to the great body of Brokers as those I enclose are to the generality of Clients. The portrait I have sketched is, however, drawn from nature, and by no means libels a constantly increasing class, whose little game is "Heads, I win: tails, you lose."

Your highly-tickled reader,
FAIR PLAY.

Throgmorton Street, Oct. 29.

MY CLIENT.

WHO hangs about the Courts all day,
And deals in a most reckless way,
With every Broker who will stay?
My Client!

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Who talks a guttural foreign lingo,
And, whilst he wins, still lets the thing go,
Until a panic comes? By jingo!
My Client!

Who dabbles in a hundred "specs,"
His Broker's hazards little recks,
And chuckles as he takes large cheques?
My Client!

Who, when his ventures, "bear"-hugged, quake,
Commissions, quick, a double stake,
Vowing the thing all right to make?
My Client!

Who, when the threatened crash has come,
And he owes me a stiffish sum,
Fails to turn up—and leaves me glum?
My Client!

Who, for his "little games" out-lawed,
His pockets filled with fruits of fraud,
Coolly retires, and lives abroad?
My Client!

ALTER ET IDEM.

(*From Broker No. 2*).

WHO swaggered down from West End Club,
As fierce as any half-pay "Sub,"
Prepared all City Men to snub?
My Client!

Who, when I gave him sound advice,
And landed him on "something nice,"
Declared I'd robbed him in the price?
My Client!

Who (though when things were going well,
He took his profits like a Swell)
Firmly, for loss, declined to "shell?"
My Client!

Who, on that panic settling-day,
Just calmly kept himself away,
And left *me* all his debts to pay?
My Client!

Whom did I find "Gone out of Town,"
Whose assets not worth half-a-crown,
And who'd done twenty Brokers "brown?"
My Client!

Punch, November 6, 1875.

—:o:—

MY BISMARCK!

WHO, safe immured as in an ark,
Keeps all his counsels close and dark,
And acts the part of Nick's chief clerk?
My Bismarck!

Who to poor Johnny wouldn't hark,
But seized and ransack'd poor Denmark,
Like, what he is, a greedy shark?
My Bismarck!

Who looks on Europe as a park,
Where men, like dogs, may bite and bark,
While he looks on all grim and stark?
My Bismarck!

Who yet will overshoot the mark,
And wreck proud Prussia's lofty barque,
And get his hide tann'd? What a lark!
Why, Bismarck!

Judy,* May 15, 1867.

—:o:—

WHO'S WHO IN 1851.

WHO, when I feel a little ill,
Sends me a daily draft and pill,
Followed by a tremendous bill?
My Doctor!

Who preaches self-denying views,
Charges a heavy rent for pews,
And calls on me for Easter dues?
My Parson!

Who, when a law-suit I have won,
For a large sum begins to dun,
To which the extra costs have run?
My Lawyer!

Who, for my trousers, which, with straps,
Have cost him half-a-sovereign, p'raps,
Down in the bill two guineas claps?
My Tailor!

Who, when I wish of beef a stone,
Composed of wholesome meat alone,
Sends me at least three pounds of bone?
My Butcher!

Who, when I send a joint to bake,
Away from it contrives to take
Enough a hearty meal to make?
My Baker!

Who lends my *Times* to read in town,
And when I at the lateness frown,
Tells me the engine's broken down?
My Newsman!

Who coolly pawns my "other" shirt,
And tells me, with assurance pert,
She's only dropped it in the dirt?
My Laundress!

Who peeps in every private note,
Wears my best neckcloth round his throat,
And at the "Swarry" sports my coat?
My Footman!

Who brings my shaving water late,
And with a basket full of plate
One morning doth evaporate,
My Valet!

Who flirts with soldiers dressed so fine,
And leaves that sweetest pet of mine,
To tumble in the Serpentine,
My Nursemaid!

Who comes to make a formal call,
Merely to criticise us all,
When severed by the party wall?
My Neighbour!

Who's who, or where shall he be sought,
Who may not now and then be caught
At something wrong in act or thought,
Why! No one!

Punch, January 11, 1851.

* This amiable and accomplished lady should remember the useful advice of Mr. Artemus Ward, "Never to prophecy unless you know."

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My Boot-Hooks.

The Lay of a Lunatic.

[This poem is selected from a variety of contributions intended for *The Hanwell Annual*. It shows a true spirit of poetry, although the subject is not perhaps clearly followed out. The last stanza, in particular, is a fine instance of poetical license]

Who, when the sea did toss and roar,
And I thought soon to be no more,
Came and knock'd loudly at my door?
My Boot-hooks.

* * * *

Who pulled the nose of Rome's first Pope,
For looking after Johnny Cope,
Who was so poorly off for soap?
My Boot-hooks.

Who at Vingt-un hid all the aces,
Then threw the counters in our faces,
The night preceding Epsom races?
My Boot-hooks.

Who, whilst I was residing at Constantinople,
Took advantage of my absence to open my bureau,
And thus betrayed the confidence I placed in them?
My Boot-hooks.

The Man in the Moon, Vol. 4.

——:o:——

My Bicycle.

By Jagy Torlton.

He cadgily ranted and sang.—*Old Song.*

What spins around "like all git out,"
And swiftly carries me about,
So light, so still, so bright and stout?
My Bicycle.

Regard me now where I sit high on
Nag forty pound of mostly iron;
And don't you wish that you might try on
My Bicycle?

Monstrum imforme, ingens! some
Cry, seeing first this courser come,
Our "fine knee-action" strikes them dumb,
My Bicycle!

Call him a monster from the east,
And both a lean and fatuous beast,
You comprehend not in the least
My Bicycle.

Revolve it in your mind, and my way
Will show to be a more than *guy* way—
High way of riding on the highway—
My Bicycle.

Those now who stand and stare and say,
O, "*parce nobis, s'il vous plait*,"
Will beg to tread, another day,
My Bicycle.

What tho' Hans Breitmann did, almost,
And Schnitzerlein gave up the ghost?
'Twas all because they couldn't boast
My Bicycle.

And saying mine, I do not mean
There are not many others seen
Who ride like me on my machine,
My Bicycle.

I'm not stuck up, tho' seated high;
To ride, at once, and run and fly—
My pride is so to travel by
My Bicycle.

Who will my head with learning stow,
I work the light, ped-antic toe,
'Tis cyclopedic lore to know
My Bicycle.

And when the saddled arc I span,
What care I for the fall of man
Let him remount! I always can
My Bicycle.

All the mutations I discern
Of men and States not me concern,
While I avoid to overturn
My Bicycle.

See Russia rotten, Turkey eat—
And John Bull in a stewing heat;
We have a better kind of meet,
My Bicycle!

Then hurry spokes and spokesman too,
We only have an hour or so,
And almost twenty miles to go.
My Bicycle.

Lyra Bicyclica, By J. G. Dalton, (E. C. Hodges & Co.) Boston, 1885.

——:o:——

My Chignon.

What was it all my fears did quell,
When down six flights of stairs I fell,
Preserved my cranium so well?
My Chignon!

What is it, when some young knight pries
Out of his blue orbs corner-wise,
That tilts my hat down o'er my eyes?
My Chignon!

What is it so exceeding kind,
When I walk through the rain and wind,
On some stray twig will stay behind
To form a nest for feathered kind?
My Chignon!

Girl of the Period Miscellany, August, 1869.

——:o:——

My Dentist.

In childhood who my first array
Of teeth pluck'd tenderly away,
For teeth, like dogs, have each their day?
My Dentist.

Who, when my first had run their race,
And others had usurp'd their place,
When overcrowded gave them space?
My Dentist.

Whether the cavities were slight,
Or vast and deep, who stopp'd them tight,
Then made their polish'd surface white?
My Dentist.

When void of bone a gap was seen,
Who fix'd, the vacancy to screen,
An artificial one between?
My Dentist.

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Who, when ambitious to be first
My horse fell headlong in the burst,
Replaced the ivories dispersed?
My Dentist.

Who "Baily" left on parlour chair
With leaf turn'd down to show me where
Jack Russell's life was pictured there?
My Dentist.

Or reading in that doleful cell
Whyte-Melville's verse, who knew full well
Its charm would every pang dispel?
My Dentist.

Who lull'd with laughing gas my fear
When conscious that a tug was near
For man's endurance too severe?
My Dentist.

And lastly, when infirm I grew,
Who skilfully each relic drew,
And framed for me a mouth-piece new?
My Dentist.

From "*Songs and Verses on Sporting Subjects*," by R. E, Egerton-Warburton (Pickering & Co., Piccadilly, 1879.)

——:o:——

RONDEAU.

TO-DAY, it is my natal day,
And threescore years have passed away,
While Time has turned to silver gray
My hairs.

Pursuing pleasure, love, and fun,
A longish *course* I've had to run,
And thanks to Fortune I have won
My hares.

But now, exhausted in the race,
No longer I can go the pace,
And others must take up the chase,
My heirs.

TOM HOOD.

——:o:——

The following Parody is taken from a small and very scarce volume, entitled, "MY HOOKAH; or, *The Stranger in Calcutta.*" Being a collection of Poems by an Officer. Calcutta: Printed at the Press of Greenway and Co., 1812.

The volume contains a Preface, 73 pages of Poetry, of a mildly humourous type, and a List of Subscribers, headed by the name of The Right Honourable Lord Minto, Governor General, etc., etc., etc. In a foot note to *My Hookah*, the Author (whose name is not given), remarks, "Cowper's beautiful lines to 'Mary' have given rise to innumerable Parodies—we have had 'My Father,'—'My Mother,' and even 'My Granny;' why then should not 'My Hookah' be added to the number?"

MY HOOKAH.

WHAT is it, that affords such joys
On Indian shores, and never cloys,
But makes that *pretty, bubbling* noise?
My Hookah.

What is it, that a Party if in
At breakfast, dinner, or at Tiffin,
Surprises and delights the Griffin?
My Hookah.

What is it to Cadets gives pleasure?
What is it occupies their leisure?
What do they deem the greatest treasure?
My Hookah.

Say—what makes Decency wear sable?
What makes each would-be nabob able
To cock his legs upon the table?
My Hookah.

What is it (trust me, I'm not joking,
Tis truth—altho', I own, provoking)
That sets e'en Indian *belles* a smoking?
My Hookah.

What is it—whensoe'er we search
In ev'ry place;—*except the Church*,
That leaves sweet converse in the lurch?
My Hookah.

But hold my Muse—for shame, for shame—
One question ere you smoking blame—
What is it gives your book a name?
My Hookah.

My fault I own—my censure ends;
Nay more—I'll try to make amends,
Who is the *safest* of all friends?
My Hookah.

Say who? or what retains the power,
When fickle Fortune 'gins to lour,
To solace many a lonely hour?
My Hookah.

When death-like dews and fogs prevailing
In Pinnace or in Budg'-row sailing,
What is it that prevents our ailing?
My Hookah.

When we're our skins with claret soaking,
And heedless wits their friends are joking,
Which friend will stand the *greatest smoking?*
My Hookah.

By what—(nay, answer at your ease,)
While pocketing our six rupees—
By what d'ye mean the town to please?
My Hookah.

——:o:——

MY JENNY.

A LAY OF LUMLEY.

"*Jenny sçait quoi.*"—French idiom.
"*Jenny knows what's what.*"—English translation.

OH! when by all my troop forsaken,
And Beale had all my singers taken,
Who just appeared to save my bacon?
My Jenny!

Who was it I at last cajoled,
To break her word for British gold,
*By which the Poet Bunn was sold,
My Jenny!

* Miss Jenny Lind first appeared at Covent Garden Theatre when it was under the management of Mr. Lumley—Alfred Bunn (the "Poet Bunn") being then lessee of Drury Lane Theatre.

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Who is this Swedish nightingale,
Of whom each told a different tale,
"She'd rival Grisi;" "No, she'd fail,"
My Jenny!

Alboni, Castellan, or Grisi
Are tolerable, and may please ye,
But where's the girl who'll beat them easy,
My Jenny!

Who made so brilliant a *début*,
And such an awful audience drew,
That all *soprani* pallid grew,
My Jenny!

Who is't I hope will still remain,
Because I can foresee, with pain
All's up when she's gone back again,
My Jenny!

The Man in the Moon. Vol I.

——:o:——

MY LANDLADY.

By a Lodger.

WHO greets me with a greasy smile,
Though she is cheating me the while—
And says, "I'm out of coals and ile?"
My Landlady.

Who says she's seen much better days,
And will her "poor departed" praise,
And with her chat my meal delays?
My Landlady.

Who lets her son my collars wear,
And with me my clean linen share?
Who with my clothes-brush does her hair?
My Landlady.

Who on my viands waxes fat!
Who keeps a most voracious cat!
Who often listens on my mat?
My Landlady.

Who won't bring up cold joints to me,
Who drinks my spirits—prigs my tea—
Who for my sideboard keeps a key?
My Landlady.

Who "cooks" the little bills I pay,
And cheats me—yes! in every way;
Who is it I shall leave to-day?
My Landlady.

The Figaro Album, 1873.

MY LODGER.

By a Landlady.

WHO chips my marble mantelpiece,
Drops on my "Brussels" spots of grease,
Deprives my tabby of his peace,
And more than once has kissed my niece?
My Lodger.

And who my balcony did fill
With an election posting-bill,
And spouted to a mob, until
The uproar really made me ill?
My Lodger.

Who plays the horn at ghostly hours,
And brings the ceiling down in showers,
By beating time, and thoroughly sours
The people in the house next ours?
My Lodger.

And who, when Sunday morning comes,
Some operatic chorus hums
With wild young men he calls his "chums,"
While one a harp, or banjo thrums?
My Lodger.

Who doth the acrobats engage,
The "happy family" in the cage;
Delights in *Punch* and *Judy's* rage
With ragged boys of every age?
My Lodger.

Who wakes my neighbour in a fright,
Invites that pious man to fight,
Hiccups—"I'll see—mishtake—all right,"
And who'll have warning, too, this night?
My Lodger.

Judy, February 10, 1869.

——:o:——

THE UNDERGRAD'S SOLILOQUY.

WHAT darkens all my bright career,
And takes away my breath with fear,
As I behold it looming near?
My Little-go.

I used to feel so free and jolly,—
Indulged in fun, perhaps in folly,—
What makes me now so melan-choly?
My Little-go.

What makes me blush, and look so shy,
When up the Turl, or down the High,
I catch the stern Exam'ner's eye?
My Little-go.

O would I were a little lamb
A-skipping with my gentle fam—
Ily, nor troubled by Exam.
Or Little-go.

What makes my sister Mary Jane
Keep writing in that mournful strain,—
"Dear John, don't overtax your brain?"
My Little-go.

Oh! will this frightful harass last?
No! I can see I'm thinning fast,
And soon my body will be past
All Little-goes.

These mental faculties of mine
Their powers and energies resign—
I die a martyr at the shrine
Of Little-go.

And when beneath some yew-tree's gloom,
My bones shall into dust consume,
This epitaph shall grace my tomb,—
O, Little-go!

EPITAPH.

"No ceaseless coughings racked his side,
No agues shook him; in his pride
(Weep, gentle reader, weep!) he died
Of Little-go."

C. E. W. B. Worc. Coll. Oxford.

College Rhymes. T. & G. SHRIMPTON, Oxford, 1865.

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My Member.

Dedicated to the Marquis of Londonderry.

Who, now that naughty Castlereagh
With Sharman Crawford's gone astray,
For Downshire ought to win the day?
My Member.

Who, since the seat I've dearly bought,
Must in for it at once be brought
(At least, so I have always thought)?
My Member.

Who, if he calls his soul his own,
And don't his views to mine postpone,
Shall overboard at once be thrown?
My Member.

Who, when I say that wrong is right,
That truth is falsehood, black is white,
Must take the self-same point of sight?
My Member.

Who, at my will, is deaf, dumb, blind,
And, howsoever disinclined,
Must, if he *will* speak, speak my mind?
My Member.

Who with my letters ne'er must fence,
But praise the style and guess the sense,
Despite the number, mood, and tense?
My Member.

Who, in the park or in the street,
Shall have a nod whene'er we meet,
And at my balls shall shake his feet?
My Member,
Who, 'neath such favours shower'd *en masse*,
From mere humanity shall pass,
And be *my* man, my ox, my ass?
My Member.

Punch, June 5, 1852,

[The Viscount Castlereagh, eldest son of the Marquis of Londonderry, sat as the member for County Down from 1826 to 1852, and the seat had always, until then, been regarded as family property.]

——:o:——

To My Murray.

Autumn, 1857.

The Wind and tide have brought us fast,
The Custom House is well nigh past,
Alas; that this should be the last;
My Murray.

The spirits in my flask grew low,
Mine sinking too, I rushed below,
And in despair, cried, "Steward, oh!"
My Murray.

But once on shore, my troubles end,
Sights, sounds, no longer me offend,
I clap thee on the back, my friend!
My Murray.

My classics, once a shining store,
For thee put by this month or more,
Now rust disused and shine no more,
My Murray.

So well thou'st played the hand-book's part,
For inns a hint, for routes a chart,
That every line I've got by heart
My Murray.

And though thou gladly would'st fulfil,
The same kind office for me still,
My purse now seconds not my will,
My Murray.

Thy shabby sides once crimson bright
Are quite as lovely in my sight,
As mountains bathed in roseate light,
My Murray.

For should I view them without thee,
What sights worth seeing could I see,
The Rhine would run in vain for me,
My Murray.

Companion of my glad ascent,
Mount Blanc I did with thy consent,
And saw wide-spread the Continent,
My Murray.

Once, I could scarce walk up the Strand,
What Jungfrau now could us withstand,
When we are walking hand-in-hand,
My Murray.

But ah! too well some folk I know,
Who friends on dusty shelves do throw,—
With us it never shall be so,
My Murray.

Punch, December 5, 1857.

——:o:——

My Nose.

What leads me on where'er I go,
In sun and shade, in joy and woe,
Thro' fog and tempest, rain and snow?
My Nose,

In youth's most ardent reckless day,
And when arose disputes at play,
What would be foremost in the fray?
My Nose.

And should my tongue rude blows provoke,
What would protrude and brave each stroke,
Till coral streams its pains bespoke?
My Nose.

And falling in an airy bound,
In chase of some new charm or sound,
To save me—what came first to ground?
My Nose.

When some dark pass I would explore,
With neither shut nor open door,
What oft for me hard usage bore?
My Nose.

And when in want I yearn'd to eat,
And hunger might my judgment cheat,
What prompted me to food most sweet?
My Nose.

'Mid violet banks and woodbine bowers,
And beds where bloom'd the fairest flowers,
What fed me with their fragrant powers?
My Nose.

Each eye may need in age a guide,
And when young helpmates I provide,
Thy back thou'lt lend for them to stride,
My Nose.

And can I or in care or glee,
Refuse my aid and love to thee,
Who thus has felt and bled for me,
My Nose?

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No ; when cold winter's winds blow high,
And bite thee hard and thou shalt cry,
Thy tears with smypathy I'll dry,
My Nose,

And if for snuff thy love shall come,
Thy slaves, my finger and my thumb,
Shall faithful be, and bear thee some,
My Nose.

Still as I follow thee along,
Oh, mayst thou never lead me wrong!
But thou must hush our sleeping song,
My Nose!

Attempts in Verse, by John Jones, an old Servant.
(Edited by Robert Southey, poet laureate, 1831.)

——:o:——

MY PUNCH.

Upon the express train of the Michigan Railway.
February, 1864. Midnight. *Mercury at Zero.*

WHAT, in this far benighted West,
Brings comfort to my lonely breast,
And gives my life its sweetest zest?
My Punch.

The ragged boy who brought the news,
Offered me much from which to choose.
Times, Tribune, Herald, I refuse,
My Punch,

Within the carriage sickly white
Were men from Chicamanga's fight.
My eyes were moistened by the sight,
My Punch.

"Discharged from hospital," they sigh,
"Where yet a thousand sufferers lie,
And coming home at last" to die,
My Punch.

For those sad faces homeward turned,
Their short-lived pensions fully earned,
How many mother's hearts had yearned,
My Punch,

'Twas scarce a twelvemonth since, I know,
When eager crowds beheld them go,
Their youthful faces all a-glow,
My Punch.

And now all twisted by the cramps,
Which wrung them 'mid the noxious damps
Of fenny bivouacks and camps,
My Punch.

Bright were those eyes, now bleared and dim,
Lithe was each crutch-supported limb,
Merry were once those spectres grim,
My Punch,

What contrast between now and then!
Their mothers scarce would know again
Those mournful, feeble, dying men,
My Punch.

One speechless on his pallet lay,
They take him forth, "His home" they say
A wretched hamlet by the way,
My Punch.

My wandering fancy sadly bore
My vision to the half-ope'd door,
The tearful clasp—I saw no more,
My Punch.

Oh, fearful reign of greed and hate!
Oh, Nation haughty and elate,
Writing in blood its dreadful fate!
My Punch.

It haunts me, this repulsive theme,
With gory phantasies which seem
The nightmares of a troubled dream,
My Punch.

For through the surface gloze so thin
One sees the Carnival of Sin,
The devil's dice they play. Who win?
My Punch.

The train is stopped by drifting snows,
An inn is reached, but no repose
Exhausted hungry nature knows,
My Punch.

Here I am forced to sit up late,
Amid the chewing crowds I hate,
Who patiently expectorate
My Punch.

The whistle sounds ere I depart,
I clasp thee to my aching heart,
Balm for the exile's keenest smart,
My Punch,

——:o:——

My STOCKINGS.

A NOBLER theme let others choose ;
Fit subject for my humble muse
Are ye, whom night and day I use,
My Stockings.

Soon as Aurora points the skies,
(Ere from my sluggard couch I rise,)
For you I raise my earliest cries,
My Stockings.

The live-long day, around my thigh
Ye cling : and seldom turn away;
With me ye trudge through wet and dry,
My Stockings.

At night, *one* serves to stop a gap
I'th' wall—I sink in Somnus' lap,
And *t'other* serves me for a cap,
My Stockings!

Let none their various deeds decry :
For ever as the week goes by,
They're washed, and then I hang to dry,
My Stockings!

About 1800. *Anonymous.*

——:o:——

THE MAN OF FASHION.

WHO made this moving piece of clay,
So bright, and beautiful and gay
As though life were one holiday?
My Tailor.

Whose magic shears, and cloth, and tape,
Gave to my ugly neck a nape,
And brought my bow-legs into shape?
My Tailor.

Who all deformity effaced,
And beautified, and stuffed and laced,
And stamp'd Adonis on my waist?
My Tailor.

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Who made the coat, the pantaloon,
That in the gay and bright saloon,
Won me a spouse and honey-moon ?
My Tailor.

Reverse the picture ; who was it,
That taught me wisdom was unfit
A beau, a gentleman, and wit?
My Tailor.

Whose magic shears. and cloth, and tape,
Made me in bearing, form, and shape,
The very mockery of an ape ?
My Tailor.

Who bound me to a worthless wife,
Whose vanity, and spleen, and strife
Will be the nightmare of my life ?
My Tailor.

Who passes me with threatening looks ?
Who's got me deepest in his books ?
Who'll nab me yet ? Why, Mr. Snooks—
My Tailor.

The Maids, Wives, & Widows Penny Magazine,
May 25, 1833.

——:o:——

MY TICKER.

OLD friend that once with me did dwell
Vouchsafing all the hours to tell,
Where art thou gone ? I know too well,
My Ticker !

Thou art not gone to artists' care
To try the good of change of air
Or undergo a slight repair,
My Ticker.

No ! thou art gone—no fault of thine—
Unto a relative of mine,
Entitled "Uncle," I opine,
My Ticker.

And there must thou remain awhile,
Spite of thyself, in durance vile,
Accompanied by my best tile,
My Ticker,

And much I fear thou must remain
Until a shower, *not of rain*,
Impels thee down the spout again,
My Ticker.

Punch, 1842,

——:o:——

MY UNCLE.

(*By Louis Napoleon Bounaparte.*)

WHO raised our race up from the dregs,
And set us youngsters on our legs,
Putting us up so many pegs?
My Uncle

Who scratch'd up Europe like a hen,
To fling out grains for us young men?
Who shut the mouth and stopped the pen ?
My Uncle !

Who broke through rights and smash'd through [laws,
To find neat crowns for our papas,
And shot young D'ENGHIEN in *our* cause ?
My Uncle !

Who left us something still to do—
A name to keep French passions true
To *us*—the name of Waterloo ?
My Uncle !

Who gave me all my little name,
My little hopes, my little fame
My little everything, but blame?
My Uncle !

Punch, January 3, 1852.

——:o:——

MY UNCLE.

WHO, by a transmutation bold,
Turns clothes or watches, new and old,
Or any other goods, to gold ?
My Uncle !

Who, by a duplication rare,
Makes Hunger's chattels (scant and bare)
Produce first cash, and then good fare ?
My Uncle

Who, when my credit got quite low,
Handed me cash on Jane's *trousseau*,
And lent a suite of paste for show ?
My Uncle !

Who caused her silks our mouths to fill,
And made my full-dress shirt with frill
Discharge a fortnight's butcher's bill ?
My Uncle

When creditors—a ruthless crew—
Had "small accounts just coming due,"
Who stopped their clamorous tongues ? Why you,
My Uncle !

And when attorneys round me pressed
With writs of judgment and arrest,
Who set for weeks their quills at rest ?
My Uncle !

Who lent us hundreds three and four,
And kindly kept our plate secure,
When we commenced our foreign tour?
My Uncle

Punch, March, 1845.

MY UNCLE.

WHO dwells at yonder three gold balls
Where Poverty so often calls
To place her relics in his walls ?
My Uncle.

Who cheers the heart with "money lent,"
When friends are cold, and all is spent,
Receiving only cent. per cent ?
My Uncle.

Who cares not what distress may bring,
If stolen from beggar or from king,
And, like the sea, takes everything ?
My Uncle.

Who, wiser than each sage of yore,
Who Alchemy would fain explore,
Can make whate'er he touches ore ?
My Uncle.

Who, when the wretch is sunk in grief
And none besides will yield relief,
Will aid the honest or the thief ?
My Uncle.

Who, when detection threatens law,
His secret stores will open draw,
That future rogues may stand in awe ?
My Uncle.

Bought wisdom is the best, 'tis clear,
And since 'tis better as more dear,
We, for high usance, should revere,
My Uncle.

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And though to make the heedless wise,
He cheats in all he sells or buys,
To work a moral purpose tries
My Uncle.

Who, when our friends are quite withdrawn,
And hypocrites no longer fawn
Takes all but honour into pawn
My Uncle.

JOHN TAYLOR.

THE PAWNBROKER BEFORE CONGRESS.

(*Of Social Science, Represented by* MR. ATTENBOROUGH.)

WHO is the Poor Man's constant friend,
Aid ever ready to extend,
And sums at moderate usance lend?
My Uncle.

Who's the philanthropist, maligned
By thoughtless, ignorant, unkind
Perverters of the people's mind?
My Uncle.

Who stolen goods will ne'er receive,
In fact, is shunned by them that thieve
For pledges they're afraid to leave?
My Uncle.

Who, when a Nephew, or a Niece,
Would pawn a doubtful gem, or piece
Of plate, apprises the Police?
My Uncle.

Who keeps the shop whose "Two-to-one,"
Denotes that you shall not be done,
For all that has been said in fun?
My Uncle.

Who is particular about
All articles put "up the spout,"
Again, (almost all,) taken out?
My Uncle.

The false suspicion, therefore, drop,
That Nunky keeps a Fence's shop,
Who'd lose by prey which thieves might pop,
My Uncle.

Punch, October 21, 1871.

——:o:——

MY VALENTINE.

IN furs and velvets orthodox,
With laughing eyes and sunny locks,
And, oh! the very shortest frocks,
My Valentine.

With lips like full ripe cherries bright,
With eyes ablaze with inward light,
With dainty frills all gleaming white,
Sweet Valentine.

Her voice but like the rippling stream,
Her face but like an artist's dream,
Her form but fit for poet's theme,
My Valentine.

In silk her shapely limbs encased,
With tiny *bottines* deftly laced,
On modelled feet so fitly placed,
Dear Valentine.

Her merry tricks, her roguish ways,
Her playful pranks, her earnest gaze,
Her gleeful laugh, her well-turned phrase,
My Valentine.

Who is there bold enough to dare
With her sweet beauty to compare,
Or even claim her throne to share?
Loved Valentine.

The chief she is of all coquettes,
The prettiest of pretty pets;
What thoughts her memory begets!
My Valentine.

Could I but hope her heart to fix!—
Ah me! old Time plays cruel tricks,
For I, alas! am fifty-six;—She's only nine,
My Valentine.

Judy, February 2, 1880.

——:o:——

THE JESUIT TO HIS GRANDMOTHER.

WHO, when I was a puny child
And drew my interference mild,
Shrieked at me, and grew very wild?
My Whalley!

Who, when the country let me play,
Grabbed at my toys day after day,
And scared my very foes away?
My Whalley!

Who thus, when things seemed growing slack,
With injudicious, wild attack,
Brought all my finest business back?
My Whalley!

Who, when the House discussed my claim,
Yelled at me—called me every name,
Till I got votes—for very shame?
My Whalley!

Who, when he rose his change to ring,
"Like Paganini, on one string,"
Was very strongly urged to sing?
My Whalley!

Who, when his name became a jest,
By friends well cursed—by foes well blest—
Himself to other arts addressed?
My Whalley!

Who all his nasty powers tasked,
And spread—Lord Campbell's Act unasked—
His famed "Confessional Unmasked"?
My Whalley!

Who foremost in the Turnbull chase,
When bigots drove him from his place,
In savage war-paint led the race?
My Whalley!

Turnbull no more, who still must rave,
And, none to answer, call him knave—
Insult the dead man in his grave?
My Whalley!

Who, by such wiles—friends not too true,
And enemies by no means few—
Rallied them *all* around me?—Who?
My Whalley!

Who thus, should the whole Order fail,
And Grand Inquisitors turn tail,
In *any* mess will stand my bail?
My Whalley!

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And who, unto the very end,
My honour—life—will e'er defend?—
My grandmother!—my truest friend!—
My Whalley!

The Tomahawk, August 31, 1867.

[The late Mr. G. H. Whalley sat for many years as M.P. for Peterborough, and was noted for the bitterness of his attacks on the Roman Catholics. On rising to address the House of Commons he was frequently greeted with cries of "Sing, Whalley, sing!"]

——:o:——

My Whiskers.

What causes all the folks to stare,
As I strut by *en militaire*,
And makes my face all over hair?
My Whiskers.

Why do the children laugh with glee?
'Tis no uncommon sight to see.
Ah! no; they only envy me
My Whiskers.

What wounds with twenty thousand darts
When practising the game of hearts,
And such sweet vanity imparts?
My Whiskers.

How I can quiz a naked chin,
And mimic every vulgar grin;
But I'll be bound they'll laugh who win,
My Whiskers.

Should ever cruel fate decree,
That we, alas! should sever'd be,
I'll lay me down and die with thee—
My Whiskers.

The Penny Belle Assemblée, October 26, 1833.

——:o:——

"My Yot."

(*A confidential Carol, by a Cockney Owner, who inwardly feels that he is not exactly "in it" after all.*)

What makes me deem I'm of Viking blood
(Though a wee bit queer when the pace grows hot),
A briny slip of the British brood?
My Yot!

What makes me rig me in curious guise,
Like a kind of a sort of—I dont know what,
And talk sea-slang, to the world's surprise?
My Yot!

What makes me settle my innermost soul
On winning a purposeless silver pot
And walk with a (very much) nautical roll?
My Yot!

What makes me learned in cutters and yawls,
And time-allowance—which others must tot—
And awfully nervous in sudden squalls?
My Yot!

What makes me sprawl on the deck all day,
And at night play "nap" till I lose a lot,
And grub in a catch-who-can sort of a way?
My Yot!

What makes me qualmish, timorous, pale,
(Though rather than own it I'd just be shot)
When the *Fay* in the wave-crests dips her sails?
My Yot!

What makes me "patter" to skipper and crew
In a kibosh style that a child might spot,
And tug hard ropes till my knuckles go blue?
My Yot!

What makes me snooze in a narrow close bunk,
Till the cramp my limbs doth twist and knot,
And brave discomfort, and face blue-funk?
My Yot!

What makes me gammon my chummiest friends
To "try the fun"—which I know's all rot—
And earn the dead-cut in which all this ends?
My Yot!

What makes me, in short, an egregious ass,
A bore, a butt, who, not caring a jot
For the sea, as a sea-king am seeking to pass?
My Yot!

Punch, August 28, 1880.

Your Friend.

By the Countess of Blessington.

Who borrows all your ready cash,
And with it cuts a mighty dash,
Proving the lender weak and rash?
Your Friend

Who finds out every secret fault,
Misjudges every word and thought,
And makes you pass for worse than naught?
Your Friend!

Who wins your money at deep play,
Then tells you that the world doth say,
"'Twere wise from clubs you kept away?"
Your Friend!

Who sells you, for the longest price,
Horses, a dealer in a trice
Would find unsound, and full of vice?
Your Friend!

Who eats your dinners, then looks shrewd,
Wishes you had a cook like *Ude*,*
For then, much oft'ner would intrude—
Your Friend.

Who tells you that you've shocking wine,
And owns that, though his port's not fine,
Crockford's the only place to dine?
Your Friend!

Who wheedles you with words most fond,
To sign for him a heavy bond?
"Or else, by Jove, must quick abscond?"
Your Friend!

Who makes you all the interest pay
With principal, some future day,
And laughs at what you then may say?
Your Friend!

(*A celebrated cook of whom Tom Moore makes frequent mention in his lighter poems.)

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Who makes deep love unto your wife,
Knowing you prize her more than life,
And breeds between you hate and strife?
Your Friend!

Who, when you've got into a brawl,
Insists that out your man you call,
Then gets you shot, which ends it all?
Your Friend?

From *The Keepsake.*

ANOTHER FRIEND.

WHEN Satan for his sins was driven
Forth from the eternal joys of heaven,
We read that unto him was given
A Stick.

In infancy, what was my pride?
What was't for which I often cried?
What did I saddle, mount, and ride?
My Stick.

And when my tardy teens began,
I flourish'd oft my gay rattan,
Thou graced me while I ape'd the man,
My Stick.

Theatre, market, church, or fair,
Wherever I am, thou art there,
Ev'n children cry—there goes a pair
Of Sticks.

But till my door of life is shut
Till in my kindred earth I'm put,
Till life's extinct, I'll never cut
My Stick.

——:o:——

WOMAN.

WHEN our first parents liv'd in blissful ease,
In Eden's flowery fields, enjoying peace,
Who was it caus'd those blissful days to cease?
A Woman.

Who was't (beguil'd by our inveterate foe),
Gave to man's happiness a mortal blow,
And brought into the world, sin, death, and woe?
A Woman.

When Lot from his detested country fled,
Who was't the heavenly mandate disobey'd,
And to the city turned her daring head?
A Woman.

Who was't, with naked and resistless charms,
Rais'd in King David's bosom wild alarms,
And clasp'd the monarch in adultrous arms?
A Woman.

Who was't inflam'd King Ahab's lurking vice,
His thirst of blood, his grasping avarice,
And caus'd the wretched Naboth's sacrifice?
A Woman.

Who was't (enamour'd of the Phrygian boy,
King Priam's blooming hope) with secret joy,
Left her brave spouse, and fir'd Imperial Troy?
A Woman.

Who was't, regardless of her nuptial vows,
To Atreus' son betray'd her Trojan spouse,
And saw him sink beneath the murd'rer's blows?
A Woman.

Who was it caus'd the deadly strife to grow
Betwixt Pelides and his royal foe,
And brought on Greece unutterable woe?
A Woman.

When Agamemnon (through all Greece renown'd)
From Trojan wars returned, with conquest crown'd,
Who caus'd th' unguarded monarch's mortal wound?
A Woman.

Who was't, with witchcraft, and each am'rous wile,
Detain'd Ulysses from his native isle,
His wife's embraces, and his parent's smile?
A Woman,

When Antony's victorious arms had gain'd
One half the world, o'er which he jointly reign'd,
Who caus'd his death, and all his glory stain'd?
A Woman.

Who was't the royal Edward's life betray'd,
The unhappy martyr's confidence repaid,
By plunging in his heart the assassin's blade,
A Woman,

Who was't, inflam'd with false religious ire,
Caus'd Latimer and Ridley to expire,
Roasted like lobsters in a Smithfield fire?
A Woman.

Who still in man's weak heart retains her place,
And with a smile upon a lovely face,
Can lure the fool to misery and disgrace?
False Woman.

The Duel, with other Poems, by L. O. SHAW, Blackburn, printed and sold by T. Rogerson, 1815.

(Referring to this Poem, in his preface, the author quaintly remarks "Truth offends none but fools and knaves.")

——:o:——

ODE XXV.

MY GODWIN!

Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras.

OUR Temple youth, a lawless train,
Blockading Johnson's window pane,
No longer laud thy solemn strain,
My Godwin!

"Chaucer's" a mighty tedious elf,
"Fleetwood" lives only for himself,
And "Caleb Williams" loves the shelf,
My Godwin!

No longer cry the sprites unblest,
"Awake! Arise! Stand forth confess'd!"
For fallen, fallen is thy crest,
My Godwin!

Thy muse for meretricious feats,
Does quarto penance now in sheets,
Or cloathing parcels roams the streets,
My Godwin!

Thy name at Luna's lamp thou light'st,
Blank is the verse that thou indit'st,
Thy play is damn'd, yet still thou writ'st,
My Godwin!

And still to wield the grey goose quill,
When Phœbus sinks, to feel no chill,
"With me is to be lovely still,"
My Godwin!

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Thy winged steed (a bit of blood)
Bore thee like Trunnion through the flood,
To leave thee sprawling in the mud,
My Godwin!

But carries now, with martial trot,
In glittering armour, Walter Scott,
A poet he—which thou art not,
My Godwin!

Nay, nay, forbear these jealous wails,
Tho' he's upborne on fashion's gales,
Thy heavy bark attendant sails,
My Godwin

Fate each by different streams conveys,
His skiff in Aganippe plays,
And thine in Lethe's whirlpool strays,
My Godwin!

From *Horace in London*, by James and Horace Smith, authors of "Rejected Addresses," 1815. William Godwin, the author of a Life of Chaucer; "Fleetwood;" "Caleb Williams," "St. Leon," and other works, was a well known character in the literary world in the beginning of the present century. He married Mary Wollstonecraft, and their daughter, the authoress of *Frankenstein*, became the wife of Shelley the poet. William Godwin died in 1836, aged 81. There is a short sketch of his career in "The Maclise Portrait Gallery."

——:o:——

THE NEWS-PAPER; or, READY-MADE IDEAS.

I SING not of a tale of woe
That happ'd some ninety years ago:
I urge a theme that all must *know*—
The Paper.

At morn, when tea and toast appear,
And to the table all draw near,
What gives a zest to welcome cheer?
The Paper.

In vain the urn is hissing hot,
In vain rich Hyson stores the pot,
If the vile newsman has forgot
The Paper,

What is't can draw the Vicar's eye,
Ee'n from the tithe-pig smoking by,
To mark some vacant Rectory?
The Paper.

What is't attracts the optic pow'rs
Of Ensign gay, when fortune show'rs
Down prospects of "a step" in "ours"?
The Paper.

Who is't can make the man of law,
Neglect the deed or plea to draw—
Ca. Sa.—Fi. Fa.—Indictment, Flaw?
The Paper.

What is't can soothe his client's woe,
And make him quite forget John Doe,
Nor think on *Mister* Richard Roe?
The Paper.

What is't absorbs the wealthy Cit,
The half-pay Sub, the fool, the wit,
The toothless Aunt, the forward Chit—
The Paper.

What is't informs the country round,
What's stol'n or stray'd, what's lost or found,
Who's born, and who's put under ground?
The Paper.

What tells you all that's done and said,
The fall of beer, the rise of bread,
And what fair lady's brought to bed?
The Paper.

What is it tells of plays and balls,
Almack's, and gas lights, and St. Paul's,
And gamblers caught by Mr. Halls?
The Paper.

What is't narrates full many a story,
Of Mr. Speaker, Whig, and Tory,
And heroes all agog for glory?
The Paper.

What is it gives the price of stocks,
Of Poyais Loans, and patent locks,
And wine at the West India Docks?
The Paper.

What tells you too who kill'd or hurt is,
When turtles fresh arriv'd, whose skirt is
Much relish'd by Sir William Curtis?
The Paper.

What speaks of thieves and purses taken,
And murders done, and maids forsaken,
And average price of Wiltshire bacon?
The Paper.

Abroad, at home, infirm or stout,
In health, or raving with the gout,
Who possibly can do without
The Paper?

It's worth and merits then revere,
And since to-day begins our year,
Think not you e'er can buy too dear
The Paper.

The Spirit of the Public Journals, 1823.

——:o:——

VELLUTI.

HEARDS'T thou not the peacock shriek?
Heards't thou not the cricket squeak?
Heards't thou not the door-hinge creak?
No—it was Velluti!

Heards't thou the parrot's shrilly cry?
Heards't thou the screech-owl hooting by?
Heards't thou the sea-mew screaming nigh?
No—it was Velluti!

Heards't thou the angry mastiff growl?
Heards't thou grimalkins midnight howl,
And croaking frogs in waters foul?
No—it was Velluti!

Some there are who mock the song
And warblings of the feather'd throng—
But birds and beasts alike belong
To thy tones, poor Velluti!

For thou art each—first this, then that—
A husky rook, a squeaking rat—
Famed Punch, a frog, a love-sick cat—
These form thy voice, Velluti

Spirit of the Age Newspaper, 1828.

——:o:——

THE BISHOP AND DON MIGUEL.

(A recent correspondence.)

WHO, false alike in war and peace,
Hath nothing done but cheat and fleece,
His brother bilk, and rob his niece?
My Miguel!

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Who, on his way to all this evil,
In London looked so sweet and civil,
In Lisbon pitch'd us to the devil?
My Miguel!

Whose tyrant deeds e'en roused the spleen
Of tyrant-loving Aberdeen
To call thee names he didn't mean
My Miguel?

Who rules his realm with guns and drums,
And sends poor devils to martyrdoms,
With "little angels"* round their thumbs?
My Miguel!

Yet, ah! atrocious as thou art,
So well thou play'st a monarch's part,
Thou'rt dear unto a bishop's heart,
My Miguel.

For thine the sceptre and the purse,
And wert thou even ten times worse,
To us 'twould matter not a curse,
My Miguel,

THE ANSWER.

As welcome as a richer see
Would prove to Exeter, or thee,
Thy kindly greeting comes to me,
My Bishop!

'Tis sweet to think whoever draws
His sword against the people's cause
Is sure, at least, of thy applause,
My Bishop.

And whether 'tis Old Nick or Nero,
With morals, like my own, at zero,
Thou'lt hail him as the Church's hero,
My Bishop.

The world may hold thy "Nolo" light,
But where men come to ask their right
Thy "Nolo" may be trusted quite,
My Bishop.

Love to the bench, should you and they
Chance to be ousted some fine day,
Pop over here to Lisbon, pray,
My Bishop.

For though 'twill doubtless dull appear
Without your thousands five per year,
You'll meet some kindred spirits here,
My Bishop.

THOMAS MOORE.

(In 1826 Don Pedro, King of Portugal, abdicated the throne in favour of his daughter, Maria II., but his brother Don Miguel, usurped the crown, which he retained until 1833, amidst almost incessant civil war, and commotion. His character was detestable, and his reign cruel and tyrannical, yet Henry Phillpotts, the grasping and intolerant Bishop of Exeter, gave him his sympathy. Thomas Moore, in this parody, refers to the Bishop's greed (at one time he held no less than five rich livings, and two prebendal stalls), and to the part he took in defence of the detestable Peterloo massacre of innocent people assembled at a public meeting. Fortunately for Portugal there were few Englishmen who followed Phillpotts in befriending Don Miguel, and the news of his downfall, in 1833, and the proclamation of Queen Maria, were loudly welcomed in England. Miguel had visited London in 1827; he died in exile in November, 1866.)

* Thumbscrews.

THE PROCTOR.

WHO is it, that with bull-dogs two,
With brass-bound book, and cloaks of blue,
Is capped on Sundays *by a few*?
The Proctor.

Who is't in bands and silk so fine,
Is seen about soon after nine,
Like glow-worm doomed at night to shine?
The Proctor,

Who was it when I *doused a glim*,
Dispatched to catch me bull-dog Jem,
And *begged* that I would *call* on him?
The Proctor.

Who was it too, when sporting hat,
On Queen's bridge rails one night I sat,
Just asked my name—no more than that?
The Proctor.

Who was it, when a row began,
Between the Snobs and Gownsmen ran,
And seized me, as I floored a man?
The Proctor.

And when I bribed with half-a-dollar
The bull-dog to let go my collar,
Who was it ran, and beat me hollow?
The Proctor.

And when he caught me—asked my name—
Who was it found I could *die game*?
(For I kicked his shins and made him lame),
The Proctor.

Who was it of this aggravation,
Before the vice laid accusation,
Who kindly sentenced rustication?
The Proctor.

Who was it, when *Degree* was near,
By frowning looks taught me to fear,
He meant to harass me?—Oh dear!
The Proctor.

Who was it said, "Sir, if you please,
"I'll trouble you to pay your fees,
"We never *trust* for *no* degrees"?
The Proctor.

Who after all this long delay
Examination, lots to pay,
Declined to make me a B. A.
—And then got licked that very day?
The Proctor.

The Gownsman. (Conducted by Members of the University), Cambridge. No. 10. January 7, 1831.

—— .o.——

ODE TO A BLACKGUARD.

WHO, nurs'd in ev'ry roguish villainy,
Taught, while he shamm'd the face of truth, to lie,
Who came into the world? the Lord knows why!
Blucher.

Who grew in size and cunning, till his eye,
Trained to its art, gave what he meant the lie,
Who, young in years, grew old in roguery?
Blucher.

Who trains a dog, which, Freshmen thinking cheap,
Purchase, which leaves them with a homeward leap,
Who keeps a dog, which no one else can keep?
Blucher.

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Who daring impudence, the Gownsman stops,
To tell him of the B — nw — l evening hops,
And then, brings Proctor who upon him pops?
Blucher.

Who is a Judas on the face of Earth,
Spirit, accomplish'd in all blackguard mirth,
Whose days disgrace the region of his birth?
Blucher.

Would, that the Castle Bell's prophetic clang
Should call grim Newgate's Ketch, when next it rang,
That he, next Session, Justice due, should hang,
Blucher.

From the "Cambridge Odes," by Peter Persius. Published by W. H. Smith, Rose Crescent, Cambridge. There is no date to this little pamphlet, nor any account of the character entitled "Blucher." Several verses are omitted on account of their coarseness.

—:o:—

THE TURNCOCK.

WHO is it, when we're taken ill,
And slops require all day to swill,
The grateful cistern helps to fill?
The Turncock.

Who is it, when the dreadful sound
Of "Fire" echoes all around
Is hardly ever to be found?
The Turncock.

Who is it, when upon his beat,
Will very often, for a treat,
Turn on the main and swamp the street?
The Turncock.

Who is it often comes to state
The Company no more will wait,
But must insist upon the rate?
The Turncock.

Who is it waits another day,
And then no longer will delay,
But cuts the water right away?
The Turncock.

Punch, 1843.

—:o:—

THE RAMONEUR'S ADDRESS.

WHO, when the chimney is on fire,
Than any sweep can go up higher,
And do whatever you require?
The Ramoneur.

Who saves the bother and the noise
Of dirty little climbing boys,
Whose feet the furniture destroys?
The Ramoneur.

Who human nature never shocks,
By torturing mortal knees and hocks,
And who deserves a Christmas box?
The Ramoneur.

Punch, Christmas, 1843.

This refers to the invention of a new Chimney Sweeping Machine. Before the Act of 1842 it was customary to compel little boys to climb up the insides of chimneys to sweep them, and many were suffocated, or got jammed in the narrow flues.

THE PROTECTIONIST CATECHISM.

(To be Sung or Said in all places where they talk Nonsense.)

WHAT is it makes Provisions cheap,
Turns last year's corn too soft to keep,
And breeds the rot in Cows and Sheep?
Free Trade!

What caused last summer's heavy rains?
What makes stiff clays insist on drains?
What *will* have farmers use their brains?
Free Trade!

What brought about potato blight?
What is the cause of Ireland's plight?
What won't let anything go right?
Free Trade!

What caused two years' short cotton crops?
What made the Funds to ninety drop?
What soon will make the world shut shop?
Free Trade!

What drains our gold and silver out,
Makes quassia to be used in stout,
Puts foreign monarchs up the spout?
Free Trade!

What makes poor tenants quite content
To pay whatever's asked for rent,
Though corn go down fifteen per cent?
Free Trade!

What soon will raise the labourers' hire
To something past mere food and fire,
And make him saucy to the squire?
Free Trade!

What works the Constitution woe,
At Church and State doth strike a blow,
And brings up everything that's low?
Free Trade!

What is the thing to save our bacon,
Restore our Constitution shaken,
And give us back what PEEL has taken?
Protection

What will vote draining tiles a bore,
What Coprolites and Guano floor,
And good old rule of thumb restore?
Protection!

What will make sunshine, rain and snow,
As farmers want them, come and go,
Keeping all things in *statu quo*?
Protection!

What, for a shield 'gainst foreign grain
Will give us Law to trust again,
Instead of British Brawn or Brain?
Protection!

What will leave landlords as of yore,
And tenants as they did before,
On the old paths to snooze and snore?
Protection!

Then raise on high a general call,
For that which works the good of all,
By robbing PETER to pay PAUL.
PROTECTION!

Punch, April 21, 1849.

—:o:—

THE BAKER.

WHO is it, in an idle hour,
Grinds up some beans both cheap and sour,
To mix them with his wheaten flour?
The Baker!

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Who, if a trifling rise in price
Occurs in corn, will not be nice,
But in the bread will charge it twice?
The Baker!

Who, when the corn is "down again,"
Is such a thorough rogue in grain,
The rise in bread still to maintain?
The Baker!

Who is it, when we send a pie,
Will child-like take a straw and try
To suck it of the syrup dry?
The Baker!

Who is it, when we trust some ribs
Of beef to bake, a portion cribs,
And hides the fault by wicked fibs?
The Baker!

Who, if we miss a piece of fat,
Has always got an answer pat,
And lays it on a neighbour's cat?
The Baker!

Who, from rice pudding, with a cup,
Extracts the custard—every sup—
And says the fire has dried it up?
The Baker!

Who, the unpleasant truth to state,
Cheats us at such a fearful rate,
That every loaf is short in weight?
The Baker!

Punch, January 15, 1853.

——:o:——

THE POET.

WHO welcomes first the powers of spring?
The swallow twittering on the wing,
Who pines to hear the cuckoo sing?—
The Poet.

Who loves the snowdrop, modest flower,
First of the year to grace the bower,
To cause its stay, who sighs for power?
The Poet.

Who marks it lowlier droop its head,
And kiss its cold and damp death bed,
Weeping when all its life is shed?
The Poet.

Who, when the lark awakes refreshed,
And soars above its little nest,
Loves its sweet morning song the best?
The Poet.

Who smiles to see the dark mist free,
Young morning dawn o'er earth and sea,
Who then feels proud of being free?
The Poet.

Who, when the bright stars stud the sky,
The pale moon smileth from on high,
Beholds them with admiring eye?
The Poet.

Who, when the snows of winter fall
O'er earth, obedient at his call,
Wondering, reveres the cause of all?
The Poet.

Who feels that love, which few e'er feel,
Which bids him every thought reveal,
To her—his own in woe or weal?
The Poet.

Who, when soft twilight's sober grey
Obscures the light of lessening day,
To love's pure feast hies swift away?
The Poet.

Who then in maiden's raptured ear
Pours the sweet sounds she loves to hear,
Dispelling doubt, destroying fear?
The Poet.

Who pines not, toils not for the gold,
In search of which the young grow old,
To whom doth love true joys unfold?
The Poet.

Who dearest loves his brother man,
Nor stains with hate life's little span?
Who glads the heart of all he can?
The Poet.

Who feels there is a God in Heaven,
By whom all love, all life is given,
Who oft the scoffer's jest hath riven?
The Poet.

Who pauses, nor with hasty tread
Stalks o'er the turf-hid, silent dead:
Weeping, although no tear is shed?
The Poet.

Who, when his eye is glazed and dim,
And life a dying ember's gleam,
Relies on, finds a friend in HIM?
The Poet.

He's not, who, 'mid Time's onward flow,
Can't mark, and learn, and wiser grow,
He's not, who lives not, dies not so
A Poet.

Lays and Lyrics, By C. RAE. BROWN, London. Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co., 1855.

——:o:——

KING CLICQUOT.

WHO rules the Kingdom, till of late
Which was a leading German State,
But he has made it second-rate?
King Clicquot.

When NICHOLAS the Turks attacked,
Who joined the league against that act,
Then out of his engagement backed?
King Clicquot

Who feigned to hold with the Allies,
But to co-operate denies,
And, underhand, to thwart them tries?
King Clicquot.

Swayed by domestic feelings weak,
His people's good who does not seek,
But plays the traitor and the sneak?
King Clicquot.

By private ties who only bound
Breaks those of honour, like a hound,
And yet his head continues crowned?
King Clicquot.

Who has a crafty project planned,
Denmark and Holland to command,
Meanwhile betraying Fatherland?
King Clicquot.

Who Russia would abet, as base
Accomplice, to enslave his race,
If he but durst the danger face?
King Clicquot.

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Who, double minded, double sees ?
Whose conduct with his gait agrees ?
Who breaks his nose 'gainst apple-trees ?
King Clicquot.

Whose dirty tricks have brought about
His nation to be quite shut out
From Europe's Council ? Germans, shout—
King Clicquot.

Who vacillates 'twixt knave and fool ?
Who's the CZAR's satrap, pander, tool ?
Who is no longer fit to rule ?
King Clicquot.

Punch, March 31, 1855.

Frederick William, King of Prussia, (the elder brother of the present German Emperor,) had the credit of being a stupid sensualist, and was long known in England by the nickname "King Clicquot." During his reign Prussia had come to occupy a lower position in Europe than she had ever before held during her existence as a Kingdom. It seemed almost marvellous how by any process the country of the Great Frederick could have sunk to such a condition of insignificance. At the period just preceding the Crimean War the King of Prussia, with his usual indecision of character, led the Allies to believe he would side with them, and then, at the last minute, withdrew from the compact, saying that the interests of Prussia did not require him to engage in a war. Prussia was relieved from the rule of this weak and vacillating individual, by his death in January, 1861.

——:o——

THE BABY SHOW.

BY MRS. GAMP.

(Authoress of "Diary of a Monthly Nurse," &c., &c.)

WHERE is the man with soul so badge,
Which could denige this moryal sage.
That Babby-shows is all the rage !
The Monster !

Which he should instantaneous go
Unto the famious Zo—
—ologic Gardings, to the show
Of Babbies.

There, where the beastiges does roar,
And bragian bands their toons play o'er,
To see the babes, the people pour
In thousands,

Like Cowcumbers on summer days,
These tender plants, though hard to raise,
Does win our most maternial praise :
The ducksy-wucksys !

Ah dear ! I knows a lady—which
Her name is Harris—who had sitch
Two little cherryubs, with the
Scotch Complaint.

Which, likewige, was the cauge why they
Was not exhibited that day ;
So Mrs. Harris could not say
As follows.

1st Mother.—

Who was the babe who gain'd the prize
For being, in the judges eyes,
The little boy of finest size ?
My Tommy.

2nd Mother.—

Who was the lion of the ground ?
Who gain'd the first prize of five pound
For well-developed limbs, and round ?
My Billy.

3rd Mother.—

And who was it, all cloth'd in red,
Who for a month had been well fed
On rice, and oil, and oatmeal bread ?
My Jimmy.

4th Mother.—

But who was it, with teeth like pearl,
And bright blue eyes, and sunny curl,
Was judged to be "the prettiest girl ?"
My Jemimar.

(*Hysterical, unlooked for, and utterly-out-of-place, Chorus of Mothers*): "Singing: Ri-tol-looral, lal-looral, lal-looral, lal la!"

The Shilling Book of Beauty. Edited by CUTHBERT BEDE, 1856.

[Mrs Gamp s feelings are doubtless strorg on this subject, and may be shared in, for aught we know, (though we very much doubt it), by a large number of "the women of England." But we must confess that our feelings are so strongly opposed to these "Baby Shows"— which we think are cruel, degrading and disgusting exhibitions—that we should not have given insertion to Mrs. Gamp's poetical effusion, had not Lady Slipslop kindly furnished us with an antidote, which will be found in the article next ensuing.—Ed. S. B of B.]

——:o:——

LINES BY A GIRL OF THE FUTURE TO A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

WHO taught me that our English ways,
So highly prized in former days,
In her time only bred amaze ?
My Mother.

Whose ev'ry action went to show
That homely virtues were all slow,
And fit but for the mean and low ?
My Mother.

That girls of spirit ne'er should care
For aught on earth save what they wear,
Short skirts—high heels—and false dyed hair ?
My Mother.

That thoroughly they should despise
All plodding, dull, domestic ties,
Know naught of pickles, or of pies ?
My Mother.

That always they should imitate
Young men in slangy talk and gait,
As bashfulness was out of date ?
My Mother.

That hearts were to be weigh'd 'gainst gold,
Not love, as was the case of old
And to the highest bidder sold ?
My Mother.

And that when wed, all girls should learn
Base thoughts of stupid thrift to spurn
And spend much more than husbands earn ?
My Mother.

Girl of the Period Miscellany. April, 1869.

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Our Bishops.

1.
Who follow Christ with humble feet,
And rarely have enough to eat,
Who "Misereres" oft repeat?—
Our Bishops.

2.
Who, like the fishermen of old,
Care not for house, nor lands, nor gold,
But boldly brave the damp and cold?—
Our Bishops.

3.
Who preach the gospel to the poor,
And nurse the sick, and teach the boor—
Who faithful to the end endure?—
Our Bishops.

4.
Who give up all for Jesus' sake,
And no thought for the morrow take,
But daily sacrifices make?—
Our Bishops.

5.
And who count everything a loss
Except their Lord and Master's cross,
And reckon riches as but dross?—
Our Bishops.

Jon Duan—Weldon's Christmas Annual, 1874.

Episcopal Salaries.—The thirty-one prelates of the Church of England receive £161,900 a year, and have more than thirty-one palaces. To contrast with this there are nearly one thousand clergymen whose average stipend is under £76 per annum.

—:o:—

L. S. D.

What makes man selfish and morose,
The cause of troubles, trials, and woes,
What makes fierce friendship, fiercer foes?
Money!

What leads to murder and disgrace,
What aids young sparks to go the pace;
And takes him abroad to hide his face?
Money!

What leads to those sweet family rows,
When Pa tells Ma with fearful vows,
Tom shan't spend more than he allows?
Money!

Again, what can't we do without,
What gives us power to gad about,
Enjoy ourselves, and laugh and shout?
Money!

For what does man work hard all day,
What makes him sad his bills to pay,
(Paying them whether he will or nay)?
Money!

Oh, would I knew some little game
To make my name well-known to fame,
And bring me plenty of that same—
Money!

The Figaro Programme, November 28, 1874.

—:o:—

The Russians.

Who spread no Sclavic Empire far
O'er Khiva's deserts and Kashgar,
And murder not, and name it war?
The Russians!

Whose scourging armies never chose
To make Darius' sons their foes,
And dye in blood the Persian rose?
The Russians!

Who camp by Attrek's lonely shore?
Whose sunny vales and Barakpore
Shall hear the clang of arms no more,
The Russians!

Who did not dare destroy, annul,
(Nor since defy us—coward, fool,)
The record of Sevastopol?
The Russians!

Whose new embrasures speak not scorn?
Whose fleet's on never a billow borne
That flows towards the Golden Horn?
The Russians!

Who turn no envious gaze upon
The lands which Clive subdued and won—
Our Indian Empire and Ceylon?
The Russians!

Who were our friends in 'fifty-four,
And spared our country's life and gore,
And hope to shed them nevermore?
The Russians!

Whom should we court and value more
Than bearded statesmen's art and lore,
And love and cherish evermore?
The Russians!

Benjamin D——— *His Little Dinner*, 1876.

—:o:—

My Father.

By Mr. Gladstone, Junr.

Who loved me when I was a child,
And never at my pranks grew wild,
And when I broke his china, smiled?
My Father!

Who, when I used to mix his work
And his last manuscript to burke,
Would merely say, "you little Turk"?
My Father!

Who, when—this was my boyish dread—
My mother sent me up to bed,
Would give me jam with my dry bread?
My Father!

Who, when we led the Liberal host,
Made me so snug a treasury post?
A thousand pounds a year it cost—
My Father!

Who, now that he has lost his pow'r,
Is growing querulous and sour,
And more eccentric every hour?
My Father!

Who must again the Liberals lead,
And Hartington soon supersede?
Who is it that the people need?
My Father!

Truth, September 6, 1877.

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The Doctor.

[The other day a baker was fined for adulterating his bread with what is called in the trade the "doctor," a mixture composed principally of alum. The use of the "doctor," it came out, results in making inferior bread look of a good quality.]

WHAT makes the quartern loaf a sight
To glad the heart and bring delight,
So crusty brown, so crumby white?
The "Doctor."

What turns the flour from mouldy wheat
Into a substance *looking* sweet,
Ambrosia that a god might eat?
The "Doctor."

Who is the baker's firmest friend?
Who passes all they choose to vend?
Who makes them wealthy in the end?
The "Doctor."

Who is the public's meanest foe?
Who deals it many a stealthy blow
With daily lumps of poisoned dough?
The "Doctor."

Funny Folks, June, 1877.

——:o:——

Tight Lacing in the Pulpit.

[MR. HAWEIS in addressing a crowded Congregation at St. James's, Marylebone, spoke very strongly on the Criminal Ignorance and thoughtlessness of Tight Lacing.]

WHAT is it makes a lady's head
Feel heavy as a lump of lead?
What makes her nose's tip so red?
Tight-lacing!

What makes her cheek burn like a coal,
Her feet as cold as Arctic pole?
What cramps her body and her soul?
Tight-lacing!

What makes her temper short and sharp?
What causes her to fret and carp,
And on the smallest ills to harp?
Tight-lacing!

What checks her proper circulation,
And dulls her ordinate sensation?
What blighted babes breeds for the nation?
Tight-lacing!

What makes her waist a wasp-like thing,
And gives her tongue a waspish sting?
What baulks her when high notes she'd sing?
Tight-lacing!

What is it, with its vice-like squeeze,
Destroys its fated victim's ease,
And brings her doctors countless fees?
Tight-lacing!

What is it makes her gasp for breath,
And—so stern modern science saith—
Dooms her too oft to early death?
Tight-lacing!

What brings a "corn upon her heart,"
And makes her—spoil'd by cruel art—
Unfit to play the mother's part?—
Tight-lacing!

What tortures her into a shape
Which "ruts the liver" past escape,
And which, at most, makes *gommeux* gape?—
Tight-lacing!

What beauty's lines in her destroys,
And fashion's powerful aid employs,
To crush from out her life its joys?—
Tight-lacing!

What ages her before her time,
And makes her feeble ere her prime?
What tempts to a self-suffer'd crime?—
Tight-lacing!

What quite ignoring nature's facts,
Her waist so cruelly contracts,
That each inch saved fresh pain exacts?
Tight-lacing!

And what bad fashion of the day
Is it that ladies now should say
They'll spurn without an hour's delay?—
Tight-lacing!

Truth, April 24, 1879.

——:o:——

"Baby" at the Strand Theatre.

WHO is't whose life has just begun
With quip, and crank, and mirth, and fun,
Who cannot walk, yet's bound to *run*—?
"The Baby!"

With grief o'erwhelmed and sore distrest,
By fear disturbed, by care opprest,
Who makes me laugh with merry jest?—
"The Baby!"

Who is it from each box and stall
Each night receives applause from all,
Because his birth was with a *caul*?—
"The Baby!"

French parentage he owns, but here
He's godfathered, the pretty dear,
By C. H. Ross and A. T. Freer—
Sweet "Baby!"

And to the theatre ev'ry night
These sponsors all the world invite
To pay their money for a sight
Of "Baby!"

Fun, January 1, 1879.

——:o:——

A Song of the Season.

By Viscount Sandon, M.P.

WHAT was it made the season fail,
Our commerce languish, tradesmen rail,
And landlords tell a dismal tale?
The weather.

What made the farmers grumble so,
And struck alike at high and low,
Till dukes and dustmen felt the blow?
The weather.

What caused the Customs and Excise
To droop before our very eyes,
Yet made quinine and borax rise?
The weather.

What made the Ascot week so dull,
Of glorious Goodwood made a mull,
And help'd the ring to backers gull?
The weather.

What made half London madly rush
French plays to see, and so to crush,
That they might hear "the Bernhardt" gush?
The weather.

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What made the people stay away
From Mr. Boucicault's new play?
'Twas very bad, though; so they say.?
The weather.

What made the last new valse the rage,
And caused gay youth and hoary age
In Polo, that fresh dance, t'engage?—
The weather.

What made the hackney'd recitation
At dull "At-homes" a new sensation,
Much to Society's vexation?
The weather.

What made all outdoor sports a snare,
What spoil'd lawn tennis everywhere,
And fill'd the archer with despair?—
The weather.

What "Princes'" turn'd and "Lords'" to mire,
What wholly damp'd the batsmen's fire,
Till even Grace had to retire?—
The weather.

What made the late Lord Mayor abuse
His colleagues, and his temper lose,
And drove to acts we can't excuse?
The weather.

What made him take so strange a view
Of what to decency was due,
And landed him in such a stew?—
The weather.

What made the *Times* such blunders make,
And praise each Government mistake,
Till honest readers' hearts did ache?—
The weather.

What made the Great Sea Serpent late?
What "Cato" gave a chance to prate,
And gave us Mechi's "Parson's Grate"?—
The weather.

What was it rank obstruction bred,
And made Sir Stafford lose his head?
What kept the House from going to bed?
The weather.

What made the Home Rule Members spout
Sedition as they stump'd about?
What sent the threat'ning letter out?
The weather.

What brought the Bank rate down to one,
And sent up "railways" with a run?
What made so heavy *Punch* and *Fun*?—
The weather.

What made Lord B. to Aylesbury go,
To prose of black-faced ewes, and show
How from the land three profits grow?
The weather.

What made him, later try to pass
As words of wisdom nonsense crass—
Imperium et Libertas!—?—
The weather.

And to declare that for our land
There was a future great and grand
Since chemicals were in demand?—
The weather.

What made the British ironclads tack
And sail due East, and then, alack!
Upon the morrow sail straight back?—
The weather.

What made it cups and swords to rain,
When home across the stormy main
Our Zulu heroes came again?—
The weather.

What sent up bread and kept down wheat,
And made the Russian troops retreat,
Although the Turcomans they beat?—
The weather.

What made the youthful King of Spain
Resolve that he would wed again,
And add a bridal to his reign?—
The weather.

What made so many wives elope,
What damp'd our joy, and dull'd our hope,
And knock'd up Bismarck and the Pope?—
The weather.

What Bismarck to Vienna sent
The Austrian union to cement,
And Salisbury make so eloquent?—
The weather.

What made Peru and Chili fight,
And nerved Bolivian arms with might?
What smash'd up the *Huascar* quite?—
The weather.

In short, what can we safely blame
For all the ills that on us came,
Till one begins to loathe its name?—
The weather.

Truth, Christmas Number, 1879.

——:o:——

The Weather.

(*By one who is much affected by it.*)

What made me careless, cheery, gay,
What made me throw ten pounds away,
And cheerfully some large bills pay?
The weather!

What made my head feel iron-bound,
What made me kick my favourite hound,
Quarrel with wife and friends all round?
The weather!

What made me open wide my coat,
And get into a penny boat,
And talk of spring time like a "Pote?"
The weather!

What made me suddenly feel ill,
What gave me such a fearful chill,
That I went home to make my will?
The weather!

Punch, March 12, 1881.

——:o:——

Our Sunday—(Down East).

[N.B.—*Permission to include these lines in the Programme of any Sabbatarian Penny Reading may be obtained from Mr. Punch.*]

Which is the day that *should* be blest,
And to the weary, work-opprest,
Bring wholesome pleasure, peace and rest?
Our Sunday.

Yet which the day of all the seven
To our sour lives adds sourer leaven
And leaves poor folk most far from heaven?
Our Sunday.

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When gutter-brats of tender years,
What filled our childish souls with fears
Of father's curses, mothers tears?
Our Sunday.

What makes the sound of prayer and praise,
Heard 'mid our foul and filthy ways,
Like echoes of an empty phrase?
Our Sunday.

What day down East,—where day's half night,
While West-End wealth enjoys the light—
Most feeds the public's frowze and fight?
Our Sunday.

What, when the week's toil stills its din,
Proclaims each simple pleasure sin,
And, preaching grace, provideth gin?
Our Sunday.

What, when we strive up from our sink,
Our souls with nobler things to link,
Bars all,—but one bar labelled *drink*?
Our Sunday.

And, when of this world we are clear,
What is it, in another sphere,
Won't be flung at us, as 'twas here?
Our Sunday.

Punch, June 12, 1880.

——:o:——

THE EGYPTIAN BABY.

(*As sung by the Khedive, Tewfik.*)

WHO made affairs grow pretty hot
About this Oriental spot?
Who were a rather shady lot?
My Pashas!

Who put me in a dreadful fright,
And wished to have me killed outright?
Who vowed they were resolved to fight?
My Army!

Who with a fleet of iron came
And stopped their naughty little game,
And rescued this child from the same?
My Beauchamp!

Who first said nay, and next said yea,
Asserting he would use his sway,
Then waited for another day?
My Abdul!

Who led the British troops he'd brought,
And with the rebels bravely fought
Till Arabi was smashed and caught?
My Garnet!

Who now will raise me where I fell
And kiss the place to make it well,
And keep me happy 'neath his spell?
My William!

1882.

——:o:——

WHAT THE SEASONS BRING.

WHEN comes the Southern summer breeze,
That softly blows from tropic seas,
Who lives in impecunious ease!
The bummer.

When borean blasts blow fierce and free,
And winter reigns on land and sea,
Who chuckles then with fiendish glee?
The plumber.

Or warm or cold the breezes blow,
From tropic seas or arctic snow,
Who comes his "sample lot" to show?
The drummer. *
E. J. S.

Free Press Flashes, 1882.

——:o:——

THE FOG.

WHAT stops the nation's loud lament,
And makes some folks almost content
With Liberals in Parliament?—
The fog!

What, when debaters disagree
And fight on this and that decree,
With Ministers is pol-i-cee?—
Why, fog!

When questioned by Lord RANDY, and—
Well, badgered by an adverse band,
Where takes the Grand Old Man his stand?—
In fog!

Judy, November 22, 1882.

——:o:——

THE MAHDI.

Everyone just now is hearing a good deal about the Mahdi but no one seems to know what he is like. Until the London Stereoscopic Company sell the gentleman's photo for a shilling, perhaps the following description may help the public to form some idea of the hero of the hour.

THAT'S "HIM."

WHO's forty years—well-nigh, not quite?
Who is about the medium height?
Who has a beard as black as night?
The Mahdi.

Whose eyes with fire and passion gleam?
Whose hue is that of coffee cream?
Whose face shows many a scar and seam?
The Mahdi's.

Who's thinner e'en than Sally B?
Who on his cheeks has gashes three?
Who's quite upset our William G.?
The Mahdi.

Who got his living in the East
By dealing in wild bird and beast,
And then turned hermit—later priest?
The Mahdi.

And yet in town receive we may
As petted lion of the day—
(Perhaps at Labby's house he'll stay)—
The Mahdi.

The Referee, May 11, 1884. G. R. SIMS,

——:o:——

OUR MARQUIS.

By a long suffering Tory Peer.

WHO, by his tyrannous oppression
And obstinate and proud aggression,
Has really caused this Autumn Session?—
Our Marquis!

* "The drummer" an Americanism for Commercial Traveller.

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Who made us vote against the Bill,
And thus defy the people's will?
Who wants to keep us stubborn still?—
Our Marquis!

Who, much against our inclination,
Forced us to take to "demonstration,"
And foster outdoor dissipation?—
Our Marquis!

Who goaded us by his remarks
To let off fireworks in our parks,
And let in 'Arry, with his "larks"?—
Our Marquis!

Who, too, with malice so prepense,
Made us attempt our own defence,
In feeble words and weaker sense?—
Our Marquis!

Who, in his arrogance and pride,
Brings us to town this autum-tide,
Decided facts to re-decide?
Our Marquis!

Who spoils our sport, upsets our plans,
And trips to Cannes or Carthage bans,
Whilst popular disgust he fans?—
Our Marquis!

Who takes the time we would allot
To gun and game, to moor or yacht,
To waste it in abortive plot?
Our Marquis!

Who, 'stead of pheasants, gives us fog
Debate in place of horse and dog,
And "Whips" us when our streams we'd flog?—
Our Marquis!

Who class 'gainst class insanely sets
With his "Elizabethan" threats
And "Burleigh-nods" and epithets?
Our Marquis!

Who, knowing we are somewhat dull,
And slow of speech, and thick of skull,
Has found it easy us to gull?—
Our Marquis!

But who, though he our pleas may spurn,
Will find, ere we again adjourn,
That even Tory worms will turn?—
Our Marquis!

Truth, October 23, 1884.

——:o:——

THE LORDS.

WHO, dwelling in ancestral halls,
Surrounded by emblazoned walls,
Are deaf to all the peoples' calls?
The Lords.

Who, in a manner underhand,
Have stolen from the people land,
And on these stolen riches stand?
The Lords.

Who every measure do reject
Which will the people's rights protect,
Or in some way their good effect?
The Lords.

Who always did oppress the Jew,
And the Roman Catholic, too,
Refusing to them their just due?
The Lords.

Who, Ireland ever did oppress,
And never would her wrongs redress,
But coercion always did caress?
The Lords.

Who, with well simulated fright,
To every man denies the right
With his wife's sister to unite?
The Lords.

Who, in a manner uniform,
For years rejected all reform,
Till fearful of the coming storm?
The Lords?

Who, amidst speeches loud and shrill,
Have now thrown out the Franchise Bill,
And so oppose the peoples' will?
The Lords.

Who, now their rashness recognise,
And by dark deceitful lies,
Attempt their action to disguise?
The Lords.

Who, though they've had long to repent,
Now with an air so insolent,
Appear on further follies bent?
The Lords.

Then since the warned ones will not mend,
But still continue to offend,
Let us now take quick means to end
The Lords.

H. E. HARKER.

Hull Express, August 30, 1884.

——.o:——

THE "COMP."

WHO is it that causes all the woes,
The editor so often knows,
And makes the poor man many foes,
"Setting up" what he don't propose?
The "comp!"

Who is it eyes "The Force" askance,
Like he was waiting for the chance,
Their local items to enhance,
And cause "The Force" to swear and prance?
The "comp!"

Who is it grins in fiendish glee,
His error on the press to see,
And views all things cynically,
And never gives a big, big "D?"
The "comp!

Detroit Free Pree, January 24, 1885.

——:o:——

THE PEOPLES WILLIAM.

HOW runs the ignominious story,
Since Britain's ancient fame and glory,
Passed from its famous Premier Tory
To William?

Who fears the Bear's aggressive paw,
And dare not show the Lion's claw
But pleads the cause of vile Bradlaugh?
Timid William

Who feasts on legs of roasted lamb,
Of game and fowl, beef, eggs, and ham,
Then recommends the farmer jam?
Sweet William!

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Who went to Ireland one fine day,
And promised Pat should have his way,
Then shuffled out as if in play?
Sneaky William!

Who strokes poor Paddy on the back.
And half persuades him white is black,
And irritates him with his clack?
Artful William!

Who sent out Gordon to the fight,
To set affairs in Egypt right,
Then left him in a woeful plight?
Base William!

Who sat with patient smile and sneer
The warning of M.P.'s to hear,
Then said there was no cause to fear?
False William!

Who smilingly went to the play
When news came of the sad affray
Of Gordon's death and Mahdi's sway?
Careless William! *

Whose weak and vacillating sway
Has bartered Britain's fame away,
And made our hearts to bleed to-day?
Weak William!

Great Britain's sons are true as steel,
Now put your shoulders to the wheel,
Let him your indignation feel—
This William!

And take from his weak hands the reins,
Who only rules but for his gains;
Then who will thank you for your pains?
Not William!

Ipswich Journal, March, 1885. B.

——:o:——

NOBODY.

WHEN I'm in want, who'll seek me out,
And in my interest rush about,
And not my truth and honor doubt?
Nobody!

Who'll clasp me to his manly heart,
Stick up for me, and take my part,
And fresh in life give me a start?
Nobody!

Who'll give me cash, or give me food,
Who will believe me poor, but good,
And always be in generous mood?
Nobody!

——:o:——

HER MOTHER.

WHO, when I took my pet for life,
Convinced me, through domestic strife,
That I had married with my wife—
Her mother?

Who, though 'twas clearly understood
That live with friends I never would,
Came for a week, and—stayed for good?
Her mother!

Who, whensoever "tiffs" befell,
Would irritating stories tell,
And chafe the place to make it well?
Her mother!

Who to control my household dares,
Each letter reads, each secret shares,
And takes the lead in my affairs?
Her mother!

Who, when from home I chance to stay,
Hints that work "might," or business "may"
Detain—but there, no more *she'll* say?
Her mother!

Who breaks our peace, destroys our bliss,
Coils on our hearth with frequent hiss—
Connubial rapture's Nemesis?
Her mother!

Enough! But has it not a flaw,
That Act which says I may not draw
Two wives, and yet makes mine in law,
Her mother!

Funny Folks.

——:o:——

CATTLE-SHOW QUERIES.

By a Squeamish Visitor.

WHO looked at me with oil-cake eyes,
Complaining dumbly of their size—
Agglomerate monstrosities?
The Cattle!

Who pushed me there, and shoved me here,
Who bawled their comments in my ear,
Until I called a Southdown, "steer?"
The Farmers!

Who never more will strive with Tag,
With Bobtail too, and eke with Rag,
Within the portals of the "Ag."
The Writer.

——:o:——

AVITOR.

An aerial Retrospect.

WHAT was it filled my youthful dreams,
In place of Greek or Latin themes,
Or beauty's wild, bewildering beams?
Avitor!

What visions and celestial scenes
I filled with aerial machines,—
Montgolfier's, and Mr. Green's?
Avitor!

What fairy tales seemed things of course!
The rock that brought Sinbad across,
The Calendar's own winged-horse?
Avitor!

How many things I took for facts,
Icarus and his conduct lax,
And how he sealed his fate with wax!
Avitor!

The first balloons I sought to sail,
Soap-bubbles fair, but all too frail,
Or kites,—but thereby hangs a tail.
Avitor!

What made me launch from attic tall
A kitten and a parasol,
And watch their bitter, frightful fall?
Avitor!

What youthful dreams of high renown
Bade me inflate the parson's gown,
That went not up, nor yet came down?
Avitor!

* This is incorrect. Mr. Gladstone went to the Criterion Theatre the night before the tidings arrived of the fall of Khartoum.

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My first ascent, I may not tell :
Enough to know that in that well
My first high aspirations fell,
Avitor !
My other failures let me pass :
The dire explosions ; and, alas !
The friends I choked with noxious gas,
Avitor !
For lo ! I see perfected rise
The vision of my boyish eyes,
The messenger of upper skies,
Avitor !
BRET HARTE.

Before closing the collection of Parodies on Miss Taylor's poem, "My Mother," a few serious imitations of its style may be given, and in order to avoid any suspicion of treating these with levity, or irreverence, they are printed separately from the *Parodies* properly so called ; as might be expected from the style of the original, these poems are of a somewhat simple and childlike description.

THE BIBLE, THE BEST OF BOOKS.

WHAT taught me that a Great First Cause
Existed ere Creation was,
And gave a Universe its laws?
The Bible.

What guide can lead me to this power,
Whom conscience calls me to adore,
And bids me seek Him more and more?
The Bible.

When all my actions prosper well,
And higher hopes my wishes swell,
What points where truer blessings dwell?
The Bible.

When passions with temptations join
To conquer every power of mine,
What leads me then to help divine?
The Bible.

When pining cares and wasting pain
My spirits and my life blood drain,
What soothes and turns e'en these to gain?
The Bible.

When crosses and vexations tease,
And various ills my bosom seize,
What is it that in life can please?
The Bible.

When horror chills my soul with fear,
And nought but gloom and dread appear,
What is it then my mind can cheer?
The Bible.

When impious doubts my thoughts perplex,
And mysteries my reason vex,
Where is the guide which then directs?
The Bible.

And when afflictions fainting breath,
Warns me I've done with all beneath,
What can compose my soul in death?
The Bible.
ANONYMOUS.

THE ORANGE.

WHAT is that fruit, so round and sweet,
So nice to smell, so good to eat,
Which gives the children such a treat?
An Orange !

How yellow and how bright its skin,
So smooth without, so sweet within !
To scorn thee surely were a sin—
Bright Orange !

What treat so great for little boys,
When, tired with their games and toys,
They're safe with thee from tricks and noise,
Kind Orange !

Right glad am I when Christmas comes,
With puddings, mince-pies, tarts, and buns,
And, best of all, thy golden suns,
Round Orange !

Oh ! kindly native of Azores,*
Round which the broad Atlantic roars,
I bid thee welcome to our shores—
Sweet Orange !
ANONYMOUS.

—:o:—

The following poems are extracted from a scarce and curious chap book recently purchased from Mr. Salkeld, of 314, Clapham Road, from whom I have obtained many literary curiosities, and much useful information about books and their contents. This little chap book is entitled

FILIAL REMEMBRANCER.

SELECTION
of the
MUCH ADMIRED POEMS,
MY FATHER, MY MOTHER, MY BROTHER, and MY SISTER.
with the
Father's address to his children, in imitation of Cowper.

Banbury, J. G. RUSHER.

No date is given, nor are the names of the authors mentioned, and although Miss Taylor's poem is printed in full no acknowledgment is made to her, whilst the preface states that "the following tender little poems, *imitating the style of one of Cowper's*, cannot be too widely circulated." It would certainly appear that Miss Taylor's "My Mother" had served as the model for imitation, rather than any poem by Cowper. There are ten poems in all, four addressed to *My Father*, three to *My Mother*, one to *My Sister*, one to *My Brother*, and one entitled, *The Father's Address to his Children*. The preface contains these quaint remarks :—

"Were something like the following committed to the memory of children, and the care of their parents employed to cultivate an

* The St. Michael oranges come from one of the Azore Islands.

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early acquaintance with the virtues inculcated in these little pieces, it might be of infinite service to them in checking a refractory disposition; or, by a line or verse running in their minds, melting down a disobedient will into the most cheerful and ready compliance to a parent's wish. And what a delightful task for an enlightened mother, when the shades of evening collect her young family round the fire, to treasure these precepts in their tender minds! Methinks I see her interesting audience, seated on their little stools, and leaning on their elbows, attentively listening, while a Mary or a Maria, a Henry or a William, to show their proficiency, repeat the verses they have learnt; or sprightly interrupting the reciter by an appeal to the mother if he be not wrong."

My Father.

WHO, when my eyes first saw the light,
Upon me fix't his eager sight,
And bless'd me with unfeign'd delight?
My Father.

When basking on my Mother's lap,
To win me playful from my pap,
Who would his hands so cheerful clap?
My Father.

When I was breech'd, a rosy boy,
And danc'd, admiring them for joy,
Who shared the bliss without alloy?
My Father.

Who, when the hobby horse aside
Was laid, would set me "Ball" astride,
And hold my leg, and walk beside?
My Father.

When bigger grown,—a paper kite,
Who then would make me, with delight,
Or place the leaping pole upright?
My Father.

When puzzling o'er my task, for play
Oft laid aside, who then would stay,
And teach me soon the easiest way?
My Father.

Or when my task I counted hard,
My mind to study oft prepar'd,
By hopes of pleasure or reward?
My Father.

Who made me tender to a brute,
And told me, though their tongues were mute,
As mine their feelings were acute?
My Father.

Who taught me pity for the poor,
Blessing the beggar at his door,
By me, who oft his bounty bore?
My Father.

* * * * * *

Now that thy vigour's in decline,
Whose strength was spent in rearing mine,
The staff where should thine age recline?
My Father.

No!—tho' He hung upon a tree,
And bled, and groaned, and died for me,
He will not love if I slight thee,
My Father.

My Mother.

WHEN first my eyes beheld the light,
Who said my little eyes were bright,
And that I was her soul's delight?
My Mother.

When fell disease her empire spread,
And sickness droop'd my infant head,
Who then the tear of sorrow shed?
My Mother.

Who watch'd my cradle ev'ry hour,
And importun'd Almighty Power,
Upon her babe his gifts to shower?
My Mother.

At length, when pain had fled away,
And rosy health resum'd her sway,
Who prais'd her God for that blest day?
My Mother.

When first my lisping accents came,
And call'd mamma's beloved name,
Who felt a transport thrill her frame?
My Mother.

And when I stept from chair to chair,
Who watched my steps with anxious care,
Lest I should fall and hurt a hair?
My Mother.

And oh! Who would my food provide,
And little errors gently chide,
And dress me with maternal pride?
My Mother.

Who would my young ideas hoard,
A tale of rapture to afford,
When guests assembled at the board?
My Mother.

Who taught my bosom to rejoice
In God alone, who hears my voice,
And makes His ways my pleasant choice?
My Mother.

Affection's tear would gem her eye,
And who for me would heave the sigh,
Or wing a secret wish on high?
My Mother.

O! she was kind and good indeed,
Who gave me books that I might read,
And taught me all my Christian creed!
My Mother.

Then let my grateful voice proclaim,
(For else I should be much to blame)
How much I love thy honour'd name,
My Mother.

And should I live to see thee old,
O! may'st thou then in me behold,
Whate'er thy fondest hopes foretold,
My Mother.

And may that pow'r which rules above,
The wish record, thy pray'r approve,
That you may share my filial love,
My Mother.

My Brother.

WHO shar'd with me our parents' love,
And when my tender limbs could move,
Would all my infant ways approve?
My Brother.

Who strove to give my heart delight,
Would blow for me balloons so bright,
And fly his flutt'ring paper kite?
My Brother.

For he was never rude or rough,
And who would make me laugh enough,
When we were playing blindman's buff?
My Brother.

And if perchance he heard me cry,
O! who would to my succour fly,
And gently wipe my streaming eye?
My Brother.

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And who would tell me pleasing tales,
How Vice the wrath of heaven assails,
And Virtue ev'ry where prevails?
My Brother.

He made me love my books indeed;
And who delighted heard me read
Those tales he could recite with speed?
My Brother.

And when a present he had got,
Oh! who was it that ne'er forgot
To share with me his happy lot?
My Brother.

Then I do love thee very well,
Yes, more than any words can tell;
Thy name shall in my bosom dwell,
My Brother.

For well I know thee void of guile,
When others frown'd thy soothing smile
Would many a little woe beguile,
My Brother.

For thou wert always good and kind,
And I could speak to thee my mind,
Sweet solace from thy lips to find,
My Brother.

O may I live to see thee rise
To man's estate, revered and wise,
To glad your friends' delighted eyes,
My Brother.

May virtue be thy constant guest,
And sweet contentment charm thy breast,
And ev'ry gen'rous wish be blest,
My Brother.

My Sister.

WHO was it, when we both were young,
First prais'd me with her artless tongue,
And on my neck delighted hung?
My Sister.

For we would run about all day,
And when at hide-and-seek we'd play,
Who came to find me where I lay?
My Sister.

When I would read of Robin Hood,
Or little Children in the Wood,
Who was it call'd me kind and good?
My Sister.

And when one day ('twas wrong I know)
I trod on grandpapa's sore toe,
Who strove to shelter me from woe?
My Sister.

For she would cry if I was beat,
And if she got a dainty treat,
Who gave me half of it to eat?
My Sister.

And when to school I went to stay,
(For boys must learn, as well as play,)
Who sobb'd to see me go away?
My Sister.

For it was ever our delight,
To love each other day and night,
Nor would I do a thing to spite
My Sister.

For naughty boys and girls, 'tis true,
Would pinch each other black and blue;
But they were not like me or you,
My Sister.

For thou wert always kind to me,
And it will my ambition be,
To prove a faithful friend to thee,
My Sister.

To guard from hurt thy tender frame,
To shield thy love and spotless name,
And be the champion of thy fame,
My Sister.

For well I know thou would'st disdain,
To be, or haughty, pert, or vain,
And good and modest wilt remain,
My Sister.

O! may it be thy precious choice,
Our aged parents to rejoice,
And soothe them with thy tender voice!
My Sister.

And may that sacred pow'r above,
Still fill thy heart with filial love,
And all thy virtuous ways approve,
My Sister.

"Another."

A Readers idea of the state of the Editor's mind when surveying his growing Pile of Parodies.

WHAT gives me endless toil, no rest
As each subscriber sends with zest,
The Parody *he* thinks the best—?
Another!

When Tennyson was twice laid by,
Ere ink on final proof was dry,
There came to spoil the set, oh my!
Another!

I started them in mood so gay,
"Why this will be—not work—but play,"
For joyfully *I* then could say—
Another?

Nor ever dreamt would come a day,
That I should view, with grim dismay,
When frequent posts should each convey—
Another!

I said—when grouped all carefully,
And filled each Author's set "sure he
Is now complete. There cannot be
Another."

And yet, e'en now, I cannot bear
To weed them out, and e're I'd spare
One—this volume finished, I'll prepare
Another!

I would not one kind friend repel,
Nor stay his help, for each may swell
My readers if he'll only tell
Another!

For when I'm feeble, old, and grey,
And volumes stand in long array.
There'll yet be "copy" to essay
Another!

For when these Parodies are read
And all the older poets bled,
The yet unwritten ones may head
Another!

So each fresh parody I'll prize,
Nor look with sorrow in mine eyes
At growing piles, nor e'er despise
Another!

J. W. G. W. April, 1885

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The Vulture.
After Edgar Allen Poe's "Raven."

1

I once, upon a summer's day,
Strove to solve a solvent way
To escape from skulking sharks;—
For my heart was very sore,
And I ponder'd, ah, how sadly!
How I wanted money badly;
My salvation I'd sell gladly
For nimble notes, or gold galore,
To pay those damn'd and dastard duns,
And be, as I have been before,
Safe from duns for Evermore.

2.

While I ponder'd, nearly sleeping,
Sad at soul, and nigh on weeping,
I reckon'd up my many friends;—
Care corroding my heart's core,
Those for years that I had known,
Those who truth and trust had shown,
And those, alas! who rich had grown
And forgot they once were poor,
And could not see a seedy chum,
But in his face would close the door.
And neigh or bray him—"Nevermore,"

3.

Yes, I'm like a dotless i,
And want and woe my wretched cry,
With stress of sad starvation,
Ah, me! it is a world of poor.
There's not a little cur that barks,
Nor tiny birds, from wrens to larks,
Nor even skulking sheriff's sharks,
Feel so sad, so sick and sore,
As I, most wretched, dotless I,
Doom'd for ever to be poor,
And dunn'd by tradesmen Evermore,

4.

Even while I thus was thinking,
All my soul within me sinking,
Fathoms deep in dark despair,
A knock I heard at my front door,
Which set my heart most wildly beating,
And my blood to fever heating,
As, coward-like, I kept retreating,
Retreating to the basement floor,
There I whisper'd to the slavey,
Aged, I fancy, twenty-four,
"Say I've left for—Evermore."

5.

For my nerves received a shock,
I felt I knew that beastly knock,
The knock of man who takes possession;—
And it went to my heart's core
To lose my little household gods,
My wear, my gear, and fishing-rods,
All, all my sacred ends and odds,
That cost at least of pounds a score,—
All to go at one fell swoop,
With tearful eyes I glanced them o'er,
And sadly murmur'd,—"Nevermore,

6,

Yes, it was the sheriff's man;
Like all his ugly kith and clan—
The seedy, dirty, beery lot,
Blood-shot eyes and red and sore.
Then this vile and venomous vulture,
Devoid of every civil culture,
And meanly meaning to insult yer,
Spits upon your carpet floor,
Lights his foul, ill-smelling pipe,—
Stuff'd with plug of negro core,—
Sits and spits for—Evermore.

7.

"Wretch!" I cry, with sudden start,
"From this second let us part,
Get thee gone, possessing devil,
Let me never see thee more."
My voice I raise as thus I cry,
And anger gleams within my eye;
Then the demon made reply,—
"'Tis only thirty pounds, not more,
So, sir, 'tis you, not I, must 'part,'
If not, why then"—here he swore—
"I shall stay here—Evermore,"

8.

And that vulture, never soaring,
Still is sitting, still is snoring,
On my best Morocco chair,
That I shall sit on now no more;
And his visage is denoting.
As my furniture he's noting,
A grim and ghastly gloating,
As he gloats my sadness o'er;
And my dreams by that vile vulture,
Who my sadness does ignore,
Will be nightmared—Evermore.

Under the Clock. March, 21, 1885. Somers Bellamy.

A Welcome to Battenberg.

Shortly after it was publicly announced that the Queen had given her consent to the marriage of the Princess Beatrice with Prince Henry of Battenberg, the following paragraph appeared in *Funny Folks*:

"Certain members of the Royal Family do not like the betrothed of the Princess Beatrice. This may be; but, anyway, nobody will deny that if we have a Poet Laureate, he ought now and again do something for his salary. Whether any rumours have reached Lord Tennyson on the subject, I can't say; but it is a remarkable fact that the day after such an opinion was expressed in this office the following communication was dropped into the editorial box:

A New Welcome in an old Form.

Serenity's son from over the sea,
Prince Henry!
English and Scotch and Welsh are we,
But we all shall pay taxes through welcoming thee
Prince Henry!
Welcome him, thunders of fleet and of fort!
(It costs us five pounds or so, every report)
Welcome him, now let the joy bells begin!
(We shall pay forty pounds for that steamer he's in)
Break, happy land, into earlier flower!
(Trixy, thank fate! 's the last girl we've to dower)
Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer—
If it so be you are *not* a tax-payer!

Warble, O bugle! and trumpet, O blare!
True, we must pay, but we won't seem to care.
Welcome him, welcome him, then, to our stand!
Blow ye his praises, ye huge German band!
Penniless bridegroom, yet happy is he,
Knowing his bride will have much £ s. d.
So come to our heart, and accept, if you will,
Posts and positions our own sons might fill!
Come to us, love us, and make England your home,
Draw your pay quarterly, never more roam;
For English or Scotch or Irish we,
Taffys or Cockneys, whatever we be,
We shall all pay our share towards the keeping of thee,
Dear Prince Henry!

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Lord Tennyson.

THE FLEET.

(On its Reported Insufficiency.)

You—you—*if* you have fail'd to understand—
The Fleet of England is her all in all—
On you will come the curse of all the land,
If that Old England fall,
Which Nelson left so great—

This isle, the mightiest naval power on earth,
This one small isle, the lord of every sea—
Poor England, what would all these votes be worth,
And what avail thine ancient fame of "Free,"
Wert thou a fallen State?

You—you—who had the ordering of her Fleet,
If you have only compassed her disgrace,
When all men starve, the wild mob's million feet
Will kick you from your place—
But then—too late, too late.

Tennyson,

The above lines appeared in large type, and a prominent position, in the *Times* of Thursday, April 23rd, 1885. Many persons thought a hoax had been played on the *Times*, refusing to believe that such a dismal appeal *ad captandum vulgus* could have been penned by the Poet Laureate. Although it is true that all his recent productions have given signs of failing powers, both intellectual and poetical, nothing yet has been published so damaging as this to the reputation of the author of "The Idylls of the King." It is, indeed, greatly to be regretted that he has no sincere and discriminating friend who could kindly, but firmly, dissuade him from the publication of such lines, which pain his friends, and give rise to endless satires at his expense. Journals representing all parties and every shade of opinion, at once set to work to ridicule *The Fleet*, and numerous parodies of it have already appeared, from which the following are selected:—

The Bard.

(On his reported imbecility.)

You—you—*if* you have failed to understand—
The bard of England is no bard at all—
And but a thumb on great St. Jingo's hand.
See lines of his that sprawl
Across the *Times* so great.

That bard, the mightiest bard on all the earth,
That one great bard is very much at sea;
Poor England, what would poetry be worth
If thou could'st boast no wiser bards than he?
A pitiable state.

You—you—who wrote those verses indiscreet,
If you have only covered so much space
With lines as bad as these, or rather worse,
Why then we'll take your place,
And not too soon—too soon.

The Weekly Echo, April 25, 1885.

——:o:——

A Laurel.

You—*you!*—and neither He nor She nor It,
But *if*; if *but*, you fail to understand,
Oh! shaker of this tiny English land,
Eagle in war; in peace a mild tomtit—
That Runnymede and Ashmead are the same,
And blood is after all your little game,
And peace an endless heritage of shame!

You—you—who watch the Baltic and the Belt,
Commingling verses to the whale and smelt.
Great Nelson's heart would melt
If he could read'em.
For such a Hanwell Muse,
The public's myriad shoes
Would kick themselves with freedom,
You—you!—if but a single soul would heed'em.

J. Fox Turner.

The Manchester Examiner and Times.

——:o:——

"We we" to the Poet-Laureate.

On reading a (surely!) misreported insufficiency called "The Fleet."

You—you!—we do not fail to understand—
You, Laureate, are not England's all in all;
On you is poured the laughter of the land
For your wild Jingo call;
Although you once were great.

Wild jingo cry!—"We mightiest upon earth,
Our naval power supreme on every sea."
Poor England! What are all these howlings worth
And what avails thy poet's fame to thee?—
A drivelling Laureate!

You—you—possessed with such a dervish heat,
Spinning and raving to your own disgrace!
While all men laugh, the wild mob's million feet
Shall kick you from your place.
Ah, then—too late, too late!

E. S. Watson.

The Christian Leader, April 30, 1885.

——:o:——

Tennyson.

(On his reported Lunacy.)

You—you—if you have failed to understand
That England thought you knew the poet's trick,
On you now comes the laughter of the land
For that mysterious kick
Which falls too late—too late.

Poet of perfect diction highly wrought,
Poet whom England loved in every sea,
Poor Baron, what shall million kicks be drought,
And what avails the ancient fame of thee
Whom once we called "the Great?"

You—you—who had the ear of all the world,
If you can compass only pathos, see!
When all men laugh, a million lips are curled,
To send a jeer at thee,
Our laughed-at Laureate!

The Liverpool Mercury.

——:o:——

Tennyson Tackled.

I.

The Flight!

Companion Poem to "The Fleet." *A Rejoinder.*

You—you—*if* you have failed to understand
How ships are built on paper at Whitehall,
Have picked up from the *Pall Mall*, second-hand,
Facts which but after all
Make circulation great.

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Your Isle—where you possess the snuggest berth,
The tangled lanes, clear stretches of the sea—
Might feed your Muse; of matter you've no dearth,
So why this unprovoked attack on me,—
This—regular slate?

You—you—who, I admit, *can* write,
If you have talked of "kicking" to my face:—
Well, pr'aps I ought to seek the Isle of Wight,
And kick you at your place;
And may—though late, though late.

II.

THE BARD.

Another Companion Poem. A Reply.

YUM-YUM,*—*if* I have failed to understand
The tons, and guns, and "ends," whereof they brawl,
At me, at least, can no man point the hand,
For hypothetical
Purely, is all I state.

Yum-yum—*if* any man has starved the Fleet,
If any man has his head punched for this,
Kicked by a million boots along the street,
That sight I would not miss,
Nay, nor arrive too late!

And what, *if* flying collars and a face
Familiar once in Highland tour with me,
I saw thus pelted in the market-place?
Well, well, so might it be;
And, *if* deserved, First-rate!

Punch, May 2, 1885.

——:o:——

OUR FLEET.

You—you—if you have read the silly rhymes
About our Fleet just published in the *Times*—
Should raise your hands and righteously exclaim:
"If this be poetry,
What the de'il is fame?"

"This isle the mightiest naval power on earth,
This one small isle—the land of every sea—
Poor England!"—what are Poets Laureate worth?
And what avail thy ancient fame, oh T.,
When thou art fallen from thy high estate?

You—you—who had the penning of those lines—
If you have compassed your own disgrace,
When all men laugh—"the wild mob's million feet"
Will kick thee to a place—the name's not long—
It's called by the polite—"Hong Kong!"

Moonshine, May 9, 1885.

——:o:——

"I am informed by a perfectly unreliable correspondent that the following poem—evidently composed by a dynamiter who reads his *Times* and his Tennyson attentively—was picked up in Mr. Swainson's room at the Admiralty after the recent explosion."

You—you—*if* you have failed to understand
The lesson taught by previous blow-ups,
Learn that on you the weight of Rossa's hand—
When he's not in his cups—
Still falls, despotic State!

This man, the noisiest Fenian on the earth,
Has sworn a swear to ne'er let Britain be.
Poor England! what are all thy bobbies worth,
And what avail detectives unto thee,
To guard thee from his hate?

You—you—who catch a Cunningham or so,
If you imagine that the danger's o'er,
You're much mistaken, as you'll shortly know,
So now to gain the door
And slope—ere it's too late!

Funny Folks, May 9, 1885.

[This poem is founded upon two erroneous assumptions, namely that the explosion at the Admiralty was caused by dynamite, and that it was of Fenian origin. Colonel Majendie has expressed his confident opinion that the explosion was caused by the firing of about 12-lbs. of gunpowder enclosed in a metal pot; and the personal unpopularity of the unfortunate Mr. Swainson is considered a far more likely cause for the outrage, than any political motive.]

——:o:——

The eight following parodies of *The Fleet*, were published in *The Weekly Dispatch* Prize Competition of May 10th, 1885, the First Prize of Two Guineas was awarded to Mrs. Emily Lawrence, for the following:—

WHEW! whew! *if* you are hailed the master-hand—
The Laureate of England over all—
On you will come the laugh of all the land
If you to bathos fall,
Who erst did things so great.

This verse—the veriest doggrel verse on earth—
For this small beer were you a lord to be?
Poor Tennyson! what is your purple worth?
And what avails thine ancient fame to thee,
Now in thy fallen state?

Whew! whew! with all your orders thus replete,
If you can only compass your disgrace,
When all men read these lines of halting feet.
They'll hurl you from your place
As England's Laureate!

A CONSERVATIVE,—(ON HIS LEADER'S REPORTED INEFFICIENCY.)

You—you—*if* you have failed to understand
That hope of office is our all in all—
On you will come the curse of all our band
If that old Party fall,
Which Beaconsfield made great—

This hope, our mightiest motive power on earth,
This one great hope, that fills our hearts with glee—
Poor Party, what would all thy votes be worth,
And what avail our love of place and fee,
Wert thou a fallen State?

You—you—who should have led to Downing-street
If you have been too laggard in the race,
Ere we all starve, our roused rebellious feet
Will kick you from your place—
But then—too late, too late!

HENRY L. BRICKELL.

* YUM-YUM, believed to be Japanese Muse of Hypothetical Poetry, corresponding to "You, you."

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THE GOVERNMENT.—(ON ITS REPUTED INEFFICIENCY.)

You—you if you should fail to understand
That *Peace* for England is her all in all—
On you will come the curse of all the land
If that old England fall,
Which *Peace* has made so great—

This isle, the mightiest *moral* power on earth,
This one small isle, the lord of all the sea—
Poor England, what would all thy Fleet be worth,
And what avail thine ancient name of "Free."
Wert thou a *tyrant* State?

You—you—who have the ordering of her choice,
If you shall only compass her disgrace,
When all men know, the wild mob's million voice
Shall hurl you from your place—
But then—too late, too late!

JOHN CARTER.

THE LAUREATE.—(ON HIS REGRETTABLE DECADENCY).

You—you—*if* you have ceased to understand
Why once your song did England's heart enthral—
On you will come the gibes of all the land
If that old grandeur fall
From eminence so great,

'Tis vile, thou sweetest singer upon earth—
'Tis very vile, thou bard of every sea—
Poor poet, what will bygone praise be worth,
And what avail thine ancient fame to thee,
If bathos blur thy state?

You—you—whose Muse had dainty, dancing feet,
If with a careless pen you mar her grace,
While true men sigh, the million, as 'tis meet,
Will laugh you from your place—
But then—too late, too late!

EXE.

THE CORPORATION (ALDERMAN LOQ.)

We—we—who have not failed to understand
That soup of turtle is our all in all—
On us may fall the anger of the land,
And that old charter fall,
Which kings have left so great—

That charter, noblest instrument on earth,
That grand old charter, gift of royalty—
Poor charter, what will all thy words be worth,
And what avail thine ancient liberty,
When in a lapsed state?

We—we—who strove to hold our powers complete,
If we have only fought and toiled in vain,
When all men kick, the region of our seat
Will suffer mortal pain—
Too hard—too hard a fate!

THOMAS H. KNIGHT, JUN.

TO THE JINGO.—(ON HIS REPORTED REAPPEARANCE.)

You—you—since you have failed to understand
The Brag of England serves no turn at all—
Will never rise to curse again this land,
And never have the fall
Five years ago your fate.

This creed, the maddest vainest creed on earth,
That one small isle should lord o'er all lands be—
Poor jingo! what would this small isle be worth,
Where its great wealth, its ancient name of "Free,"
Wert thou to rule our state?

You—you—when you'd the ordering of the Fleet,
Did you not strive to compass our disgrace?
Do you forget 'twas once the "wild mob's" feat
To kick you from your place?
You'll mend—too late, too late!

GEORGE MALLINSON.

FEW—few—so few can really understand
Why all this fighting to our share should fall—
Or why Old England should protect a land
That is not hers at all,
Although she is so great—

This isle, the mightiest meddling power on earth,
The would-be lord of every land and sea—
Poor England, what is all the honour worth,
To crush a people struggling to be free,
And help a rotten state?

Few—few—there are who would not wish to fight
If Russia should encompass our disgrace,
And make for India—why, then with right
We'd kick her from the place—
But now—we'll wait, we'll wait,

EDWARD SCOTT.

GLADSTONE'S REBUKE.

You—you—if you have failed to understand
The peace of nations is our all in all—
On you will come the blame of all the land
If those strong efforts fall
That we have used of late.

This isle, once fairest spot in all the earth,
This one small isle that boasts the name of "Free"—
Poor England! what will that fair name be worth,
And what will be thy "prestige" presently,
At war with every State?

You—you—who grovel still at Jingo's feet,
If you shall plunge us in this dark disgrace
While thousands, starving, walk about the street,
They'll hiss you to your face;
But all—too late, too late!

JESSE H. WHEELER.

The two following parodies apropos of present circumstances, also appeared in a Prize competition:

BRITANNIA TO GLADSTONE.

You must save me from the Jingoes, from the Jingoes, Gladdy dear—
To morrow'll be the wretchedest time of all this tragic year;
Of all this tragic year, Gladdy, the maddest, wickedest day,
For there'll be a war, they say, Gladdy—there'll be a war they say.

The Russians come and go, Gladdy, and seize upon each pass,
And with the savage Turcomans they drain the social glass;

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The Tories shout and yell, Gladdy, awhile the Quakers pray,
For there'll be a war, they say, Gladdy—there'll be a war, they say.

All in the wild March morning I heard the trumpet call,
As Russian upon Afghan did mercilessly fall;
The shots began to whistle, and the drums began to roll,
And in the wild March morning fled many a trooper's soul.

O, strange it seems to me, Gladdy, that ere this year is done
Some thousands of my bravest may be rotting 'neath the sun,
Just like my noble Gordon, the gallant and the true—
But what of that, the Jingoes say, why make ye such ado?

For ever, and for ever, they rave and stamp and roam—
Why can't they wait a little while, until th' elections come?
For then you'll go up, Gladdy to yon House and wear a crest,
And the Russian cease from troubling, and the Jingo be at rest!

J. Arthur Elliott.

——:o:——

Hodge's Emancipation.

The elections will be early, will be early, brother dear;
There is no doubt we'll have to vote before another year.
The parson and the squire, they say, are quite polite to-day,
And think it will be most unkind if we don't vote their way.

They forget we were the black sheep—the blackest of our time—
Were only fit to till the ground and feed our master's swine;
Now they declare by us to stand for ever and a day,
If we will vote their way, brother—will only vote their way.

As I came up the valley brother, whom think ye I should see
But the parson arm-in-arm with Hodge, as merry as could be?
He thought of those sharp words, brother, I gave him yesterday—
When I refused to tell him, brother, if we should vote his way.

Now they may lose our votes brother, they think we're in the right,
Although they failed to see our wrongs till Gladstone gave them light.
They may call us cruel-hearted—I care not what they say—
For we will vote by ballot, brother—why should we vote their way?

You must wake me and poll early—poll early, my brother dear—
That morrow will be the merriest time of all this glad new year!
That morrow may be to all of us our emancipation day,
If we vote for those who helped, brother—who helped us on our way!

John H. Gibson.

The Weekly Dispatch, April 26, 1885.

Picked up Outside the Lyceum.

You must wake and call me early—call me early mother dear,
Our Irving, as you'll recollect, does now once more appear,
And so I'm bound, ere yet 'tis dawn, my humble couch to quit,
For I have to book for the pit, mother—I have to book for the pit.

Funny Folks.

Lyceum—Special Notice—With a desire to increase the comfort of the people, all seats in the pit and gallery of this theatre may, during Mr. Irving's management, in the future be booked, and the pit and gallery will be reseated for this purpose by Mr. J. C. Phipps.—*Advertisement in the Daily Papers*, April, 1885.

[This arrangement did not meet with general approval, and was soon abandoned.]

Wages.

Hundreds of sovereigns, hundreds of sterling, hundreds of cash,
Paid with a cheerfulness, eager to gain a poem from me;
Hundreds of sterling to write, to utter, to make a dash—
Nay, but the Editor aim'd not at poetry, no lover of poetry he:
Give me the pleasure of going on for the £ s. d.!

The wages of rant is great: if the wages of merit be just
Would the publishers scramble who should be first to bargain with me?
I desire them not to come hither, unless it be with the "dust,"
To make me a golden grove, or to add to my stock of gree;
Give me the pleasure of going on for the £ s. d.!

Judy, February 19, 1868.

——:o:——

Give me no More,

(*With apologies to* Lord Tennyson.)

Give me no more: a man might drink the sea—
If it were drinkable, and yours to give—
Might drink while Heaven allowed him grace to live
And not exhaust your hospitality;
Give me no more.

Give me no more: I'm nearly tight already,
Behold my flaming cheek and bloodshot eye;
Yes, O my friend, 'tis time to say good bye,
My tongue feels thick, my knees are far from steady
Give me no more.

Give me no more: ofttimes I might be glad
To drink with you all night, and glass for glass,
But not just now—my honest word I pass—
Your liquor is so execrably bad,
Give me no more!

——:o:——

The Onion-Eaters.

"Courage!" she said, and pointed with one hand
(A hand that held a heavy metal spoon),
"Ere dies the day ye all will understand
The solemn myst'ry of this afternoon,
The luscious dish will ready be full soon!"

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Above the cauldron rose a fragrant steam,
Through which her face gleam'd like a misty moon:
The boiling broth, with energy extreme,
Within the pot to bubble up did seem.

The dancing fire flicker'd up and down,
Fann'd by the murm'ring bellows gentle gale,
And by its crimson light was plainly shown
The kitchen-dresser and the housemaid's pail.
Upon the table stood a jug of ale,
Some plates and knives and forks were near the same;
A frying-pan hung greasy on a nail.
With faces ruddied by the leaping flame,
The eager, hungry onion-eaters came.

Large roots they bore of that full-flavour'd stem,
Of pungent taste and odour. These they gave
To Cook, who gladly did receive of them.
With careful hands these roots she well did lave
In pure spring water's clear and limpid wave;
Then toss'd them in the pot; a stew to make.
'Tis for this mess the greedy gluttons crave;
The echoes with their eager cries they wake,—
"Oh, give us some, we pray, for mercy's sake!"

They sat them down, a longing, hungry band,
To eat, as if they ne'er had ate before,
Within the savoury dish each dipp'd a hand,
Until 'twas empty. Then arose a roar—
"'Tis not enough! Oh, give us more, *more*, MORE!
'Tis not more filling than the ocean's foam."
Then some one said,—"Eat not, friends, I implore!
Or how, when back to our own shores we roam,
Dare we kiss wives and sweethearts left at home?"

Judy, September 25, 1872.

——:o:——

IN *Punch*, May 9, 1885, will be found a rather weak parody of "Tears, idle tears," it is apropos of the farewell performance of Adelina Patti, at San Francisco, and commences. "Tears, maudlin tears."

——:o:——

GENERAL GORDON.

IN reply to a letter from the poet Whittier respecting General Gordon, Lord Tennyson has written as follows—

"Dear Mr. Whittier,—Your request has been forwarded to me, and I herein send you an epitaph for Gordon in our Westminster Abbey—*i.e.* for his cenotaph:—

"'Warrior of God, man's friend, not here below'
"'But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan;
"'Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know
"'This earth hath borne no simpler, nobler man.'

"With best wishes, yours very faithfully,

"TENNYSON."

ON which the *Globe* (May 7th, 1885,) remarked—"Lord Tennyson must really decline to be prodded. The poet Whittier has been egging him on to write about Gordon, and the result is an epitaph of four lines, giving the information that Gordon is not "here below" (*i.e.*, in Westminster Abbey), but in the Soudan. The *Times*, in giving this epitaph, heads it "Gordon, Tennyson, and Whittier," and the association of three such names with the starveling verse under them, is an ideal example of the short and simple step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

"MY MOTHER."

THE kind correspondent who sent the pathetic poem entitled "Another," which appeared in the May number of *Parodies*, correctly described the difficulty of compiling this collection so as to make it fairly complete, without being tedious, especially as new Parodies on every popular poem are continually appearing. Since Part 18 appeared many other parodies on "My Mother" have been sent in, some of which are so good that they are here inserted, although it had not been intended again to refer to that particular poem in this volume.

THE SLUG.

No more this silent grief I'll hug,
What shall I do to kill the slug,
That haunts the beds which I have dug?—
Curst slug!

I've sprinkled soot upon its trail,
But less than naught does that avail,
Over it pass'd th' unconscious snail—
Vile slug!

I dogg'd its footsteps then with lime,
Dropping it where I saw the slime,
But it did change its route next time—
Sly slug!

I keep some salt mixed in a jug,
In which I hoped to pop it snug,
But it declined to show its mug—
Shy slug!

What lots of mischief it can do—
Would you believe it bit in two
My *Vincitoxis Thunbergu*?
Base slug!

Could it not e'en have spared me this?
My bulb *Incomparabilis*
Hookeri Walkeri insignis—
Low slug!

If I could find its hidden lair!
I can't! Ah, cry of wild despair,
That breaks upon the tortured air—
Oh, slug!

Stranger! who read'st, yet sittest still,
I'll leave you something in my will—
Give me a recipe to kill
That slug!

Judy, July 30, 1873.

——:o:——

THE FIRST FOG OF THE SEASON.

By a Victim.

"What may perhaps be said to be the first fog of the season occurred in London on Wednesday last. All through the forenoon the weather was so dark as to make the use of gas requisite within doors. The fog was especially dense in the Northern and Eastern suburbs. In the morning there was a sharp frost."—*Daily Paper.*

WHAT comes this year before its time,
To make us execrate our clime,
And doth the City streets begrime?
The fog!

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What makes the trains late up in town,
And much disgusts Smith, Jones, and Brown;
And stops them when they would go "down?"
The fog!

What spreads destruction round one's feet
By dark'ning every crowded street—
Invades the most secure retreat?
The fog!

What fills the atmosphere with smoke,
Till all who breathe it, all but choke;
And much bad language doth provoke?
The fog.

What hurts the eyes and makes them red,
Gives one a bad cold in the head,
And makes one think one's nearly dead?
The fog!

What in the day produces night,
And keeps the flaring gas alight,
And takes away one's appetite?
The fog;

What doth all London discompose,
Yet whence it comes and where it goes
No living human being knows?
The fog!

Judy, November 1, 1876.

——:o:——

THE NERVOUS.

WHO taught me when there was a draught,
And showed me perils fore and aft
And frowned when I untimely laughed?
The Nervous.

Who told me when the glass would rise
Or fall, and with their prophecies,
Or recollections, made me wise?
The Nervous.

Who heard a crash before it fell
And knew things were not going well,
And would some warning story tell?
The Nervous.

Who, when I was a pachyderm,
By many a proper piercing term
Thinned my coarse skin so hard and firm?
The Nervous.

The Argosy Magazine, 1866.

——:o:——

MY BANKER.

Dedicated (without respect) to certain Bank Mis-Directors.

BY A MAN OF NO ACCOUNT.

"I know a bank which when a wild time rose,
Stopped payment, and resolved its doors to close."
—*Shakespeare perverted.*

THOUGH times are hard, who is't one sees
Enjoying life's luxurious ease
By spending others' £. s. d's?
My Banker.

Who cows the trader with a glance,
And eyes poor shopkeepers askance,
And wastes their money in—"finance"?
My Banker.

Whose style the ignorant delights,
Who orphans' confidence invites,
And freely takes the widows' mites?
My Banker.

Who finds religion's cloak to pay
And client's money ev'ry day
In charity, who gives away?
My Banker.

Who's he whose fame spreads far and wide
For wealth and ostentatious pride
Until for peculation tried?
My Banker.

Who makes of roguery a trade,
Who, by his conscience undismayed,
To other rascals lends his aid?
My Banker.

Who is't would have us to believe
A child in arms he'd not deceive,
Yet all the while will lie and thieve?
My Banker.

Who, when my Banker stares aghast
At prison walls which hold him fast,
Rejoices that he's caught at last?
My-self

Judy, January 29, 1879.

——:o:——

MY BROTHER.

WHO held the tempting apple nigh
And always tried to make me cry,
And stuck the scissors in my eye?
My Brother.

Who left us all on Christmas Day
And to the cupboard made his way
And on the tree left not a spray?
My Brother.

Who threw my playthings on the floor,
And broke my doll behind the door,
And my best ribbons always tore?
My Brother

Who pinched my kitten's ear, or tail,
And ducked her in the water-pail
And pinched my cheek for turning pale?
My Brother.

Who spilt his coffee on his lap,
And tore his mother's new lace cap,
And blurred with ink my atlas map?
My Brother.

Who's glad he is at school now,
And not at home to make a row
I know who's happy, anyhow,
His Sister.

——.o:——

VALENTINE.

WHY at my church do I select a pew,
Commanding always one particular view
Alas! I fear it is to look at you
The Curate.

When do I shun the theatre or the ball,
For spinsters' tea that's weak, and talk that's small
'Tis when I think it probable you'll call
Our Curate.

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Why, by my hands, industriously were tied
The holly wreaths in church at Christmas-tide?
Because I loved to labour by your side
Dear Curate,

And when the living fat shall fall to thee,
Shall all thy flock forgotten be,
Or wilt thou then begin to think of me
My Curate

—:o:—

MY BAEDEKER.

WHO teaches me to go abroad
To Paris, Rome, or Venice-ward,
Or Norway's fjeld and deep fjord?
My Baedeker.

Who gives the annals of each nation,
Maps, money, language, vegetation,
And what's about the population?
My Baedeker.

Who says what galleries there may be
For which one pays, which open free
From ten to four, or nine to three?
My Baedeker.

Who says what churches I'm to visit
And if a picture's framed which is it?
And puts a star lest I should miss it?
My Baedeker.

From *Tracks in Norway*.

WHO are the anxious watchers o'er
The slumbers of a little bore,
That screams whene'er it doesn't snore
Why, Mothers

Whose pity wipes its piping eyes,
And stills maturer childhood's cries,
Stopping its mouth with cakes and pies?
Oh, Mothers!

The Humorist, 1861.

MY TUTOR.

WHO was't when I came fresh from School
Up here, was so polite and cool,
And showed me each Collegiate rule?
My Tutor.

Who bade me shun those friends of vice
Which undergraduates entice,
In shape of billiards, cards, and dice?
My Tutor,

Let Paley be my constant friend,
Eight hours each day in studies spend,
And chapels night and morn attend?
My Tutor.

By such a course that worthy planned
First class in Little Go I'd land,
A credit to my College, and
My Tutor.

But who next day, by all that's odd,
Happened to note me as I trod
Across the grassplots in the quad?
My Tutor.

And saw (what fools some people are!)
Me puffing at my first cigar,
And called it "most irregular"?
My Tutor.

Who's now my foe inveterate,
Who every night at half-past eight
Keeps me within the College gate.
My Tutor.

Because I chanced to skip, you know,
And thought intolerably slow
His lectures on the Little Go?
My Tutor.

Who is so shy he shuns to meet
One of his College in the street?
Who dare not let you see his feet?
My Tutor.

Who always is agreable with
Lord Jones, but keeps a great broad frith
Between himself and Sizar Smith?
My Tutor.

Who is it whom I ought to dread
And hang on every word he's said
But whom I caricature instead?
My Tutor.

From *Paulopostprandials*, published by Jones and Piggott, Cambridge, 1883.

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William Shakespeare.

(1564—1616.)

PROLOGUE.

MOST potent, grave, and Reverend Signiors,
My very noble and approved good Masters
Of Arts, ye Bachelors and Commoners,
Ye Doctors, Proctors, Scholars, Dons, and Men,
And last, not least, *Subscribers*, to whose kindness
We owe our life ; that we have rushed to print
It is most true, true we have headlong rushed,
The very head and front of our offending,
Hath this extent, no more : and pray you all
If any chaff be found amongst our *Parodies*,
For the wheat's sake, oh ! pardon it !

——:o:——

IN giving the following Parodies on detached passages from the plays of Shakespeare, it must be stated, (though such a statement ought to be perfectly unnecessary,) that not the slightest disrespect is intended, either to the works themselves, or to that great author whose name, and fame, are dear to every Englishman.

Nearly every play written by Shakespeare has been burlesqued, and whenever one of the London theatrical managers produces a grand revival of a Shakespearian tragedy, a travestie of it is almost immediately produced, at one, or another, of the smaller houses, which provide fun for the laughter-loving public. There are many worthy people who take offence at this, and fail to see that such fun is of a very harmless description, and that no disrespect is intended to the immortal bard, who was not, himself, above introducing burlesques of his contemporaries, even in his most serious works.

This question was fully discussed in the London daily papers in August, 1883, *àpropos* of burlesques of *The Tempest*, and *Hamlet*, produced by Mr. John Hollingshead, at the Gaiety Theatre. Some of the letters then published throw considerable light on what had been previously done in the way of Shakespearian burlesques,and are also of interest as summing up the arguments, for and against, Parody and Burlesque in general.

Mr Moy Thomas, the theatrical critic of the *Daily News*, thus introduced the subject in his weekly column, entitled—

THE THEATRES.

"WE have received the following letter on the subject of the impending burlesques of 'The Tempest,' and 'Hamlet,' at the Gaiety Theatre. We may remind our readers that we described the project as 'somewhat startling,' while we called attention to the facts that the productions in question are to be avowedly 'elaborate parodies,' and that there is reason to believe that 'if this experiment should be found to be suited to the tastes of the town Mr. Burnand's process of adapting Shakespeare to "nineteenth century audiences" may be expected to continue.' More than this, in the way of protest, it did not in the present stage of the project seem to us necessary to say in a column which is mainly devoted to dramatic news."

"'May I ask if it is possible that the dramatic critic of the *Daily News* means to pass over without a word of disapprobation the proposal to burlesque "Hamlet" and "The Tempest?" I think many people must have been as surprised as I was to read your intimation of it in last Monday's issue uncoupled with any word of disapproval or disgust. Surely the English stage may well be thought by Englishmen to have reached its lowest point of degradation, and one strangely in contrast with the honour we profess to pay to it, when two of the finest plays and finest works in all literature are to be sacrificed to the passion for burlesque. We had better consider ourselves no longer the same nation, and cease to pride ourselves on having produced the foremost man in all literature when we descend to this without protest. I do not think any language can be too strong on such a subject from a lover of Shakespeare and of the stage, and one who cannot but contrast the present tastes of the public with the opinion formed of them by Milton two centuries ago;—"What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil but wise and faithful labourers to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies."—I am yours faithfully, W. KENNEDY.—Hampstead, August 16."

——.o:——

A few days later the following replies were published in *The Daily News* :—

SIR,—Your correspondent "Mr. Kennedy" speaks of a proposed new version of *The Tempest*, of a more or less burlesque character, as if I and Mr. Burnand had discovered a new crime. *The World* (in the absence of Mr. Yates) also follows suit. Messrs. F. Talfourd, Andrew Halliday, Robert Brough, and others were not afraid to to draw upon Shakespeare for their burlesques, and in the so-called "palmy days" of the drama the parodies of Shakespeare were frequent, coarse, and brutal. The subjects of many of Shakespeare's plays were the common property of the dramatist long before the advent of the master, and if he were now alive he would probably be the last to object to treatment such as Goethe has received in every city in Europe.—I am, &c., JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.—Gaiety Theatre, Strand."

SIR,—This stir about *The Tempest* seems a storm in a teacup. Both "Mr. W. Kennedy, of Hampstead," who naturally takes high ground, and your dramatic critic would have acted more justly to my forthcoming piece had they waited to see what it was before attempting to excite public prejudice against my work. There is an important distinction between what is commonly understood by "burlesquing Shakespeare," by which is meant taking his lines and sentiments and giving them an absurd turn, and writing what is now-a-days styled a "burlesque version"

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(which is really an extravaganza) of a fairy tale which Shakespeare has immortalised, especially when Shakespeare himself has given the keynote for the fun, as he has done in *The Tempest*, no doubt with a full consciousness of its humour.

As the lawyer's wisdom is popularly supposed to reside mainly in the wig, so the poet has made all Prospero's magic art lie in his book, wand, and magic robes, without which he is powerless. When he does not wish to be professionally engaged he puts aside his "magic properties" and says "lie there my art." When he is renouncing conjuring he buries his books of legerdemain, and has done with it for ever, retaining no sort of power independently of this magic receipt book, or as I shall struggle not to call it, in deference to Mr. Kennedy, of Hampstead to whom a pun on anything Shakespearian must appear quite too-too dreadful, his "spelling book." Caliban is aware of this, and directs his efforts to possessing himself of this book. This perfectly admissible view of Prospero, together with the notion that he himself gives as to Ariel's true character, has furnished me with the materials for an extravaganza at the Gaiety, which will be entitled *Ariel, or, the King of the Caliban Island*, of which the critics and public will form their judgment when it appears. *En attendant*, to raise a prejudice against my work is clearly unjust. Let me have fairplay even for an extravaganza founded on a Shakespearian fairy tale. "Atlas," in the *World*, had an unfair note on this subject. I have written to him much as I have to you, but with a special "P.S.," which I trust he will have the generosity to publish, pointing out that "Atlas" should be the last to brand as a crime burlesquing anything Shakesperian, as in his own paper a few weeks ago appeared the story of *Hamlet* travestied, and adapted to "nineteenth century" readers. —Yours faithfully,

F. C. BURNAND.

——:o:——

(To the Editor of the *Daily News*.)—Sir,—We are told that a parody in three or four acts of *The Tempest* is in preparation, and we are asked by the author to suspend judgment until its production. The appeal is at any rate superficially fair. But Mr. Burnand's letter is not very reassuring. For instance, he calls the great play "a fairy tale," i.e., he seems to put it on a level with "The White Cat" and "Puss in Boots." But let that pass. All who reverence the great name of Shakespeare, and who are grateful for his noble plays (and they are numerous, whatever Mr. Burnand and *Punch* may think), will patiently await *The King of the Caliban Island* (what charming wit and taste!) leaning upon their swords. In any case Shakespeare's memory cannot suffer. What is to be feared is the degradation of the stage which he ennobled, and of the actors and dramatic authors of whom he ought to be the proudest and most sacred boast.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, AN OLD PLAYGOER.

August 20, 1883.

——:o:——

In the next weekly column of *The Theatres* (August 27, 1883,) Mr. Moy Thomas inserted another long letter, which had been addressed to him by Mr. F. C. Burnand, referring to his forthcoming burlesque upon Shakespeare's *Tempest*:—

"I know you are not friendly to burlesques—and probably not to burlesque writers; still, as a critic, as a judge who will have to try the case, it is hardly fair to range yourself on the adverse side, and to make your verdict a foregone conclusion. Patience a moment, and hear—or read. The existence of Robson was an excuse for a burlesque on *Shylock*, and for one on *Macbeth*; also on *Medea*. Now, in looking about for a character, a novelty, for Miss Nelly Farren, who *is* a genius in *her* way, as Robson was in *his*—the notion of *an* Ariel struck me, and the more I considered it the more I liked it. I read the *Tempest* carefully, and saw how Shakespeare had given the chance of such a view of Ariel as the spirit of enterprise, and had struck the keynote of any amount of fun in the humorous notion of Prospero being absolutely dependent upon his "properties" for his magic power. Evidently he had not had them with him when he was turned adrift by Gonzago in a boat with his child; or rather, as he must have had them with him (according to his own account) they were so packed up he couldn't get at them; otherwise, where would his enemies have been? Caliban's one idea was to possess himself of the book. Well, in him I see a backward boy (done out of his rights, by the way), who, however, wants to acquire knowledge, and who does so in the end. How dull Miranda found the island you can judge from her speeches, and from her going to sleep when her father is prosing. The conspirators, and the remorseful king, are minor characters, calling for no particular remark, except as padding to sustain a weakish plot. Now what do I do? Burlesque it? Not in the sense in which I understand burlesque, as, for instance, I burlesqued *Fédora*, *Diplomacy*, Ouida's *Strathmore*, &c., &c. No; but I take the story and give it a turn similar (though not the same) to what Thackeray gave to *Ivanhoe* in *Rebecca and Rowena*. He took up the tale where Scott left off, but he reproduced the scenes and characters under changed conditions. I take the story with its leading characters; I omit the tempest entirely (only a sea-fog, when Prospero had forecasted a "disturbance"), and Ariel, capable of assuming all sorts of shapes and forms, does so and wrecks the ship. The arrangement of scenes doesn't follow the play. Of course Trinculo and Stephano are not in it, for no one making a new comic story could take them or Caliban as far as he is associated with them and make them more funny, whether in dialogue or in business (I know it all, having studied it) than they are in the piece. No one *could* take the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and produce a modern extravaganza, though they might (as Planché did) use the fairies out of it, who are immortal. No one deprecates a vulgar, coarse piece of buffoonery by way of burlesque more than I do. I have undertaken this very work as an advance on *Blue Beard*, as *Blue Beard* was (though you would not recognise it) a distinct advance on what had preceded it. It forms one of the "burlesque drama' series—a generic title to which I have objections, but by which Mr. John Hollingshead sets store—and as it is a matter of indifference to the public whether what is really an extravaganza comes under the above heading, I havn't any more to say, but the sum is that I am distinctly not burlesquing Shakespeare's *Tempest*, as by burlesquing I understand my mode of treatment of Sardou's *Fédora*, *Diplomacy*, Ouida's *Strathmore*, &c., &c."

In September 1883, Mr. Hollingshead also wrote to the *Daily News* as follows:—

"It may interest those who are curious in theatrical history to learn that the last London performance of "The Enchanted Isle," a burlesque upon Shakespeare's "Tempest," by William and Robert Brough, was played at Drury Lane Theatre on the 25th July, 1860, for the benefit of the widow and children of Robert Brough, one of the authors. The cast was as follows: Ariel, Miss Kate Terry, (then in the height of her popularity); Ferdinand, Mrs. Alfred Mellon (Miss Woolgar); Miranda, Miss Fanny Stirling (a daughter of Mrs. Stirling, her first appearance on the stage); Caliban, Mr. F. Talfourd; Alonzo, Mr. George Cruikshank; Prospero, Mr. Leicester Buckingham; and Trinculo, by the writer of this note."

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Mr. Moy Thomas followed up this letter by stating that :—

"Mr. Burnand has unearthed in the British Museum library an acting copy of Davenant and Dryden's version of the "Tempest ; or the Enchanted Isle," which he will probably expound for the benefit of readers in an early number of *Punch*. Sir Walter Scott's account of this piece is perhaps worth transcribing here :—'It seems probable that Dryden furnished the language, and Davenant the plan, of the new characters introduced. They do but little honour to his invention, although Dryden has highly extolled it in his preface. The idea of a counterpart to Shakspeare's plot by introducing a man who had never seen a woman, as a contrast to a woman who had never seen a man, and by furnishing Caliban with a sister-monster, seems hardly worthy of the delight with which Dryden says he filled up the characters so sketched. In mixing his tints Dryden did not omit that peculiar colouring in which his age delighted. Miranda's simplicity is converted into indelicacy. . . . The play seems to have succeeded to the utmost wish of the authors. It was brought out in the Duke's house [Lincoln's-inn-fields Theatre, November, 1667], of which Davenant was the manager, with all the splendour of scenic decoration of which he was the inventor. The opening scene was described as being particularly splendid, and the performance of the spirits with mops and mows excited general applause !"

——:o:——

Hamlet's Soliloquy.

No one passage from the plays of Shakespeare has been so frequently parodied, and imitated, as the celebrated Soliloquy commencing "To be, or not to be." The following version of the original is taken from the famous Folio edition of Shakespeare's works put forth in 1623. In addition to the quaint orthography, there are one or two verbal differences between this, and the version given in modern editions of the poet's works; notably the expression "the poor man's contumely," which is now generally printed as "the proud man's contumely :"--

Enter Hamlet.

Ham.—To be, or not to be, that is the Question :
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them : to dye, to sleepe
No more ; and by a sleepe, to say we end
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes
That Flesh is heyre too ? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To dye, to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame ; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortall coile,
Must give us pawse. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life ;
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore man's Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Love, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin ? Who would these Fardles beare,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered Countrey, from whose Borne
No Traveller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes us rather beare those illes we have,
Than flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
And thus the Native hew of Resolution
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia* ? Nimph, in thy Orizons
Be all my sinnes remembred.

The Tragedie of Hamlet.

——: :——

Amongst the announcements for April, 1846, in George Cruikshank's Comic Almanack appeared the following :—

April.

The Shakespeare Jubilee Festival will be celebrated at the "Only National Theatre" on the 23rd, with the following performances :—

The Grand Opera of 'Hamlet ;' the Music by Mr. Balfe ; the *libretto* by Messrs. Shakespeare and Bunn.

From the Opera, the following song may be predicted to be sung by the first tenor, Hamlet :—

"To be, or not to be."

"Oh say ! To be, or not to be ?
That is the question grave ;
To suffer Fortune's slings and darts,
Or seas of troubles brave.
To die, to sleep ! perchance, to dream !—
Ay, there's the rub ! when we
Have shuffled off this mortal coil :—
To be, or not to be !

Oh ! who would bear time's whips and scorns,
The pangs of disprized love ;
When he might his quietus make
By one bare bodkin's shove ?
Who would these fardels bear, unless
That bourne he could foresee,
From which no traveller returns !—
To be, or not to be ! "

Arrangements will be made for the characters to promenade in the daytime full dressed, upon the top of the Portico, to the Music of the Orchestra in Beef-eaters dresses. The pageant will be very splendid.

——:o:——

To be or not to be ?—that is the question ;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
Vile strokes and scratches from outrageous Pens,
Or to take up Thatcher's, 'gainst a sea of others,
And, using it, to end them ? To write—with ease—
For ever ! And with that ease to say we end
The headache and the thousand natural shocks
Which clerks are heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished ! To write—with ease—
With ease ! enhanced to speed ! Aye, there's the rub !
As 'tis with ease of Pen our thoughts will flow,
Now we have shuffled off that mortal toil
We cease to pause ! Here's the good Pen
That lessens the calamities of life ;
For who will suffer the whips and scorns of time,
The writer's wrongs, the schoolmaster's contumely ?
The fangs of despised Pens, cause of delays

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A nuisance in an office, and the spurns
Which patient merit of Pen unworthy takes,
When he himself can his quietus make
By using THATCHER'S? Who would Gillott's bear,
Or grunt and sweat over a Mitchell's J,
When but the act of trying THATCHER'S Pen,
That well-discovered luxury, from which boon
No traveller will turn, puzzles no will,
And makes us cease to bear the ills we had—
To write with comfort, which we knew not of?
As knowledge should make wise men of us all,
Then let the native hue of resolution
Stick fast no more, 'til this good Pen is sought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this resolve their currents turn or glide
The Pen, the spring, of action!

SHAKESPEN.

This trade Parody was written by Mr. T. THATCHER, of College Green, Bristol.

——:o:——

The following Parody appeared originally in *Punch*, February 9, 1884, and was afterwards reprinted, without the slightest acknowledgement, in a silly little pamphlet entitled "The Burlesque of Liberal Government," published by Stoneham, of Cheapside, in 1884, It referred to Sir William Vernon Harcourt's proposals to reform the abuses in the government of the Metropolis:—

IRRESOLUTION.

SCENE—*The Home Office—Tables covered with huge heaps of official returns, from the Corporation, the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the Thirty-Eight Districts of the Metropolis.*

The HOME SECRETARY *discovered, looking weary and worn. He throws himself back in his uneasy chair, and soliloquises—*

To BE, or not to be, that is the question;—
Whether 'tis better for awhile to suffer
The harmless follies of the Corporation;
Or to bring on myself a sea of troubles,
Much easier raised than ended? To pass my Bill,—
No more: and by a Bill, to say we end
The headache, and the thousand natural worries
That place is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd? To pass my Bill;—
To pass! perchance to fail;—ay, there's the rub!
And in that fierce debate what Cads will come,
When they have shuffled much in that turmoil,
And give me their paws! There's the respect
That makes calamity of my bored life;
For who would bear the patronage of FIRTH,
The oppressive candour of that proud man BEALE,
The pangs of chaffing DILKE, SELBORNE'S delay,
The insolence of CHAMBERLAIN, and the spurns
My patient merit of the PREMIER takes,
When he himself might peace and quiet make
By mere inaction? Who would boredom bear,
To groan and sweat under official life,
But that the thought of doing something great—
That undiscovered thing, that seldom comes
To poor Home Secretaries—urges me on,
Though I would rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that I know not of?
Thus, too, sharp Londoners, poor cowards all,
May think—if so, I pall in resolution.
My enterprise, though of great pith and moment,
Which none regard, and which seems all awry,
Loses the name of action.

"Messrs. Chatto and Windus—Heaven bless them for their generosity!—sent me the other day a copy of Mark Twain's new book, 'Huckleberry Finn.' The book is an extremely funny book; but, for all that, I couldn't make out why it was sent to me until I came upon an entirely new reading of Hamlet's soliliquy. Messrs. C. and W. evidently wish me to say, and I do so with great pleasure, that Mr. Mark Twain's new reading is at least as original, and very much more entertaining, than the new readings with which we are nowadays so constantly inundated. Let readers judge for themselves:"

To BE or not to be; that is the bare bodkin
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would fardels bear, till Birnam Wood do come to Dunsinane,
But that the fear of something after death
Murders the innocent sleep,
Great nature's second course,
And makes us rather sling the arrows of outrageous fortune
Than fly to others that we know not of.
There's the respect must give us pause:
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The law's delay, and the quietus which his pangs might take,
In the dead waste and middle of the night, when churchyards yawn
In customary suits of solemn black,
But that the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns,
Breathes forth contagion on the world,
And thus the native hue of resolution, like the poor cat i' the adage,
Is sicklied o'er with care,
And all the clouds that lowered o'er our housetops,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. But soft you, the fair Ophelia;
Ope not thy ponderous and marble jaws,
But get thee to a nunnery—go!

The Referee, Dec. 21, 1884. CARADOS.

——:o:——

SOLILOQUY ON SPECULATION.

To ACT, or not to act, that is the question?
Whether 'tis better for the purse to suffer,
The stocks and shares to fall without a "spec"
Or to proceed against this sea of bubbles
And venture a transaction? To bull, to bull
No more; but by a bear to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
The "House" is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To bear—to sell
To bear—watch settling day! ay—there's the rub
For in that sale of stock what wealth may come
Ay, marry and go, if we bear not in mind,
We must buy back.—There's the respect.
That makes a bubble stock of so long life
For who would bull, who now can see the past,
Directors deeds and chairmen's soft smooth words;
The pangs of broken faith, the laws delay
The insolence of office, and the spurns,
Impatient shareholders are forced to take,
When he himself might a large fortune make,
With a "Bear Broker"? Who would railways bull
To grunt and sweat as each account comes round,

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But for the hope that things may take a turn
That "Boards" may learn a lesson from the "Times"
And travellers increase—puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than bear the stocks and shares we know not of.
Thus fear of risk makes cowards of us all,
And thus the bull's enticing dream of hope
Is sicklied o'er with the misdeeds of Boards.
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard, their interest turn awry,
And cause us doubt in action.

ANONYMOUS.

——:o:——

TO THE L. H. A. S. T. M.—"I have the honour to announce that, as an earnest searcher after truth, my recent efforts have been rewarded beyond my most sanguine expectations. To the subscriber has been accorded the distinguished honour of being the medium of exposing to the world a literary gem, which, under other auspices, would probably never have seen the light; and mankind would have remained in utter ignorance of the great treasure herewith reproduced for the delectation of the S. T. M.'s, Those distinguished archæologists and Biblicists exhumed the original manuscript from beneath the corner-stone of the first Solomonial edifice; therefore its authenticity and antiquity are indubitable, while the sound philosophy, immense depth of thought and convincing logic, reminds us of the divine Shakespeare. Let it speak for itself."

BRICKS, JR.

POME— FRAGMENT.

Hemlock, Prince of Dunkirk.

Hemlock (*solus*)—To, AFFILIATE, or not to affiliate, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and taunts of official lunkheads
Or to take up arms against their petty torments
And, by opposing, end them. To affiliate—to disburse
No more—and by disbursing, to say we end
The contemptuous glances and the frowning looks
That non-affiliation brings us, 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To be willing to pay—to be proposed—
To be proposed; perchance to be rejected. Ay, there's the rub,
For, in that rejection, what heart-burnings, what bitter thoughts may come when the finger points—unworthy!
Must give us pause. There's the consideration
That produces doubt and misgiving,
For who would bear the whips and scorn of temporizers
The pains and penalties of Section *Forty-two*—
The deprivation of visitation—the interment
Prohibited—the funeral interdicted—the Charity
Recalled—that great channel through which
God passes all his mercy upon mankind;
The insolence of office-holding rings, and *sich*,
When he himself might be relieved by disbursing
"Four dollars and nine-shilling"—but for a knowledge
That a lust for power (precursor of dissolution) the ambition
Which with haughty tread doth trample Charity in the dust,
While judgment, directed by circumspection,
Hath taken wings and flown to parts unknown,
To know our offerings at Charity's shrine are diverted
To organs grand, and gorgeous halls,
Services of plate, banquets grand, and the pendant liquids
And *ten thousand* other reasons, which salary lists proclaim,
Make us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to those we know too much of.

PATERFAMILIAS AS HAMLET.

Ham.—To BAKE, or not to bake, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis better for ourselves to make
Digestive, light, sweet, wholesome home-made bread;
Or to take in tradesmen's loaves against our sense,
And, nothing heeding, eat them?—To eat—eat what?—
The trough's abominations without end:
The cockroach! a thousand unnatural things
The bakehouse teems with,—'tis adulteration
Devoutly to be shun'd. Impure? Or pure?
'Praps pure! perchance impure:—ay, there's the rub;
For in this loaf of bread what dirt may come
From unclean baker at his midnight toil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect
That takes all relish from the staff of life:
For who that reads his *Lancet*, or his *Times*,
Would eat this stuff the baker sends, contentedly,
Knowing full well from analysts' reports
And sanitary officers' returns,
The noisome mysteries of the baker's art,
When he himself bread, cakes, and scones may make
With Borwick's Baking Powder?

Funny Folks, December, 1883.

——:o:——

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON THE TURKISH BATH.

SCENE—*Opposite the Turkish Bath, West Street, Brighton.*

Ham.—To BATHE, or not to bathe,—that is the question;
Whether 'tis wiser in a man to suffer
The aches and pangs of disordered nature,
Or to take baths against a sea of troubles
And by so doing end them? To strip—to sweat,
No more; and, by a roast, to say we end
The headache, and a thousand natural ills
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To strip,—to sweat:—
To sweat! and be shampooed:—aye, there's the rub;
For in that heat such evils may remove
We need not shuffle off this mortal coil,
But save our lives. 'Tis this experience
That makes so many take the Turkish Bath;
For who would bear the whips and stings of pain,
The consumptive's cough, the fat man's obesity,
The pangs of dyspepsia, or Bright's disease,
The torturings of asthma, or the woes
That Alcohol upon the inebriate brings,
When he himself might his deliverance take
With a bare body? Who would rheumatism bear,
And grunt and groan under a weary life?
But that an ignorance of Turkish baths,
Those re-discovered pleasures, unto which
Wise travellers return, doth still prevail,
And makes us tamely bear those ills we have,
Heedless of remedies that we know not of.
Thus ignorance oft makes wretches of us all;
And thus the native hue of health and vigour
Is sicklied o'er with the pallor of disease.
But thus, I ween, it shall not be with me;
The good I know, and oft have tried, again
I will embrace. Clerk, in thy dressing rooms
Hast thou a place for me?

ANONYMOUS.

——:o:——

SEASONABLE SOLILOQUY.

To BEE, or not to Bee, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous spelling,
Or to take arms 'gainst orthographic troubles,
And, by the Dictionary, end them?

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A Pugilistic Soliloquy.

To box, or not to box? That is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous passions,
Or to take heart, like Humphreys and Mendoza,
And, by opposing, end them. To strip, to bare,
No more! and by this movement, say we end
The heart-ache, and a thousand galling jeers
The passive's heir to;—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To strip—to square—
To fight;—perchance be beat:—aye, there's the rub!
For by that daring step, what blows may come,
When we have shuffled off our coats and shirts,
Must give us pause. There's the respect,
That makes this diffidence of so long life;
For who would bear the taunts and sneers o' the mob,
The pangs of being unknown, and fame's delay,
The porter's wrongs, the coal heaver's contumely
The ins'lence of profession, and the spurns
That patient merit of the pug'list takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a well-planted blow? Who'd reprcaches bear,
To fret and fume beneath a doubtful state,
But that a dread of something *on the Stage*,
(The undetermin'd trial, from whose bourne
Earle ne'er returned,) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
This fear of drubbing makes us cowards all;
And thus the wish of native resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear,
And the skill'd manœuvres in each well-graced ring,
With this respect their profits turn away,
And lose the fame of boxing.

Anonymous.

—·o:—

The Electors of Barrhead, by 570 to 317, have gone against erecting their town into a Burgh. Coatbridge, with a population of 20,000 or 30,000, is also agitating on this subject. Saltcotians are meantime deeply interested in the question—and the struggle between the burgh and anti-burgh party, as must always be the case when the powers of dirt and darkness, and light and cleanliness, come into collision with each other, promises to be a keen one. According to a native residing in Glasgow, "Insider" ruminates and thus soliloquises:—

"Insider's" Soliloquy.

(*With apologies to the shade of Shakespeare.*)

Burgh, or No-Burgh—that's the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the town to suffer
The gibes and scorn of all who visit it;
Or to become a Burgh, and so end,
Once and for ever end them?—Being then
A Burgh, it will end its dirt and darkness,
Ruin and danger.—'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To be a Burgh!
Perchance to pay a tax;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that tax what shillings we may pay,
When we have wakened from our old-world sleep,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes our slothfulness of so long life:
For who would bear to walk, with fear and care,
Adown the ruined Quay, or try to gain,
O'er heaps of broken walls, the sandy shore;
Or pick his steps in the dim-lighted streets,
Through muddy holes and ancient filthiness,
When he himself his safety might ensure
By voting for the Burgh? Who would bear
To see his native town a laughing stock;
But that the thought of something afterwards—
The dread of Burgh taxes, which may grow
Greater each year – puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of;
Thus does our greediness become our bane;
And thus, to save our purses, we oppose
The Burgh movement; for we fondly hope
To dupe the working men, and frighten all
Who love their purses better than their health,
And lapse into our old inaction.

The Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald. February, 1884.

—·o:—

The Weekly Dispatch Parody Competition, No. 197.

The prize of two guineas for the best original parody of Hamlet's soliloquy, with reference to the Suez Canal question, was awarded to Mr. Jesse H. Wheeler, 96, Gore Road, Victoria Park, for the following:—

Gladstone's Soliloquy.

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis prudent for the House to suffer
The fierce, protracted, venomous discussion,
Or to shake off the coils of this agreement,
And for the present waive it? To win: to lose
What more? entail defeat and ne'er regain
The faith, esteem, and people's confidence
That we are used to, 'tis humiliation
Liberals must avoid. To win, to lose;
To lose the love of France: ay, there's the rub;
For with that loss of love what may arise
When we've insulted her, and can't retract,
Must give us pause; there is the chance
To shake our alliance of so long time.
And who would have to bear the blame of all?
The enormous loan, the widespread disapproval,
The present shareholders, the law against us,
The snubs when out of office, and the hate
Of all our vast commercial agencies,
When he in time can extricate himself
Without a blemish? Who would these risks incur
To put the test under an adverse fire,
But with the hope that some good may arise?
The overgrowing country from whose shores
The mariner departs, enters the mind
And makes us rather look ahead to-day
Than lie asleep whilst others claim the palm.
Yet second thoughts are wiser, after all;
And thus my former full determination
Gives way before the strong opposing force;
The enterprise, though great and costly also,
I still regard, but now must turn away
Amidst dissatisfaction.

The four following parodies, on the same topic, were also printed:—

To yield, or not to yield; that is the question;
Whether 'tis wiser that my party bear
The jeers and scoffings of the Tory rabble,
Or to stand bravely 'gainst their blust'ring onset,
And by opposing beat them? To vote; to win;
No more; and by a vote to say we end
The torture and the thousand natural fears
That we are heirs to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To vote, to win;
To win: perchance to fail; ay, there's the rub;
For in that dread event what woes may come
When we are left in thin minority,
Must give us pause: there's the respect

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That makes calamity of party life;
For who would bear Sir Stafford's taunting smile,
Cynic Cecil's chuckle, country's contumely,
The pangs of sore defeat, the law's delay,
Conservatives in office, and the spurns
That fallen power from parasites must take,
When I myself can calm commotion's roar
With my well-known talent? Who would office bear,
To toil and legislate for thankless men,
But that the fear of Tories gaining pow'r, [tongues
Those owl-tongued peace-disturbers from whose
No sound but hate can come, puzzles the will
And makes us bear content the ills we have
Than risk the presence of a Jingo curse?
Thus consequence makes cowards of us all;
And thus my native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And my pet project of a Suez Canal,
With this regard its current fails to take;
Let Northcote take his action.

ARAMIS.

CANAL, or no canal: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The wrath of shipowners who'd mend their fortune,
Or take upon us more Egyptian troubles,
And by "investing" vex them? To spend; to spout;
No more; and by a "vote" to say we'll end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That greed is heir to. Is this a consummation
Devoutly to be wished? To vote, to lend;
Perchance to lose eight millions; there's the rub;
For in this loan of ours what loss may come
Ere we would shuffle off responsibility,
There's time to pause: there's the respect,
That makes "annexing" fruitful of long strife;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of foes,
The oppressor's wrong, the victor's contumely,
The pangs of despised race, their rights' delay,
The insolence of conquest, and the spurns,
The patient fellah (fellow) of the unkindly takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bayonet? Should we burdens bear,
To pay stockjobbers and their risks to share,
But that the hope of something afterwards,
The undiscovered but expected boon,
The speculator's rich return, pleases the will
And makes us rash to dare this foreign venture,
And buy up "shares" we have no warrant of.
Thus Mammon does make victims of us all;
And thus our native, honest resolution
Is weakened e'er by greedy thought of gain,
And enterprises of more pith and moment
We disregard, their currents turn awry,
And thus we lose the means of nobler action.

F. BEAUMONT COTTIER.

TO DIG, or not to dig; that's what doth pest one:
Whether 'tis wiser on our part to offer
Eight millions—and it is no narrow fortune—
Or fold our arms because we see these troubles,
And end the din of words? To pause: to take our
E'en so; and by the act to say we're sick [chance;
Of all the bosh men talk; and to hear more
We cannot bear to. 'Twere a realisation
That must please us, To pause, to take our chance;
To take our chance; perhaps be fooled; ay, that's the
point;
For in the Frenchmen's hand what cards may come
When he alone doth shuffle them! He'd spoil
For us the game. He can't expect
We'll cease, for love of amity, from strife;
For who would bear, forsooth, for so long time,
The outrageous wrong, the proud man's triumphing,
The being beat, the excessive dues to pay,
The chaff of grinning Frenchmen, and the sneers
That easy John Bull far too often brooks,
When we ourselves may our conditions make,
Nor do an odd thing? Who would knuckle down,
And pay the piper as we're asked to do,
But that the dread of being talked to death,
A fate to be discovered none too soon
As hanging over us, quite makes us ill,
And makes us rather rest with what we have
Than try to get what others owe not of?
Thus love of quiet doth make noodles of us all:
And thus, though we discern rare elocution,
We fickly fail, alas! so to be taught,
One criticises till there comes a moment
When we can have no finger in the pie,
And all through our inaction.

T. M. DRON.

TO PAY, or not to pay: that was the question;
Whether 'twas best with one canal to suffer,
And trade to harass for the Frenchman's fortune,
Or to take heart 'gainst this canal of troubles,
A scheme propose, and end them? To make it deep;
Nay, more; both wide and deep is, p'r'aps, a way to [end
And obviate the thousand natural blocks
That ships declare to. 'Tis hallucination,
And scarcely to be wished, to try and keep
As 'tis, perchance, this stream where vessels rub;
For with increase of trade what ships may come
When we have shuffled off this monstrous toll?
Now let us pause: there's the respect
We yield Lesseps, his useful and long life,
Who bore for this the scorns of other times,
His opponents' wrong, the proud "Pam's" contumely,
The pangs of jealous hate: the long delays,
The insolence of scoffers and the turns
The patient Frenchman saw this project take,
While he his channel still successful made—
Unlike Sir Watkin! Oh, if 'twas hard to bear
The grudged four millions during Dizzy's life
(That give but doubtful 'vantage since his death),
An undiscovered boon from which we get
No adequate returns, this puzzle o' Will's
Would make us rather bear the tolls we have
Than strive for others at so vast a price?
Thus caution does make now our statesmen pause;
And thus was fated soon this resolution;
For, sicklied o'er with the pale cast of cost,
This enterprise who could hold with a moment?
In this regard 'twas bound to turn awry,
Or lose the nation's sanction.

LEONARD HARDING.

The Weekly Dispatch, August 5, 1883.

—— o: ——

BY AN ATTORNEY.

TO CHEAT or not to cheat, that is the question;
Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer
The stings and gnawings of a troubled conscience,
Or bravely spurn corruptions gilded baits,
And, by rejecting, 'scape 'em? To cheat, to need
No more; and by such gain, to say we end
The thousand hardships which the poor man seems
To be born heir to; 'tis a consummation

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Too often wished by us ; to cheat unseen
To cheat—perchance be caught ; ay, there's the rub ;
For by discovery what shame may come
When we have lost the necessary mask,
Must give us pause ; there is the respect
That makes dishonesty embitter life :
For who would bear the gibes and taunts of men,
The oppressed's curse, the good man's contumely,
The pangs of unpaid fees, the laws severity
In taxing bills, and the harsh reprimands
That merit often to th'unworthy gives,
When he in peace might his quietus make
On a poor farm. Who would long parchments write,
And scrawl and pause amidst a heap of nonsense ?
But that the dread of ghastly poverty,
Whose horrid visage, like the Gorgon's head,
No mortal dares behold, startles the mind
And makes us rather choose those ills we have
Than suffer others that we dread far worse.
Thus avarice makes rascals of us all,
And thus the comely face of honesty,
Is tarnished o'er by ill-designing knaves,
Who toil among the labyrinths of law,
In search of matter to perplex mankind
And leave the paths of wisdom.

ANONYMOUS.

——:o:——

HAMLET ON THE SITUATION.

(Perplexed Premier Ponders.)

CLÔTURE, or no *Clôture* ? That is the question :—
Whether 'tis better, on the whole, to suffer
The waste and worry of malign obstruction,
Or to take arms against the plague of spouters,
And, by mouth-closing, foil them. To rise—to vote—
No more ; and, by a vote, to find we end
The boredom and the thousand Warton "blocks"
The Session's heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished, To rise—to vote—
To vote ! Perchance to gag. Ay, there's the rub ;
For from that Vote what tyranny may come,
When we have wriggled from Obstruction's coil
Must give us pause. There's the consideration
That makes endurance of so long a life.
For who would bear the quips and quirks of BARTLETT,
Tart BIGGAR's tongue, O'DONNELL's contumely,
The gibes of gadfly GORST, WARTON's delay,
The cheek of callow CHURCHILL, and the spurns
That patient FORSTER of rude HEALY takes,
When he to them might their quietus give
With a bare majority ? Who'd night sittings bear,
To yawn and faint for twenty weary hours,
But that the fear of after-hurt to freedom—
That glory of our country, whose wide bourn
No Liberal would limit, clogs the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we may not measure.
Thus caution does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the Statesman's native resolution,
Is hampered by the cobweb coils of doubt,
And politicians of great pith and prowess,
From this reform their faces turn aside,
Dreading the name of—*Clôture*.

Punch, February 4, 1882.

——:o:——

To COME ! or not to come ? That's the question !
Whether it is better to take French leave,
Or to obey the calls of an outrageous audience,
And by appearing end them ? To come ! to speak ! no more ;
And by that speech to say, I thank ye for this crowded house.
This is a consummation devoutly to be wished.
To come ! to speak ! to speak, perchance to stick ;
Aye, there's the rub, for after this final speech,
I wish those dreams may come,
When I have shuffled off this mimic toil,
That tell me I have merited your applause.
There's the respect that makes the memory
Of your favours of so long life ;
For who would strut, and rehearse long parts,
To groan and sweat under some worrying manager,
But that the dread of a bad benefit,
An empty theatre, from whose pit and boxes
No profits are returned—puzzles the pocket,
And makes us rather keep those shin-plasters we have,
Than fly to dollars that we know not of ;
Thus interest does make converts of us all,
And thus my resolution to leave New York
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And though my speech is not quite pithy at this moment,
As on the East River's current I do turn away,
Your kindness I'll remember, till I lose the name of Finn.

HENRY J. FINN.

——:o:——

COMPROMISE or no compromise, that is—one *must* of course quote from *Hamlet* just now—the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind—I mean the Marquis—to suffer the Franchise Bill to pass, or to take arms against the Commons, and, by opposing, end the Lords—or mend them. To speak, to vote—no more ; and by a vote to end the heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks their Lordships have of late received. To vote, perchance to lose the day. Ay, there's the rub ; for in that loss what——? But it's quite impossible to go on any longer in this strain. In fact, the strain's too much. Perhaps it will prove too much for his Lordship. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished !

Funny Folks, Nov. 1, 1884.

——.o.——

WHETHER MARRIED LADIES OUGHT TO DANCE ?

TO DANCE, or not to dance : that is the question :
Whether 'tis better in the matron to avoid
The turns and whirls of an outrageous waltz,
And to take arms against the steps of ball-rooms,
And by opposing, shirk them ? To skip ; to whirl ;
No more. And for a dame to say, she'll not thus end
The day, and all the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—it is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To skip—to whirl—
To reel ; perchance to fall : ay ! there's the rub ;
For in that fall what sad mishaps may come,
If not to shuffle off her mortal coil.
Must give her pause. Then to reflect—
Whether a dance is necessary to her life
Why should she bear the wheels and turns of time
The orchestra inflicts, her partner's impetuosity,
The pangs of dissipated time, the late hours' delay,
The rotation of the ball-room, and the chills
That she may feel, when she departure takes,
When she herself might her quietus make
By her own fireside ? Who would fardels bear,
And puff and stew under a gas-lit roof,
Did she not think there's something pleasant there—
Some undiscover'd measure, from whence to charm
With renew'd returns, puzzles the will

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And makes her bear the pills and draughts,
Or fly to other drugs she knows not of?
So conscience may cause refrain from all
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And entertainments of great glare and moment,
With less regard, the current of her thoughts
May turn away, and lose the name of action.

THE SWAN'S GHOST (*Second Appearance*).

Judy, December, 13, 1871.

——:o:——

HAMLET IN A STATE OF LIQUOR.

To DRINK, or not to drink, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler for a man to suffer
The desperate longings of outrageous thirst,
Or take up the bottle against a sea of troubles,
And by drinking, end them? To drink—to
Stagger—no more, and by a fall to say we get
Headache, and the thousand natural shocks
Which the drunkard is heir to.—'Tis a
Consummation devoutly to be dreaded!
To fall—to sleep perchance—and waken
In the station-house! Aye! there's the rub!
For in that drunken scene what falls, what
Bruises, what fines from the Mayor may come
When we have shuffled off the Jailer
Should well be pondered.—
There's the cause that makes the drunkard's
So short a life. For who would bear
The jeers and scorns of men; the employer's
Wrong; the sober men's contumely; the pang
Of rejected love; the uncertainty of office;
And the spurns that patient sobriety to inebriates
Gives, when he himself might his life prolong
By taking "the pledge?" Who would then
"Mint Juleps" drink, to reel and totter
Into a dirty gutter? When the dread of something
After one gets home, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather throw the spirits
That we have away! than fly
To a wife's angry spirits we know *too well of*.
Thus whisky does make drunkards of us all
Who lack the native hue of resolution;
And man's nose is sicklied o'er with the red cast
Of drink! and all his limbs
Their motions turn awry,
And lose their power of—Equilibrium.

American Paper.

——:o:——

To DRINK, or not to drink? That is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler inwardly to suffer
The pangs and twitchings of uneasy stomach,
Or to take brandy-toddy 'gainst the colic,
And by imbibing, end it? To drink—to sleep—
To snore; and, by a snooze, to say we end
The headache, and the morning's parching thirst,
That drinking's heir to;—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To drink—to pay—
To pay the waiter's bill? Ay, there's the rub;
For in that snipe-like bill a stop may come,
When we would shuffle off our mortal score,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes sobriety of so long date;
For who could bear to hear the glasses ring
In concert clear—the chairman's ready toast,
The pops of out-drawn corks—the "hip hurrah!"
The eloquence of claret—and the songs
Which often through the noisy revel break,
When a man might his quietus make
With a full bottle? Who would sober be,
Or sip weak coffee through the livelong night;
But that the dread of being laid upon
That stretcher by policemen borne, on which
The reveller reclines,—puzzles me much,
And makes me rather tipple gingerbeer,
Than fly to brandy, or to Hodge's gin,
Thus poverty doth make us Temp'rance men.

Punch, October 30, 1841. X. X. TEETOTALLER.

——:o:——

Enter HAMLET (advances thoughtfully to front, and produces a bottle, labelled "Old Tom.")

To DRINK, or not to drink? That is the question.
Whether 'tis better to let cares infest one,
And put up with misfortunes, such as are
A wicious mother and a poison'd Pa,—
Or, with this pocket pistol to my brain,
Plunge in Blue Ruin the Blue Devil's train!
To drink—to feel with each successive "go"
Some pang depart, till Hope alone doth glow,
As in Pandora's reticule—the plan
Looks a good opening for a nice young man!
So easy too—to drink, to sleep, to dream—
There's more in that though than at first doth seem;
For I have heard the restless toper knows
(When he has shuffled off his bed the clothes)
Nocturnal horrors! *Spirits*, floor'd by day,
Rise up in vengeance, and assert their sway:—
Some grin like gurgoyles; like night-mares infest
His sleep, and chaff him; some upon his breast
Dance endless Polkas; some fan fever's flame,—
Vex him with thirst, and of his thirst make game;
Bring Schweppe's ic'd waters to his dreaming gaze—
Just to his mouth the claret cup they raise—
And while, like Tantalus, he may not sip,
Cool lumps of "Wenham" bob against his lip!
——I will *not* drink! No bottle imp shall make
Of me a *Sponge*, and then a *Tipsy Cake*.
Yet I've a deed to do, and need to prime,
Like a mild lover at the "popping" time;
Like cockney fox-hunter of lily heart,
Who needs the jumping-powder ere he start;
Like the dread toothache's victim, ere he try
The artist who can *draw on ivory*;
Like waking men who find, that over-night
They've lost a sum, 'tis not convenient quite
To pay; or those by whose bed-side doth stand
The punctual Second, pistol-case in hand!
Like—Soft, she comes, I must feign mad a-while;
If the cook flirts, the goose is sure to spile.

From *Hamlet Travestie*, a clever Burlesque in two acts, written by a son of the late Serjeant Talfourd, and published by J. Vincent, of Oxford, in 1849.

——:o:——

To DUN, or not to dun? That is the question!
Whether 'tis better that the purse should suffer
For lack of cash, by baneful emptiness,
Or by a gentle *dun* to fill it up?
To dun—to be denied—denied with "*call again*;"
Ah! there's the rub! for in that "*call again*"
What evils come—what disappointment sore—
Chagrin and woe; what time is wasted?
What shoes are worn, in consequence,
Must give us pain.

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'Tis this that makes so many debts not worth collecting;
'Tis this which sickens business to despair,
And keeps from honest labour its reward!
While thus in language of complaint we speak,
We dont forget our many many friends;
To them our gratitude we owe,
To them our gratitude we freely pay;
Buoyed by their kindness, still our bark shall sail,
Enjoy the pleasing calm—
Nor dread the boist'rous gale.

The Mirror, July 19, 1823.

——:o:——

AN APROPOS SOLILOQUY.

BY A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

To DYE, or not to dye, that is the question:—
"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer"
Th' outrageous colour of Dame Nature born,
The very "head and *front* of my offending"
Against the fiat of chameleon Fashion,
Or summon Art to aid me? Shall I end
This heart-ache by the "hazard of a dye"
That Fashion dooms my hair to?—Dye:—a wash:—
No more:—Poison, perhaps? ay, that's the rub
To bring paralysis: the '*harmless wash*'
With lead and sulphur, from the depths profound
Of Acheron, is loaded: and who knows
But when I shuffle off last season's coil,
And tone the little hair I call my own
To match my latest chignon's altered hue,
Disease in my 'frizzettes' may lurk unseen,
Stride my back-comb, or stalk with cat-like tread
Along the parting? Let me pause, and think
How much respect to chemistry be due—
For who would bear the sneers and up-turned nose
Of female friend, the criticising eye
Of street-cad,—when (as all the papers tell)
She can herself the remedy procure
For thirteen stamps—but that a hazy dread
Of something that may happen cramps the will,
And knowledge makes a coward of the purse?
'Tis too much proved:—yet I obey thy call,
Stern mother of invention! Truefitt, in thy orisons
Be all my fears remembered.

The Tomahawk, January 30, 1869.

——:o:——

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SOLILOQUY.

A FLEA or not a flea? that is the question:
Whether 'tis wiser in a man to suffer
The stings and arrows of this insect torture,
Or to take arms against the flea that troubles,
And, by well squeezing, end him. I'll try to sleep
Once more, and in that sleep I may some rest
In part take, and forget the thousand shocks
My flesh is bare to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. I'll try to sleep
A sleep without a dream, (Oh, there's a rub!)
Yet in that sleep of mine what fleas may come,
When *this* perchance has ceased his awful toil,
And fill their maws! There's the respect
That keeps me wide awake through all the night,
Oh! did I bear a whip, 'twould be no crime
To work the oppressor's wrong. For who would bear
The pangs of flea-bit nose, what people say
The insolence of scoffers, and the turns
Which, all impatient, through the night he takes,
When he himself could his quietus make
Could he but catch his foe? Who would bear
Candles, and sweat under a weary search,
And set, perhaps, the bed-clothes in a blaze,
And thereby haply reach that burn from which
No traveller returns? Puzzle who will,
I'd rather bear this single flea I have
Than wake up others that I know not of;
My conscience tells me 'tis a coward's thought.
Another bite! Another resolution!
Without avail is further waste of thought.
Thus from my couch uprise I in a moment,
With swift regard the bed-clothes turned awry,
And take the field of action.

JAMES ROBINSON.

The Weekly Dispatch, September 26, 1880

——o——

OPHELIA'S VERSION.

To GO, or not to go, that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the maid, to share
The slights and sorrows of a faded train,
Or to take steps unto the "Tempus Sale,"
And, by a purchase, end them? To go,—to buy,
No more; and at a glance to find I end
The heartache, and the thousand horrid rents
My dress is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To go—to buy,
To buy! perchance too much; aye, there's the rub;
For in that Sale of Sales, what dreams may come,
When I have shuffled off this wretched robe
Must give me pause: Still there's the ancient dress
That marks gentility in well-worn silk,—
Yet who would bear the flaunts and scorns of Kate,
The Mantua Maker's grief, Pall Mall's contumely,
The pangs of last year's shade, the Christmas bills,
The insolence of duns, and the spurns
That Modistes give to the impecunious,
If I myself might a sensation make
With a *cash* purchase? Who would old garments wear
And weep and pine under a withered life,
But that the dread of what Papa may say,
The library's scold, that always
Leaves me sad, puzzles my will;
And makes me rather wear the dress I have,
Than try on others that I wot of?
Thus *credit* does make cowards of us all;
And thus the natural cash transaction
Is sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought;
And purchases of great value and amount
With this regard are nearly turned awry.
Yet this once I must—Parker, now!
A cab!

An Advertisement in *The Daily News*, February 1, 1878

——:o:——

A DENTAL SOLILOQUY.

To HAVE it out or not? that is the question—
Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suffer
The pangs and torments of an aching tooth,
Or to take steel against a host of troubles;
And, by extracting, end them? To pull—to tug!
No more; and by a tug to say we end
The tooth-ache, and a thousand natural ills
The jaw is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished? To pull—to tug!
To tug—perchance to break! Ay, there's the rub
For in that wrench what agonies may come,

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When we have half-dislodged the stubborn foe,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes an aching tooth of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and stings of pain,
The old wife's nostrum, dentist's contumely,
The pangs of hope deferred, kind sleep's delay
The insolence of pity, and the spurns
That patient sickness of the healthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make,
For two-and-sixpence? Who would fardels bear
To groan and sweat beneath a load of pain?
But that the dread of something lodged within
The linen-twisted forceps, from whose pangs
No jaw at ease returns!—puzzles the will,
And makes it rather bear the ills it has
Than fly to others that it knows not of.
Thus dentists do make cowards of us all—
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear;
And many a one, whose courage seeks the door,
With this regard his footsteps turn away,
Scared at the name of dentist.

C. A. W.

From *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, April 29, 1837.

——:o:——

The Gent's Soliloquy.

To HISS, or not to hiss, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in a gent to suffer
The ten-act plays of Alexandre Dumas;
Or to take arms against a *troupe* of Frenchmen,
And by opposing, smash them? To shout—to row—
No more; and, by a row, to say we end
This Monte Christo, which so strangely shocks
The blush I'm heir to;—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To shout; to row;—
To row! and go to Quod?—ay, there's the rub;
For if that be the case, what fine may come
Next day, for kicking up this great turmoil,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes these foreigners of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and spurs of the *Cirque*
Franconi's stud within Old Drury's walls,
The jokes of foreign clowns, and all they say,
Their insolence in coming, which, in turn,
These fresh arrivals do but imitate,
When he himself might a quietus make
With a mere cat-call? Who would quietly sit,
And nothing understand of ten long acts,
But that the dread of something after quod—
That well-discovered country, from whose bourn
The van so oft removes,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear this foreign trash
Than walk to Bow-street, 'twixt two New Police!
Thus Jardine does make cowards of us all;
And thus our stock in trade of resolution
Goes oozing out at his most dreaded name;
And all our plans and projects, in a moment,
From great regard for it are all my eye,
And, what's more—Betty Martin.

The Puppet Show June 24, 1848.

(The production of Mr. Alexandre Dumas' Drama, *Monte Christo* by the French Company of the *Théâtre Historique*, at Drury Lane Theatre, gave rise to most discreditable scenes of disorder, owing to the jealousy then felt of foreign dramatic talent.)

The Hunter's Soliloquy.

To HUNT, or not to hunt? that is the question—
Whether 'tis prudent in the soul to suffer
The pangs of self denial, or to urge
With enthusiastic rage and bold defiance
The rapid chase;—to hunt—to ride—
No more, and by that ride to say we fly
From thought, that canker-worm to gay desires,
From cares that feed upon the lamp of life.
'Tis a fruition devoutly to be wished,
To hunt—to ride—to ride! perchance to fall;
Ay, there's the rub—
For in the mad pursuit what falls may come,
When ev'ry hound each hardy sinew strains,
And ev'ry breeze conveys enrapt'ring sounds,
Must give us pause!—There's the respect
That gives the fatal blow to promis'd joys,
That taints with baleful light each blooming hope,
Who would forego this madness of delight;
Who without pain could hear a chase describ'd,
Or silent sit while others boast their feats,
When he himself might mount the neighing steed,
And urge the sprightly chase? Beneath a roof
Who would wear out the tedious, doleful day,
Oppress'd with discontent and dire remorse?
But that the dread of fall precipitate,
That unknown field, where, destitute of aid,
With shiver'd limb he haply may repent
His forward zeal and fury uncontrol'd
Puzzles the will; and makes us rather pine
In humble cell, than seek for distant joys
Where pain and death th' advent'rous hunter wait.
But hark——
The hunter's notes, on Zephyr's pinion borne,
Assail my ears——
Already Phœbus gilds the mountain
Great Phœbus, patron of the hunting crew,
Propitious smile, and vanish ev'ry doubt!

The Mirror. February 8, 1823.

——o——

The Debtor's Soliloquy.

After Stocktaking.

To PAY, or not to pay, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the man to suffer
The duns and threats of overpressing tradesmen,
Or to take arms against a sea of bills,
And, by compounding, end them? To fail, to owe
No more,—and by that act to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand front-door knocks
A debtor's used to:—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To fail—to smash:—
To smash, perchance to starve; ay, there's the rub;
For in that bankruptcy what strain may come,
When we have shuffled off this coil of bills,
Must give us pause:—There's the respect
That makes calamity of commercial life.
For who would bear the slights of those he patronises
The oppressor's writ, the bailiff's forced possession,
The pangs of declined credit, the lawyer's threats,
The insolence of agents, and the frequent calls
Impatient tradesmen make to get their money
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare petition? Who would fardels bear
To groan and sweat under this weary strife,
But that the dread of something after failure,—
The discontented lawyer from whose clutch
No debtor 'ere escapes,—puzzles the will;

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And makes us rather bear the bills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of!
Thus insolvency makes cowards of us all,
And thus the anxious heart of him who struggles on
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And shaky merchants of great name and business
With this regard some sly "arrangements" make
And lose the name of debtor.

Q. E. D.

This amusing Parody appeared in *The Walsall Observer*. January, 1881. It was written by Mr. F. J. Overton, of Walsall.

—.o:—

OUGHT A GENTLEMAN TO GO OUTSIDE AN OMNIBUS TO OBLIGE A LADY?

TO BE OR NOT TO BE POLITE, that is the question;
Whether 'tis better in a 'bus to suffer
The torments which are ever consequent
Upon the proclamation "Full inside";
To have your knees impress'd by tons
Of your stout neighbour's well-drenched bombazine,
And be made a stand for her fast-dripping gamp;
Or, p'haps, a seat which, in your genteel grace,
You charitably give her half-drown'd brat,
And patiently receive the running stream
Which proves the virtues of her waterproof;
To be half-chok'd, half-suffocated
By the steam fumes, condensing as they rise,
From sodden serge and water'd silk or crape;
To bear with patience sundry visits from
The gouty foot of your aged *vis-à-vis*,
Envious of your one only favourite corn;
To feel just like a herring in a tub,
Or sardine, pickled and encased in oil—
To be, in short, a martyr to yourself,
Or victim of your ungentility?
Or be *gallant*, and, for a lady's sake,
Deny yourself the pleasure of these woes;
Gracefully—that is, if gracefully you can,
Spite of aforesaid hindrances—yield
Your inside station to a fairer fare,
Removing to the knifeboard, there to be
The prey of downright, but more wholesome ills—
The heav'n-sent rain—not tepid drops
Reaching you second-hand, as those inside;
And as you journey on towards your home,
Find consolation in the honest thought
That you have done the very thing you ought?—
That is the question, and I solve it thus:
A man should always ride outside a 'bus.

C. B.

Gossip, May 16, 1885.

—o—

TO PRINT, OR NOT TO PRINT.

TO PRINT, or not to print—that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
Or send a well-wrote copy to the press,
And, by disclosing, end them? To print, to doubt
No more, and by one act to say we end
The headache, and a thousand natural shocks,
Of scribbling frenzy—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To print—to beam
From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well-bound;
To sleep perchance with Quarles. Ay, there's the rub
For to what class a writer may be doomed,
When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,
Must give us pause. There's the respect that makes
Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
For who would bear the impatient thirst of fame,
The price of conscious merit, and 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare inkhorn? who would fardels bear?
To groan and sweat under a load of wit?
But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill
That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown
Than run the hazard to be known and damn'd.
Thus Critics do make cowards of us all;
And thus the healthful face of many a poem
Is sicklied o'er with a pale manuscript;
And enterprisers of great fire and spirit,
With this regard, from Murray turn away,
And lose the name of authors.

REVEREND RICHARD JAGO.

(Before 1780.)

—:o:—

TO RAT, or not to rat, that is the question;—
Whether 'tis safer for a Whig to suffer
The sting of conscious inconsistency;
Or to take arms against this nest of madmen,
And by opposing, leave them. To rat—to vote—
No more; and by a vote to say we've done
With Ireland, and the thousand natural ills
Of Dis-establishment. A consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To rat—to vote;—
To lose perchance our seat!—Ay, there's the rub!
For from that adverse vote what griefs may come,
When we have shuffled off this party mesh,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of Whiggery;
For who would bear the whips and votes of Glyn,
Th' oppressive Bright, proud Gladstone's contumely,
The sneer from Tory bench, each night's delay,
The seeking after office, and the groans
The patient member meets with when he speaks,
When he himself might their quietus make
In the wrong lobby? Who would measures hear
For which, he voting, acts an endless lie;
But that the dread of something afterwards,
The represented "county" from whose poll
No renegade returns,—puzzles the will!
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that will plague us more!
Thus interest doth make puppets of us all;
And thus the native hue of patriotism
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of "self;"
And gentlemen of sturdy truth and honour
With this regard their conscience belie,
And lose all sense of freedom.

Once a Week, May 23, 1868.

—:o:—

THE SHAVER'S SOLILOQUY.

TO SHAVE, or not to shave; the question is,
Whether 'tis better, on the human phiz,
To let accumulation of our hair
Cover the chins and lips which now are bare;
Or to continue still to scrape away
The hirsute ornament from day to day.—
To lather—shave—perchance to gash the face?
Ay, there's the rub; for, in this latter case,
What mis'ry's ours! 'Tis this must give us pause,
And makes us rather let alone our jaws,
Than by continuance in the bar'brous use,
Cut, scratch, and lacerate them like the deuce.

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For if it actually were the case,
That Nature never meant the human face
To be so teased and tortured as it is—
If so, I say, why then what business
Have mortals virtually to cry out
That Nature knew not what she was about?
Why since the beard was evidently meant
To grow, should men be seemingly intent
On trying to prove Nature was a dunce,
And did not know her trade? Why not at once
Pluck out the eyebrows, and extract the nails,
And shave the heads of females, and of males?
Strange 'tis that men should worship fashion, so
As to be willing thus to undergo
The pains of shaving, rather than permit
Moustache and beard to grow as they think fit.
How singular that men should still delight
In torturing their faces, when they might
Themselves their comfort, ease, and health obtain
By vowing they will never shave again?
But 'tis the dread of ridicule and scorn
Makes the foul fashion easy to be borne.
Thus custom of us all doth cowards make,
And for this savage custom, then, we take
The trouble and the pains our chins to mow,
Because it is the fashion to do so.
But thus our chins will soon no more, I hope,
Be lather'd o'er with the pale suds of soap.
Soon shall moustache and beard once more on all
Our chins wag merrily, in street and hall!

Diogenes, March, 1854.

——:o.——

A SOLILOQUY WHILST SHAVING.

TO SHAVE, or not to shave? that is the question,
Whether 'tis comfortable most to cover
One's face all over with outrageous lather,
Or by outrageous hair, s(h)ave so much trouble,
And thus soap—pose we end it! To shave—to swear
What for? when by moustache and beard we end
The nuisance thus encouraging the locks
That flesh is *hair* to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To shave? To swear?
To swear! perchance an oath—ay, there's the rub;
For as we shave, perhaps the razor slips,
And as we *barber*ously hack our chin,
Must we then pause; in every respect
There is calamity in such a shave.
Oh, who would bear shivering in the cold
Ten minutes long to be in misery?
The pangs of getting up, with much delay,
The razor wanting strapping, and the time
The patient shaver usually takes,
When he himself might get on very well
Without a razor?—or who would be shaved,
Tweak'd by the nose as pigs for singeing are,
To groan and sweat under the barber's hand,
And as the dread of something happening—
A pleasant slice, perhaps, taken off one's nose;
Of course entirely against one's will.
It makes us rather wear the honest beard,
Than fly to barbers whom we know not of.
Thus custom makes Gorillas of us all;
Although we falter in our resolution,
As lathered over with best Windsor soap,
Expecting a severe cut every moment,
We contemplate our beard with jaundiced eye,
And so prepare for action—
Soft I vow—'tis done—*Oh, feel here!*

T. F. DILLON CROKER.

Vagrant Leaves, Number 2.—November 1, 1866.

"My occupation is no more!" *exclaimed Sylvester Daggerwood, on assuming the vile occupation of waiter at a country inn where, on contemplating the preparations for a parish feast he made the following complaint*:

TO STARVE, or not to starve? that is the question:—
Whether, Sylvester, thou should'st calmly bear
The yearns and gripings of internal wants,
Or take up arms against the parish treat,
And, wille nille, end it?—To eat;—to glut
Thy fill;—and, by this feast, to say thou end'st
Those cravings and the thousand rav'nous wants
That flesh is heir to—'tis an occupation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To eat;—to stuff;—
To gorge, perchance be sick! aye, there's the rub;
For in that yearning state what pangs may come,
In easing me of superfluities,
Must make me pause:—'tis this alone
That bids me curb my longing appetite;
Else should I tamely bear fell hunger's cries,
My stomach's wrongs, my bowels' piercing shrieks,
My greedy eye's desire, the cook's delay,
Who, insolent in office, jade-like taunts
My rav'nous appetite, that sneaking waits,
When quickly force might satisfy desire
With knife and bodkin? What all endure,
And grumbling sweat before the blazing fire,
But that the dread of sickness afterwards,
That painful operation, from whose course
No man is free, affrights my will,
And makes me rather bear those gripes I feel,
Than fly to such as might await the deed?
Thus sickness does make cowards of us all;
And thus fell resolution, arm'd by want,
Sinks, pale and coward-like, the slave of thought;
And mighty feats perform'd with knife and fork
Are left untried; so is my craving turn'd!
I lose the power of eating.——

From *Rhapsodies* by W. H. IRELAND, London; Longman and Rees, 1803.

[Concerning this William Henry Ireland, and his Shakespearian forgeries, it will be necessary to speak at length in some future number of *Parodies*, for the present it will suffice to mention that he composed a Tragedy, entitled *Vortigern*, which he passed off as a newly discovered work by Shakespeare. The forgery deceived some of the most learned and able critics of the day, and at length, Richard Brinsley Sheridan was prevailed upon to produce it at Drury Lane Theatre. It was only played once, on the second of April, 1796, when Mr. Kemble appeared as Vortigern, Miss Miller as Rowena, and the beautiful Mrs. Jordan as Flavia. The public, more accurate in their judgment than the critics, good humouredly laughed the piece down, and when Kemble had to speak the line:—

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er,"

the audience received it in such a manner that the fate of the tragedy was sealed. Ireland's ingenious devices and plausible manner had convinced several learned and prominent men of the authenticity of the Shakesperian M.S.S. and, as might have been expected, when the imposition was discovered, there were many bitter caricatures and satires published at his expense. One of these, dated December 1797, is a portrait of Ireland, grasping a volume of Shakespeare, with a motto, taken from the *Maid of the Mill*:—

"Such cursed assurance
Is past all endurance."

The following parody of Dryden's celebrated Epigram on Milton, is appended; the lines were probably written by the Reverend William Mason:—

"Four forgers, born in one prolific age,
Much critical acumen did engage:

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The first* was soon by Doughty Douglas scar'd,
Tho' Johnson would have screen'd him had he dar'd.
The next had all the cunning of a Scot†
The third, invention, genius—nay, what not ‡
Fraud now exhausted, only could dispense
To her fourth Son their threefold impudence."

It is said that Ireland was so enraged at this publication that he broke the shop windows where it was exposed for sale.

After *Vortigern and Rowena* had been once played, and the audience had testified in the most unmistakable manner their disbelief in its authenticity, and contempt for its merits, Ireland yet had the audacity to urge Sheridan and Kemble to have a second trial; Sheridan, however, dismissed him with an emphatic negative. After Ireland had left the room, Kemble said, "Well, Sir, you cannot doubt that the play is a forgery." "Damn the fellow," replied Sheridan, "*I believe his face is a forgery*; he is the most specious man I ever saw!"]

——:o:——

Old Tunbelly's Soliloquy.

To STICK to Hoy, or not—that is the question,
Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer,
The pangs and aches of golden hopes deferred;
Or, trampling on my ancient principles,
Go to the Star at once, To go—to tip the *blunt*,
And thus enable Jack to keep in flesh;
Nay, more, to have my way, and be revenged,
On all those scoundrel writers who have been
Maligning me; O what a glorious day!
What would I give to see it? To go—to win—
To win—perchance to lose—aye, that's the job—
For if we win, who cares for all they say,
Of rats, and bribes, and Elephants wild and tame,
And Kingsland "little affairs," but if we lose—
And lose we may, in spite of all my weight—
What I shall do, after the poll is o'er
Should be considered now, and ere I go
Must give me pause. There's Hoy, I fear he'll cut
The town, if he cut out; and then poor I,
Old, friendless, and the mock of all the mob,
That once stuck fast to him, but ratting now
By hundreds and by thousands from his side,
Will hoot and hiss me in the streets and lanes;
Unable to enjoy my usual walks,
Whereby I have my health and my body huge,
By wholesome perspiration keep well down,
Within the decent weight of twenty stone—
Shall get no sleep, and then full soon shall sink,
Poor, unlamented, to a nameless grave—
Where, stead of epitaph in prose and verse.
Briefly dilating on my virtuous deeds,
Argus and Obadiah, and the crew,
Penleazers vile, will cry to all around,

"*Here lies a man, who once upheld Reform*;
Allured by pelf, he turned, and straight was hither borne.

But hence, ideas like these—avaunt! delusions vain,
Far be from me the thought of coward flight,
Or unmatured resolve.

* * * * * *

This is the road to *rhino* and revenge,
And on this road, in spite of former vows,
In spite of all my ancient predilections,
In spite of Argus, hand bills, nicknames, jeers,
In spite of what the minister may think
In spite of fate, or e'en the devil himself,
This road I'll travel. (*Exit* waddling).

The Argus. April 16, 1831.

This little Journal was published in Southampton during the stirring times just previous to the election of the Parliament which settled the first great Reform Bill. *The Argus* strongly advocated the cause of Reform, supporting the candidatures of Messrs. ATHERLEY & PENLEAZE, in opposition to Messrs. DOTTIN & HOY. At the election ATHERLEY polled 732 votes; PENLEAZE 663, whereas HOY had only 391 votes, and with the general victory of the Reform question the necessity for such a political journal as *The Argus* was at an end. It contains many parodies satirising the prominent men of Southampton, of whom TUNBELLY was one.

——:o:——

The Journeyman Tailor's Soliloquy.

To STITCH or not to stitch—that is the question!
Whether 'tis better on the board to suffer
The stings of needles for capricious masters,
Or throw away one's thimble, shears, and bodkin,
And so by tramping end them. To stitch and sweat,
No more, and by a tramp to say we end
The head-ache, and the thousand cramps and pains
We cross-legg'd folks are heirs to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To walk, to take a trip,
To rove at large—perchance to beg one's bread!
Aye, there's the rub——
For by this strolling trade what want may come,
When we have shifted from a constant place,
Must give us pain. There's the respect that keeps
One willing prisoner to the shop-board still,
For who would bear the frowns of angry masters,
The jokes and jeers of scavengers and soot-boys
With all the insult of *unmanly title*,
The *honest* tailor is obliged to take,
When he himself might his quietus make
With trav'ling. Who would slavery bear,
And groan and sweat upon a dreary shopboard,
But that the thought of something worse than stitching
That sting of poverty, whose unwelcome gripe,
Few travellers escape—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
And thus necessity keeps us tailors still:
And thus the native hue of resolution is kept up
By each industrious thought; and tailors too
Of no small pith and moment, by this regard
From tramping turn away, and lose the name
Of *vagrants*. J—M——N.

The Mirror.

——:o:——

The Cabman's Soliloquy.

To STRIKE, or not to strike, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler on the box to suffer
The persecutions of outrageous bobbies,
Or to take arms against the rising public,
And serve them out by striking. That is, to ply
No more. To make them walk who fain would ride,
The 'Busses scorning,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished,—to stop the ills
Cabmanic flesh is heir to; there's the rub,
For in such strike of cabs perchance we starve;
Yet who would bear the inflicted wrongs of *MAYNE,

* Lauder. † Macpherson. ‡ Chatterton.

* Sir Richard Mayne, then chief of the Metropolitan Police.

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Sixpenny fares, and lamps compulsory,
Woes of backed licenses, police court fines,
The beak's severity, and the many spurns
That patient cabmen from their riders take
Without a murmur: when each man can strike,
And leave town cabless; each railway station
Without a vehicle of any sort
To greet the luggage-laden traveller,
Until our native hue of resolution
Shall sickly o'er with the pale cast of thought
The members anxious to get home at night,
And force them to repeal the hateful Act.

Judy, December 11, 1867.

——:o:——

The Soliloquy of a would-be Bloomer.

Trousers, or no trousers—that is the question;
Whether 'tis better on the legs to suffer
The dirt and scrapings of bespatter'd crossings,
Or to take arms against this present Fashion,
And with new dresses, change it? To fix—to change—
No more; and by this change to say we stop
Mud splashings, and the thousand natural woes
The legs are heir to.—'tis an emendation
Devoutly to be wished. To fix—to change—
To change! perchance the gown;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that change of dress what jeers may come
When we have shuffled off this flounced coil,—
Must we then pause? Where's the respect
That makes the petticoats for so long rife?
For who would bear the great constraint of gowns,
The dresses long, the small feet hid thereby,
The pangs of tight-laced stays, the waist's display,
The dirtiness of stockings, and the turns
The patient follower of fashion takes,
When she herself might her own comfort make
With pairs of trousers? Who would flounces wear
To brush and sweep the mud,—a weary wife,—
But that the dread of some one's sneering breath,—
That unforgiven sarcasm from whose spurn
The maiden e'er recoils,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather wear the dress we have
Than change for others that we know not of?
Thus custom does make cowards of us all;
And thus the very name of resolution
Is passed o'er by the frail cant of the law,
And novel dresses of great use and beauty
Meet no regard: the trousers they despise,
And spurn the name of Bloomer!

The Month, by Albert Smith and John Leech, November, 1851.

——:o:——

Hamlet on Vaccination.

To vaccinate or not, that is the question,
Whether 'tis better for a man to suffer
The painful pangs and lasting marks of smallpox
Or to bare arms before the surgeon's lancet,
And, by being vaccinated, end them. Yes,
To feel the tiny point, and say we end
The chance of many a thousand awful scars
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.—Ah! soft you now,
The Vaccinator! Sir, upon thy rounds
Be my poor arms remembered!

Punch, May 28, 1881.

Clean Linen!

Or, The Housewife's Soliloquy.

To wash, or not wash?—that is the question!
Whether 'tis nobler on th' whole person to suffer
The grime and lankness of the long-worn garment,
Or to take soap against a siege of stain-spots,
And by stout scrubbing, end them. To wash—to scrub
No more; and by that toil to say, we end
The mud-splash, and the thousand various soils
Which linen catches—'tis a consummation
With both fists to be strove for! To wash, to dry,
To dry, perchance in frost—ay there's the rub!
For in that chance of frost what coals must burn,
When we have soused, and wet a whole month's cloaths,
Must make us pause!—There's the respect
That makes a muslin gown be worn so long:—
For who would bear the dingy-looking tail,
The crumpled ruff, the chair-press'd, crease-mark'd shawl;
Dance-dusted turban, or, trod Turkish robe;
The oft' turned petticoat, kerchief and hose
Which tho' well-coak'd within the shoe—will peep;
When she herself might mend appearances
By a soap-lather:—Who'd white bonnets wear
That took the goblin of a foul-cloathes bag?
But that the dread of price per chaldron charg'd,
(That bill by coal man drawn, from whose sum total
Abatement ne'er was made) puzzles the choice,
And makes us rather bear be-grim'd nankeens
Than fly too rashly to the measur'd purse!
——Thus saving does make slovens of us all,
And thus the native hue of milk-white Irish
Is sicklied o'er by three days perspiration,
And smug-tied neckcloths of great length and wideness
In this regard are turned all ways awry,
And lose the name of cravat!

From *Fugitive Verse and Prose*, by John Peter Roberdeau. Chichester, 1803.

——:o:——

SOME PARODIES ON THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

The Bachelor's Soliloquy.

In Imitation of a celebrated Speech.

To wed, or not to wed—That is the question:
Whether 'tis happier in the mind to stifle
The heats and tumults of outrageous passion,
Or with some prudent fair in solemn contract
Of matrimony join—to have—to hold—
No more—and by that have to say we end
The heartache, and a thousand love-sick pangs
Of celibacy—'twere a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd—in nuptial band
To join till death dissolves.—Ay, there's the rub;
For in that space what dull remorse may come,
When we have ta'en our solemn leave of liberty,
Must give us pause—There's the respect
That slacks our speed in suing for a change.
Else—who would bear the scorns and sneers which bachelors
When aged feel, the pains and flatt'ring fevers
Which each new face must give to roving fancy,
When he might rid himself at once of all
By a bare Yes. Who would with patience bear
To fret and linger out a single life,
But that the dread of something yet untry'd,
Some hazard in a state from whose strict bond
Death only can release, puzzles the will,

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And makes us rather chuse those ills we have,
Than fly to others which we fancy greater?
This last reflection makes us slow and wary,
Filling the dubious mind with dreadful thoughts
Of curtain lectures, jealousies, and cares
Extravagantly great, entail'd on wedlock,
Which to avoid the lover checks his passion,
And, miserable, dies a *bachelor*.

T. C——BRE.

The New Lady's Magazine, March, 1786.

To woo, or not to woo—that is the question:
Whether 'tis wiser in a man to suffer
The screws and pinches of a straiten'd fortune,
Or to take arms against some rich widow's suitors,
And, by opposing, beat them. To woo—to wed:
No more:—and by a wedding to say we silence
The creditor, and thousand barking pests
That snap at poor men,—though the consummation
Were little to be wished. To woo;—to wed:—
To wed—perchance be henpeck'd!—There's the rub!
For in that unison what jars may come
When we have shuffled on the fatal yoke,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes our celibacy last so long;
For who would bear the plagues of poverty,
The fair's neglect, the coxcomb's contumely,
The dearth of dinner, and the mournful waste
That active Time in galligaskins wears,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a gold ring? Who'd live a subaltern,
To drill and dress under a martinet?
But that the dread of something after marriage,
That knot indissoluble, from whose noose
No sufferer can be freed, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear our own mishaps,
Than fly to others that a wife would bring!
For women do make noodles of us all;
And thus, the bare design of a flirtation
Is strangled by the terror of a match,
And many a pleasant and free hearted youth,
With this regard his courtship turns awry,
And shuns the name of husband.

From "*Posthumous Parodies and other Pieces*, composed by several of our MOST CELEBRATED POETS, but *not* published in any former edition of their works." London, John Miller, 1814.

TO WED, or not to wed? That is the question.
Whether it is advisable to bear
The dull privations of a single life,
Or marry, and in wedlock seek relief
From many woes? To desperately woo
Some charming woman decked with seraph lips
And eyes that speak an ocean-stream of love?
To marry her? It is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished; but where's the chance?
To wed—to set up an establishment
And have "a lot of bairns?" Ay, there's the rub;
For it may be I shall not have the means
To do my duty to them all, and leave
My mortal reckoning; bequeathing merit.
Hence reasoning makes me pause, and show respect
That dates celibacy a lengthy term;
For how could I, chief party to a deed
In what is promised, faithfully and true,
A constant, generous, and a manly aid,
Fulfil my trust, unless I could afford it?
I'd like to wed, for who would single be,
Or snore in solitude the livelong night,
But that the fear of curtain lectures, and
A yearly levy of "incumbrances"
(As heathen, churlish men their offspring call),
Perplexes me, and makes me rather bear
The ills I have than fly to those unknown.

ANONYMOUS.

From W. A. Clouston's *Literary Curiosities and Eccentricities*.

MARRY, or not to marry? that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The sullen silence of these cob-webbed rooms
Or seek in festive halls some cheerful dame,
And, by uniting, end it?—to live alone
No more; and by marrying say we end
The heartache, and the thousand make-shifts
Bach'lors are heirs to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To marry to live
In peace! Perchance in war; ay, there's the rub;
For in the marriage state what ills may come,
When we have shuffled off our liberty,
Must give us pause—there's the respect,
That makes us dread the bonds of wedlock,
For who could bear the noise of scolding wives,
The fits of spleen, th' extravagance of dress,
The thirst for plays, for concerts and for balls,
The insolence of the servants, and the spurns
That patient husbands from their consorts take
When he himself might his quietus gain
By living single, Who would wish to hear
The jeering name of bachelor,
But that the dread of something after marriage
(Ah, that vast expenditure of income,
The tongue can scarcely tell) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather choose the single life,
Then go to jail for debts we know not of—
Economy thus makes bachelors of us still;
And thus our melancholy resolution
Is still increased upon more serious thought.

From Geo. Wentworth's *Poetical Note Book*, London, 1824

TO WED, or not to wed—that is the question—
Whether 'tis wiser in a man to banish
The tempting visions of domestic comfort,
Or to lead some damsel of our times to the altar,
And, by marriage, end them? To wed, to doubt
No more, and by that act to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand wel!-planned tricks
Of enterprising mothers! 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To wed—to enrich
The tradesmen, and to feed bad servants!
To wed, perchance, a spend thrift! ay, there's the rub;
For to what sort of wife we may be mated
When we have shuffled off our bachelorhood,
Must give us pause.—— There's the respect
That makes celibacy of so much practice;
For who would bear the impatient thirst for bliss,
The yearnings for some gentle confidant
The amatory frenzies of one's loneliness,
The loss of buttons, and of large joints of meat,
When he himself, might his quietus make
With a bare Wedding ring? Who would lodgings bear,
To groan and sweat under extortionate landladies,

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But that the dread of helpless and expensive wives—
Those prodigies of modern training—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than hazard being thus ta'en in and done for.
Thus women do make cowards of us all:
And thus the hopeful heart of many a bachelor,
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprisers of good will and spirit,
With this regard from marriage turn away,
And lose the name of Husband.

Echoes from the Clubs, April 8, 1868.

THE WEEKLY DISPATCH PARODY COMPETITIONS.

On September 26, 1880, the following Prize Parody appeared in the *Weekly Dispatch*:—

To BE, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis better in this life to suffer
The petty trials of unmarried life
Or add one more unto a list of troubles,
And thus by marriage end them? To wed, to sleep
No more; or, if to sleep, to say we end
The yearnings and the sentimental fudge
Young flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Too blessed to be true. To love, to wed—
What then? Perchance repent; ay, there's the rub.
For in the meekest maid what changes come
When we have wriggled on the golden coil,
Must give us pause. There's reason good
That makes so many choose a single life—
For who could bear to give up his quiet pipe,
The close society of bosom friends,
The interchange of bright congenial thoughts,
Which sparkle like the glasses on the board,
For squalling children and a shrewish wife,
While he can cook a herring, or a steak,
And ply a bodkin. None would ever dare
To grunt and growl at lovely maidenhood!
But there's a something after marriage vows—
The trap where foxes lose their tails, and then
Advise their fellows that its much the best—
Which makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than marry troops of others with a wife—
For woman breeched makes cowards of us all.
And, somehow, all our boasted resolution
Gets sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear;
And enterprises, which we might have held
In great regard, must then be put aside,
Because, forsooth, "I'm married!"

WILLIAM H. EDMUNDS.

OPHELIA (*aside*)

Perhaps he will! Perhaps he won't! Who knows? (*pensively*) How hard it is to make the men propose! (*Sighs and sits down away from Hamlet.*)

HAMLET—
To POP, or not to pop the fatal question.
Can any husband give me a suggestion?
Whether 'tis nobler to endure the woes
Of stockings holey at the heels and toes,
Of lonely evenings, solitary mutton,
And ragged shirt-fronts innocent of button,
Or to take arms against the ills of life,
Swallow the necessary pill—a wife,
Give up tobacco, latch-keys and late hours,
And take an interest in cows and flowers,
Adopt a country life, and, if you can,
Become a nice domestic married man.
The prospect's tempting. Shall I? Yes, here goes.
Ophelia, I've determined to propose.

From *Hamlet, or, not such a fool as he looks*; by the Author of "The Light Green." W. METCALFE & SON, Trinity Street, Cambridge, 1882.

THE BARD'S SOLILOQUY

To WRITE—or not to write—that is the question—
Whether 'twere nobler in the mind to stifle
The hungry cravings of an empty stomach,
To sleep on bed of straw, in garret high,
As is Parnass, or in the dark abyss
Of cellar, low as Tartarus—To be
The game of sporting critics—Or to die—
To sink in vile obscurity, and rot
Among the senseless rabble—Aye! to drop
Unknown, and unlamented!——Hateful thought!
Detestable oblivion!
To write—to live!——immortal as great Jove!
To be a second Shakespeare, and inroll'd
Among the list of Poets, and perchance
Some monarch's fav'rite, counsellor, and friend,
In more retired hours—Or the fond theme
Of after ages—Soul inspiring thought!
Ambition!—Witchcraft!—Sorcery divine!
To write—perchance to cringe—aye, there's the rub!
For who could brook to do an action mean,
Unworthy man, and basely stoop to praise
Some letter'd bookworm, or pedantic fool;
To sell his muse for hire, and thus belie
The dictates of his conscience—Be a sycophant,
And flatter titled scoundrels?—There's the respect—
Must give us pause, and make the bard forbear:
This infant genius checks, but that the hope
Of living after death in mem'ry's praise
Hurries him on—As erst the hot-brain'd,
Yclep'd Phaeton, who, of old, they say,
Deaf to advice, by hot ambition fir'd,
Mounted the flaming chariot of his sire
With fatal eagerness—So he, nor mov'd
By kind intreaties, nor the sage advice
Of prudent friends regarding; but spurr'd on
By evil genius, baneful love of fame,
The dangerous height of Helicon assails:
Or with mad fury mounts the nettled steed
Call'd Pegasus—Anon, with giddy brain,
And aspect woful, the tremendous depth
Of space immensurable while he views,
His tott'ring limbs their wonted duty fail;
Or while, disdainful of his rider's strength,
The snorting courser cuts the distanc'd winds
With wing'd velocity——Too late, alas!
His rashness he repents, and headlong hurl'd
Through ether's all-unfathomable void—
(Dreadful to think)—he falls—to rise no more!

H. R. E

Chancery-Lane.

The New Lady's Magazine, November, 1786.



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DAME TILLER *discovered washing; she takes out of her tub a veil, and a pair of small socks, which she hangs on the line, sighs, and regards them sorrowfully.*

DAME. TUBBY or not tubby—there's the rub,
Whether I shall get anything to scrub,
Or, overcome by all my numerous troubles,
Dive headlong down into that sea of bubbles;
As to my bus'ness it is something shockin',
Of stockings I've got but that small *stock in.*
People won't send their things, complaining (bosh)
That, like King John, they'd lost them in the *Wash.*
I used to do for schools, and so it follers
I used to halve a lot of *scholars' collars*;
Now I have none, no collars smooth, nor ruffs,
I've got to make the best of fortune's cuffs.
To emigrate the best thing now would be—
Yes! *Washington* would be the place for me.

From "*Poll and Partner Joe*"; a Nautical Burlesque by F. C. Burnand. First produced at St. James's Theatre, May 6th, 1871.

——.o.——

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

To WED, or not to wed? That is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The pangs and arrows of outrageous love
Or to take arms against the powerful flame
And by opposing quench it.
To wed—to marry—
And by a marriage say we end
The heartache and the thousand painful shocks
Love makes us heir to—'tis a consummation.
Devoutly to be wished! to wed—to marry
Perchance a scold! aye, there's the rub
For in that wedded life what ills may come
When we have shuffled off our single state
Must give us serious pause. There's the respect
That makes us Bachelors a numerous race.
For who would bear the dull unsocial hours
Spent by unmarried men, cheered by no smile
To sit like hermit at a lonely board
In silence? Who would bear the cruel gibes
With which the Bachelor is daily teased
When he himself might end such heart-felt griefs
By wedding some fair maid? O who would live
Yawning and staring sadly in the fire
Till celibacy becomes a weary life
But that the dread of something after wedlock
(That undiscovered state from whose strong chains
No captive can get free) puzzles the will
And makes us rather choose those ills we have
Than fly to others which a wife may bring.
Thus caution doth make Bachelors of us all
And thus our natural taste for matrimony
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought
And love adventures of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of Wedlock.

[Copied from an Album—Author unknown.]

——:o:——

CREMATION.

(*By a Burning admirer of Sir Henry Thompson.*)

TO URN, or not to Urn? that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler for our frames to suffer
The shows and follies of outrageous custom,
Or to take fire—against a sea of zealots—
And by consuming end them? To Urn—to keep—
No more: and while we keep, to say we end
Contagion and the thousand graveyard ills
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consume-ation
Devoutly to be wished! To burn—to keep—
To keep! Perchance to lose—aye, there's the rub:
For in the course of things what duns may come,
Or who may shuffle off our Dresden urn,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes inter-i-ment of so long use.
For who would have the pall and plumes of hire,
The tradesman's prize—a proud man's obsequies,
The chaffering for graves, the legal fee,
The cemetery beadle and the rest,
When he himself might his few ashes make
With a mere furnace? Who would tombstones bear,
And lie beneath a lying epitaph,
But that the dread of simmering after death—
That uncongenial furnace from whose burn
No incremate returns—weakens the will,
And makes us rather bear the graves we have
Than fly to ovens that we know not of?
This, Thompson, does make cowards of us all.
And thus the wisdom of incineration
Is thick-laid o'er with the pale ghost of nought,
And incremators of great pith and courage
With this regard their faces turn awry,
And shudder at cremation.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

In April, 1884, there was a discussion in the House of Commons on a Bill, brought in by Dr. Cameron, for regulating Cremation.

——:o:——

There are numbers of other Parodies of this Soliloquy scattered about. William Hone, when on his trial for publishing a Parody entitled "The Political Litany," mentioned one which had appeared in the *Morning Herald* in 1808, commencing thus:—

"To stand, or not to stand—that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler for us to lose th' Election,
And all the honours that attend upon it,
Or to demand a poll, and risk th' expense."

Unfortunately the file of the above named journal in the British Museum Library is incomplete, so that the remainder of the parody cannot here be given.

One of the best burlesques of Shakespeare ever written was the "Hamlet Travestie, in three Acts, with annotations after the manner of Dr. Johnson and George Steevens, Esq., and other Commentators," 1810. This was written by John Poole, the author of Paul Pry; the notes at the end are amusing burlesques of the word-splitting, and quibbling over trifles, to be found in the writings of many authors who have done their best to obscure some of the clearest, and noblest utterances of Shakespeare.

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In this burlesque first appeared the well-known lines, (spoken by Ophelia in the Mad Scene,)

Three children sliding on the ice,
All on a summer's day;
The ice it broke—they all fell in—
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children staid at home,
And slid upon dry ground;
They broken necks had had, perchance,
But never had been drown'd.

However the whole burlesque is so good that it will be republished complete in this collection; for the present it will be sufficient to quote the parody of the Soliloquy, which is in rhyme :—

Song, HAMLET.—Tune, "*Here we go up, up, up.*"

WHEN a man becomes tired of his life,
The question is, "to be, or not to be?"
For before he dare finish the strife,
His reflections most serious ought to be.
When his troubles too numerous grow,
And he knows of no method to mend them,
Had he best bear them tamely, or no?—
Or by stoutly opposing them end them?
Ri-tol-de-rol, etc.

To die is to sleep—nothing more—
And by sleeping to say we end sorrow,
And pain, and ten thousand things more—
O, I wish it were *my* turn to-morrow!
But, perchance, in that sleep we may dream,
For we dream in our beds very often—
Now, however capricious 't may seem,
I've no notion of dreams in a coffin.
Ri-tol-de-rol, etc.

'Tis the doubt of our ending all snugly,
That makes us with life thus dispute,
For who'd bear with a wife old and ugly,
Or the length of a chancery suit?
Or who would bear fardels, and take
Kicks, cuffs, frowns, and many an odd thing,
When he might his own quietus make,
And end all his cares with a bodkin?
Ri-tol-de-rol, etc.

Truly, death is a fine thing to talk of,
But I'll leave to men of more learning;
For my own part, I've no wish to walk off,
For I find there's no chance of returning.—
After all 'tis the pleasantest way,
To bear up as we can 'gainst our sorrow,
And if things go not easy to-day,
Let us hope they'll go better to-morrow.—
Ri-tol-de-rol, etc.

——:o:——

O. P. Q. PHILANDER SMIFF, of *The Figaro*, (London,) once suggested that the play of *Hamlet* might be made use of as an advertising medium, with a few minor alterations, as, to take the Soliloquy for example :—

"To sleep, or not to sleep—that is the question,
Whether 'tis well to suffer indigestion;
Or bear the burden of a dozen ills,
Whilst Mr. Cockle offers me his pills.
To have a headache, and a tongue that shocks,
Whilst they are sold at thirteen-pence a box."

or, on another evening we might have :—

"To be in debt or not, that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to go to Mr. Howse, in Staples Inn,
And thus take arms against a sea of trouble."

——:o:——

ON BLOWING YOUR BRAINS OUT.

I would put the question to any sensible man, whether he does or does not consider it nobler in the mind to suffer many inconveniences, to which slings and arrows are mere flea-bites by comparison—and especially I might indicate blighted affections, the procrastination of your family solicitor when there is property to be distributed, in which you have a share, losses on the Derby, tightness of the money-market, the impertinence of the fellow who keeps on calling for the Queen's taxes, and, generally, the spurns that patient merit is obliged to put up with from all kinds of cads and humbugs, and stuck-up little beasts, who give themselves no end of airs, and try to ride rough-shod over everybody who has not had the same luck that they have—than to terminate one's existence by an act of *felo-de-se*? Well, you know, the fact is that nobody would be fool enough to go on day after day standing this sort of thing, if it wasn't for a deuced strong objection to becoming a body, and being sat upon by a dozen tradesmen, some of whom perhaps have been confoundedly rude to one in one's life, when one has not happened to be able to pay one's bills the moment one has been called upon in a sudden and peremptory, not to say insolent, manner to do so. There's the rub! On consideration, most people will rather bear the ills they have than do anything desperate to get rid of them. (I have but this moment met with a passage in a shocking tragedy, by the well-known Shakespeare, that bears a decided family likeness to my philosophic proposition. It will scarcely be expected that I should expunge the foregoing observations, because of their likeness to what was written at a distant period of English literature.)—*Punch*.

——:o:——

The libretto to Ambroise Thomas's opera of *Hamlet* was by M.M. Barbier and Carré, and their rendering of the Soliloquy shows the difficulty of translating Shakespeare's blank verse, and metaphysical reasoning, into the orthodox French rhymed measure :—

Être ou ne pas être—O mystère!
Mourir—dormir—rêver.
Ah! s'il m'était permis pour t'aller retrouver,
De briser le lien qui m'attache à la terre!
Mais après? Quel est-il ce pays inconnu,
D'où pas un voyageur n'est encore revenu?

Être ou ne pas être—O mystère!
Mourir—dormir! rêver peut-être!

——:o:——

SHAKESPEARE AMENDED.

Punch for 30 April, 1881, contained the following—

"MR. FURNIVALL is of opinion that the text of *Hamlet* known to commentators as 'The First Quarto,' furnishes a far better and more compact acting play than the

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modern stage-version. He, and 'a strong body of amateurs,' essayed, on the afternoon of Saturday, the 16th April, at St. George's Hall, to convert the public and the critics to their view of the case—apparently with indifferent success. Mr. FURNIVALL has sent to the *Daily News*, what he calls 'a hasty try to set right' the celebrated soliloquy, 'To be or not to be,' in the Quarto No. 1. Mr. FURNIVALL's version is, of course, a thing of beauty; yet is it hardly so jerky, creaky, spasmodic, incoherent, scansion-proof,—in short, so Utter, as in the interests of the Bard might be desired. Here, therefore, is 'a hasty try to set right' Mr. FURNIVALL himself."

To be ,or not to be? There you are, don'tcherknow!
To die, to sleep! is that all? Forty winks?
To sleep, to dream! Ah, that's about the size of it!
For from that forty winks when we awake
In the undiscovered cotton-nightcap country
From which no passenger ever took a return-ticket——
Why—ah, yes—humph!—exactly—very much so!
Who, but for what the vulgar call "blue funk,"
Would bear the rough and tumble of the world,
Be down'd on by the rich, plagued by the poor,
Married by widows, and by orphans worried?
Who'd bear
April's east wind or June's perpetual rain,
The Income-tax, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's questions,
Middlesex Magistrates, Mud-Salad Market,
Crass commentaries on Shakespearian quartos
And all earth's ills, from FURNIVALL to toothache,
When that himself he might his gruel give
In half a jiffy? *Who*'d put up with it,
But for the thought of worse things turning up
In the Micawber Limbo—By-and-by?
Quite so! 'Tis bother, doubt, hope, fear, cant, gush,
The fads of noodles and of nincompoops,
Fogging the brain and flooring common sense,
Which make us grin and bear the ills we have
Rather than, *à la* FURNIVALL, to make
"A hasty try to set 'em right." Ah, yes,
'Tis noodledom makes cowards of us all!!!

Mr. F. J. Furnivall's fussy and hasty "tries to set everybody right" about all that relates to Shakespeare are well-known, as is also his objection to any contradiction of his favorite theories.

The "New Shakspere Society" was apparently founded by Mr. F. J. Furnivall for two purposes, firstly, for the glorification of Mr. Furnivall, and secondly, to instruct the British public to spell the name of Shakespeare in a different manner to that commonly adopted, and which was generally used by his contemporaries. If the Society has partially succeeded in its first object, it has totally failed in the second; when the press does condescend to notice its proceedings it is almost invariably styled the New *Shakespeare* Society, notwithstanding the anger, and the constant protests of Mr. F. J. Furnivall. A pretty controversy was raised on the question of *Shakespeare* or *Shakspere* between J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps—who *is* an authority, and Mr. Furnivall, who is—simply Mr. Furnivall. The latter gentleman's arguments, expressed in peculiar diction, and still more peculiar orthography, consisted principally of personalities, and Mr. A C. Swinburne (who happened to disagree with him) was styled a *minor* poet, and his name translated into pigs-brook (from swine—a pig, and burne—a brook) by the courteous founder of the "New Shakspere Society." *

A very humorous account of the origin of this Society was given in a little pamphlet entitled *Furnivallos Furioso!* and "The Newest *Shakespeare* Society;" a Dram-Attic Squib of the Period. (T. Richards, 37, Great Queen Street, London, 1876). The *Dramatis Personæ* are thus described:—

FURNIVALLOS, surnamed FURIOSO, a great Critic, and Founder of the "Newest Shakespeare Society."

TUPPERIUS, his Friend and A-bettor, Poet-Critic, and "Proverbial" Philosopher (in his own estimation).

DIXONUS, Reviewer and Author in general. A great admirer of Himself, "with scarce time to steal from Spiritual."

CARLYLUS, an aged Philosopher of the Anglo-Saxon-and-Water School.

General Members and Ass-ociates of the Society.

The first scene opens thus—

A Library.—FURNIVALLOS, (in his shirt sleeves) sitting at a table.

Furnivallos. A YEAR or two ago, and I
Had hardly read a line of Shakespeare's works—
Or so-call'd works. For why?
Have I not found them, in such transient time,
A nest of fledgings, and of mixèd rhyme
Without much reason—Heav'n save the mark!—
Cribb'd from Boccaccio's self, or Chaucer's pages dark?
In later days, the hands,
Or rather quills, of Jonson, Beaumont too,
Have serv'd to make a hash of what this
William Shakespeare drew!
And I alone of all the wits can show it;
For am I not the Critic of our Poet?
A thought occurs—it is not always so
Since my poor brains are like my means, too low;
And when I want them sharp, alas! they're slow!
I'll found a fresh Society, call'd "New,"
And try if I can't, by much reading hard,
Impart "new readings" to th' "Immortal Bard,"
Shifting the false lights from the dazzling true—
Though I for one, find *them* but very few!—
And thus prove Shakespeare's after all a myth,
And muff!—akin to Jones, or Brown, or Smith."

Furnivallos having with the aid of *Tupperius* founded the Society, a meeting is held, at which *Furnivallos* takes the chair, and makes a speech, in which he asserts—

"Nothing that Shakespeare wrote, came from his head,
Which was a Warehouse stored with stolen goods,—

* It was recently announced that at one of the meetings of the Society Mr. Carr would read a paper on "Such Harmony is in Immortal Soules;" considering the stormy history of the Society, this announcement appeared so grotesque that even the grim and austere *Daily News* burst into satirical verse to celebrate the event:—

"The new Shakespeare Society
"(From violence of language free,
"And full of friends who all agree)
"In grave debate will meet!"

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And thus he warbled of the hills and woods
In Cuckoo notes.

* * * * * * * *

So now to work, and bring before your Eyes,
The fact that Shakespeare's Plays are only Lies!"

Dixonus (jumping up indignantly, thus speaks)—

This "bosh" your Chairman talks of Shakespeare's Plays is
But hideous Nonsense, and my Anger raises;
For though to some extent he may be right,
His Tests are wrong, and here I take a sight
At his Foot-rule, his Measures, Pauses, Endings.
Since Shakespeare, in despite such Tinker's mendings,
Must e'er remain—whatever Dolts may say—
"The Wonder of all Time." And now, good-day
Furnivallos, and your slavish, fawning Crew,
With whom again I'll nothing have to do;
Though, ere I go, or quit this "New Society,"
Let me advise all, and with strict sobriety,
To change its Name, and so coin heaps of guineas,
And call it Shakespeare's "Newest Nest of Ninnies!"

(*Great confusion as* DIXONUS *quits the room.*)

TABLEAU.

——:o:——

When Mr. Wilson Barrett announced that he was about to produce "Hamlet" at the Princess's Theatre, someone wrote the following, not very profound, criticisms upon the tragedy:—

HAMLET FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW.

"Seeing an announcement to the effect that 'Hamlet' is in preparation at the Princess's Theatre, set me thinking a bit about the matter; and I give in a free and unstudied manner the fruits of my thoughts. First, I wondered if one out of ten who'd read the bills would know anything really about either the play or the poet? Of the difference between the Hamlet of the first edition, of 1623, and that, say of Knight's, of 1843.

Open the two at random, and Ophelia says in the first, in Actus Secundus, Scena Secunda:—

'O, what a noble minde is here o're-throwne?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers, Eye, tongue, sword.'

In Knight's the like words occur, only slightly altered in spelling; and in the ordinary acting edition the lines run:—

'O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The expectancy and rose of the fair state.'

Let us look at this Prince, almost a fairy one, thirty years of age, too good for the earth, not good enough for Heaven. You know what he says: 'What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven?'

Well, instead of being thin as in the picture, and fancy he is; by his mother's, the queen's, words, 'He's fat, and scant of breath. Heere's a napkin, rub thy browes, the Queen carowses to thy fortune, Hamlet.' Of course it's very well to wriggle and say oh, that, like the 'beard,' was put in to suit Burbage. Even letting this be the case, Shakespeare studied an actor more than the reputation of his first work. Then he is so poetical and wanting in action, so unable to grapple with the wicked things of this world.

Oh! is he. When the king ships him to Britain, he puts the names of his false friends where his own stood, so that the British king has them beheaded and not Hamlet.

Now for the Queen, and Laertes, and the King. Of a sudden, like acted upon by a magician's wand, they turn bad all at once. It even worries and bothers Hamlet. He can't understand why his mother should have taken so queer a fancy as to prefer his uncle to his far handsomer father. And Laertes who gives such nice advice to his sister, and for his cad-like conduct receives a very proper rebuke from her, turns from a seemingly-virtuous young gentleman to a mean and despicable assassin. And Ophelia, that beauteous and correct damsel, is easily made to act as a spy upon her lover. And this without one word of caution to him, or the least expression of regret for such, at the mildest, unlady-like, unwoman-like, and altogether unchristian-like conduct.

Other minor faults and absurdities occur, as Hamlet's remark after he had seen his father's spirit:—

'The undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns.'

This Hamlet may in some shadowy way or other forecast our life here and what the majority of us do in it—nothing. Leave all to the crack of doom and then down we go all together. Our talking as angels, some of us, and acting like fools, most of us, may be all here parabled out."

As Mr. Wilson Barrett's revival of *Hamlet* was a success, it was quite in the order of things that it should be burlesqued, and that he and the members of his company should be caricatured.

"Very Little Hamlet," by W. Yardley, was produced at the Gaiety Theatre, London, in November, 1884, and Mr. Wilson Barrett's absurd speech about his early ambition to play *Hamlet* was made the leading idea in the prologue, the scene representing the exterior of the Princess's twenty-five years ago, with costumes, &c., archæologically correct. The future proprietor appears as a ragged street boy, and takes his solemn oath, to mysterious music, that he will, one day, play *Hamlet* in that theatre, while his companions of the gutter, being called upon to swear, exclaim in a hoarse whisper, "D——n!" and a ghostly actor undertakes to see the scheme carried out. Miss Nelly Farren appeared as the hero, and Miss Phyllis Broughton as Ophelia, with a tow-like wig. The treatment of the play scene was novel and amusing. It was announced that the principal player was ill and could not perform, whereupon King Claudius kindly volunteered to go on and read the part, which he did, until he discovered the meaning of the show.

——:o:——

Quotations have already been made from *The Hamlet Travestie*, in three acts, by John Poole (London, Samuel French); *Hamlet Travestie*, by Mr. F. Talfourd (Oxford, J. Vincent, 1849); and from *Hamlet; or not such a Fool as he looks* (Cambridge, W. Metcalfe and Son, 1882); in addition to these there are many parodies of detached passages from *Hamlet*.

The following is founded upon the advice given by Polonius to his son, Laertes:—

A PARENTS' COUNSEL.

You are about to go away my son,
So take away with you the wise advice of one
Who knows the world, boy, and don't think much of it,

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"Neither a borrower, nor a lender be,"
Of course from *choice*, the former certainlee.
If in a scrape and in the wrong, declare it,
Never attempt to justify it ; square it.
Learn to say "No" to most things—seldom "yes."
If you should see a female in distress,
Remember the advice of your sage sire,
Call the police and gracefully retire.
As the apparel oft proclaims the man,
Why, do as many tailors as you can.
In short, if you attend to all I tell,
You'll find that you will get on very well.

HENRY J. BYRON.

—— o: ——

In the Burlesque of Norma by W. S. Gilbert, entitled *The Pretty Druidess*, which was produced at the Charing Cross Theatre on the 19th June, 1869, Norma announces her intention to have a Fancy Fair with a view of raising the funds necessary to fight the Romans, and drive them out of the country. This scene contains a parody of Hamlet's instructions to the players :—

Norma.—Now this sound code of business we'll arrange,
We'll only take bank notes, and give no change,
And won't sell anything to any buyer
That any one could possibly require.
Now, priestesses, be good enough to tell
The articles that you've prepared to sell.

Adalgisa—(*producing cap*) a smoking cap—

Norma.—Ah, there, at least, he's thwarted,
For (hush) tobacco isn't yet imported !

Adalgisa.—Some scented soap.

Norma.—They're certain to refuse it—
Italians, generally, do not use it !

Adalgisa.—A razor-case, completely stocked.

Norma.—That's brave !
For warriors are not allowed to shave !

Adalgisa.—Braces, embroidered with initial letter.

Norma.—Embroidered braces ? Nothing could be better !
No Roman wears, in all the martial train,
The garments they're intended to sustain !

Adalgisa.—How shall we bear ourselves to-morrow, pray ?

Norma.—Attention, and I'll point you out the way.
With pretty speech accost both old and young,
And speak it trippingly upon the tongue.
But if you mouth it with a hoyden laugh,
With clumsy ogling, and uncomely chaff,
As I have oft seen done at fancy fairs,
I had as lief a huckster sold my wares.
Avoid all so-called "beautifying," dear.
Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear,
The things that men among themselves will say
Of some *soi-disant* beauty of the day,
Whose face, when with cosmetics she has cloyed it,
Out-Rachel's Rachel ! Pray you, girls, avoid it !
Neither be ye too tame, but, ere you go,
Provide yourselves with sprigs of mistletoe,
Offer them coyly to the Roman herd,
But don't you "suit the action to the word,"
For in the very torrent of your passion,
Remember modesty is still in fashion.
Oh, there be ladies whom I've seen hold stalls—
Ladies of rank, my dears, to whom befalls
Neither the accent nor the gait of ladies ;
So clumsily "made up" with Bloom of Cadiz,
Powder, rouge, lip-salve—that I've fancied then
They were the work of Nature's journeymen !
Let her, whose hair is black with lustre mellow,
Not dream of using dye to turn it yellow—
She'll find it argues (when at length she loses it)
A sad ambition in the fool that uses it !
Now get you ready.

Exit Norma.

——·o:——

Hamlet's meditation on the new station of the Midland Railway at St. Pancras :—

SEE what an incubus sits on our city ?
Pentonville's gloom, the front of a huge workhouse
A draught like ice to palsy and to pierce ;
A station like a leaden Limbo-waste,
Dim-lighted as a fog-bound Ludgate Hill.
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every hideousness doth set its seal
To give the world assurance of—a Horror !
Such is our Terminus !

Punch, December 1882.

——·o:——

The enterprising proprietors of a celebrated brand of Cigarettes have recently advertised their wares, by a picture representing two smokers, under which appeared the lines :—

LOOK here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two smokers ;
See what a grace is seated on this brow ;
Luxuriant smile, the type of joy itself !
An eye all beams, so pleasant and upturned,
Expressing pleasure at the dainty 'Cig.'
New lighted ; mark the heaven-kissing curl :
'Tis fascination to that precious weed ;
Wherefore men doth feverishly break the seal
That gives the world assurance 'tis the GEM.
This is one smoker ; look you now what follows :
Here is the other, like a sickly child
Taking its nauseous powder ; hath he taste,
That he can suck at such a weed,
That scatters out its dust ? Ha ! has he eyes ?
You cannot say he has ; for he would sure
Seek out a better brand ; the weed is humble,
And palls upon the palate ; and what palate
Would take such stuff as his ?
Oh, man ! for modest cash 'THE RICHMOND GEM.'
Is sweet and fragrant to the smoker's mouth ;
To youth its virtues are as plain—
To smoke is to admire.

(*Vide* Hamlet, Act iii., Scene iv.)

St. Stephens' Saturnalia, December 1884.

——:o:——

The following Scene is taken from the *Hamlet Travestie, a Burlesque in Two Acts*, written by Mr. Francis Talfourd, and published by J. Vincent, Oxford, in 1849 :—

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Room in Polonius' House.*

Enter POLONIUS *and* OPHELIA.

Oph.—O, dear Papa, I've been in such a fright !
Sewing just now a button on your night—

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Pol. [interrupting].—My love, I blush!

Oph.— (Well you know what I mean)
In came Lord Hamlet, anything but clean!
Pale as his hose, or Hosier's Ghost the rather;
His stockings were so very dirty, Father
His old and seedy neckerchief awry!

Pol.—My daughter, reverence an *ancient tie.*

Oph.—Unbrac'd his doublet! And O, such a hat!

Pol.—I know it well: *the Prince invented that!* *

Oph.—Uncomely, and uncombed about the head,
I don't believe he'd really been in bed;
Or, if he had been, why he'd been and slept
In that bin where the Palace flour is kept.
And then his boots! At those I up and spoke:—
"Is then *the Warren stopp'd* and has *Day broke?*
Go to the scraper! to the door-mat run!
Our *Turkey's* getting rather *overdone.*"

Pol.—And did the scraper clear him from his scrape?

Oph.—By no means—with a look, black as the crape
Upon his four and ninepenny, he came
And took my hand; and then he press'd the same
Which seem'd to do him good—for then he smil'd—
And came it strong, and wouldn't draw it mild—
In fact he kiss'd me!

Pol.— O, the man is mad!

Oph.—For kissing me! I can't see that, my dad!

Pol.—Well, on reflection, 'tis not strange my puss!
Being in a hurry, why he took *the Bus.*

Oph.—A *stage box* on that *bus* he might have ta'en.
But since to be his debtor I disdain,
I would not keep his kiss but gave it back!

Pol.—Bestowed, in short, another kind of *smack.*

Oph.—His was a blunder-bus, and so my sire,
A small *salute* I from my *smack* did fire.

Pol.—What did he say?

Oph.— He never told his love,
But look'd it most uncommon!

Pol.— Like a dove
With a sore throat; What then?

Oph.— O such a sigh!

Pol.—You prick'd him with your needle.

Oph.— No, not I!
O, such a sigh, my Father, as would fill
The great Nassau Balloon, or turn a mill.

Pol.—Few men can raise the wind like that, my duckey!
And then what next?

Oph.— The Prince, Pa, cut his lucky.

Pol.—He's mad, and mad for love of you,

Oph.— O la!
How very nice! can madmen marry, Pa?

Pol.—Doubtless, my daughter. Nay, it has been said
None are quite *compos* when about to wed.
I do remember much confusion here [*pointing to forehead*]
When first I called your future mother "dear,"
Saw Hymen's torch-light in her glowing e'e,
And *caught her eyes* a *cauterising* me,
And O, the pride, when first in joyous vein,
"Mrs. Polonius!" I said—"Champagne?"
To which she answered (every word I treasure)
"Aaron Polonius, I will with pleasure."

POLONIUS *sings.* *Air*—"*The light of other days.*"

But all that sort of thing has faded,
The honeymoon's o'ercast!
The horse, you know, is soonest jaded,
Who goes at first too fast!
The very deuce no long time after
She play'd upon my life;
And all our mirthsome love and laughter,
She turn'd to weary strife.

Pol.—Yes! Love is like some grand new Railway Line
Which (the Prospectus tells us) must combine
All the advantages to railways known,
With much peculiar merit of its own:
How easy, then the gradients to our sight,
Surveyed thro' Cupid's false Theodolite.
Trivial the outlay, small the risks appear
(For then our telescope's invert). But near,
And huge the profits to our eye, for Hope
Lends us her Hydrogen Gas Microscope.
Mammas, as managing directors, sit;—
Hear our petition, and the Act permit;—
Our Scrip, the License, then we proudly claim;
And Hymen's Company enrols our name!

Oph.—What then, Papa?

Pol.— The newly-married pair
Pay their *first calls*—a somewhat *triste* affair!
Awhile the shareholders in peace repose;
Dream Love's young Dream—and all's *couleur de rose*
Till, on the waking ear (and purse) shall fall,
Fearful and frequent the loud *railway call!*

Oph.—What does that typify?

Pol.— In married life,
The shrill accostals of a scolding wife!
Who, like an engine, when she's *on the rail*
At every obstacle must shriek and wail;
Who like an engine (do not sneer my daughter)
Cannot get on unless she's *in hot water*;
Who like an engine—

Oph.— O, I do beseech
This *train* of thought some Terminus may reach!
Rake out your fire! or damp it: shall I ring
For liquors?

Pol.— No! If you would sooth me, sing!
Cut out the Lind! for Denmark loves indeed
To have a little *turn-up* with *the Swede*!
Ophelia mia, beat that "Figli-a
Del Reggimento!"

Oph.— I've sore throat, Papa!

Pol.—These singer's ailment all *lie in their throats*!
Stick some "Pulmonic *Wafers*" on your *notes.*
Now to the Palace, for the king must know
This news of Hamlet.

Oph.— Yet, before you go—
For dear Mama, myself, and sex combin'd,
I'll quote some verses just recall'd to mind:

"When you were that unpleasant thing,
A baby, who would smile and sing,
'The like o' this hath never bin'"?

Pol.—[*abruptly*] My Mother!

Oph.—Who thought that nothing would suffice
But costly lace on frocks so nice,—
And dare not tell Papa the price?

Pol.—[*less abruptly*] My Mother!

* This was a skit on the late Prince Albert's absurd design for a new head-gear for soldiers.

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Oph.—Who told the tale, in twilight gloom?
Who read of witch astride her broom,
And poor Cock Robin's early tomb?

Pol.—[*somewhat affected*] My Mother!

Oph.—Who lov'd you, a mischievous boy?
Who spread the jam? who bought the toy?
Rejoicing in your every joy?

Pol.—[*much affected*] My Mother!

Oph.—If aught went wrong who bore the blame?
Who wept, when first the "half-year" came?
Who sent *those* hampers, fruit and game?

Pol.—[*with epicurean empressement*] My Mother!

Oph.—Who when you wrote some doggrel verse,
Crimson with pride assured old nurse,
'That parts of Milton were much worse?'

Pol.—[*as conscious of genius*] My Mother!

Oph —Who when the loutish age began,
And boyhood's thoughts on razors ran,
Call'd you 'the gentlemanly man!'

Pol.—[*pulling up his collar, as though the maternity had well spoken*] My Mother!

Oph.—Who when they "pluck'd" you in the schools
At "Little Go" 'bout Grammar Rules,
Stoutly maintained "the Dons" were fools?

Pol.—(*approvingly*) My Mother!

Oph.—Who, in your youth's hot giddy day,
Revealed a better brighter way
And kindled first-love's glorious ray?

Pol.—[*fondly*] Your Mother!

Oph.—Who upon earth, who only, knows
Th' exact location of your clothes?
Who marks your linen? darns your hose!

Pol.—[*gratefully*] Your Mother!

Oph.—Who best your pipe and glass can fill?
Whose *taper fingers* light the spill?
Who, if you're poorly, knows *Pa's* pill?

Pol.—[*ruefully.*] Your Mother!

Oph,—Who, when in sulky mood you fret—
P'raps kick your corn, or lose a bet—
Sings still, "We may be happy yet!"

Pol.—[*cheerfully.*] Your Mother!

Oph.—What tho' sometimes o'er married life
A cloud may come, a moment strife.
Who makes the sunshine?

Pol.—[*enthusiastically.*] O my wife!
Your Mother!
Who checks her Daddy in his spleen?
Who makes his brow once more serene?
And bids him say, "I've hasty been?

Pol.—[*embracing.*] My Daughter!

Pol.—Woman for ever! Scold they as they will,
Marriage! with all thy faults, I love thee still!

Exeunt to Music.

Air—"*Here's a health to all good lasses.*"

—:o:—

In 1839 Messrs. Whittaker & Co., of Ave Maria Lane, London, published a quarto volume entitled "The Barrow Diggers, a Dialogue in imitation of the Grave Diggers in Hamlet." The work, which was published anonymously, had numerous illustrations of Barrows found in various parts of the country, and of the Antiquities, Arms, Pottery, and human remains found in them. The parody relates entirely to the excavations in the Barrows, carried on by antiquaries in search of curiosities, and the notes explanatory of the parody, form the chief and most interesting portion of the work.

SCENE. A Barrow on a Common.

Enter three Barrow Diggers with spades, shovels, &c.

1st B. D.—Is this a Roman, or a British Barrow?

2nd B. D.—I tell thee 'tis a British Barrow, therefore straightways open it; Antiquarius hath set on it, and finds it British Burial.

1st B, D.—How can that be, if Roman Ornaments and arms should here be found?

2nd B. D.—They may be found.

1st B. D.—It must be Roman, it cannot be British Burial. For here lies the point; if Roman arms and ornaments are found in it, it argues a Roman Act; and a Barrow Act hath three Branches, to Act, to Dig, to Shovel; we go to work willingly.

3rd B. D.—Nay; but hear you good friend!

1st B. D.—Give me leave. Here is a Common; good; here is the Barrow; good; if the Barrow contains Roman Arms, or urns, it must be a Roman Barrow; mark you that; but if spear heads made of flints, and British Arms are here, it must be a British Barrow; if nought but an empty cist, *tumulus inanis*, (or an empty tomb raised by the Romans in memory of a friend whose body could not be found.) He that is not inclined to dig, shortens not our work.

2nd B. D.—But is this Barrow Law?

1st B. D.—Ay, marry is't Antiquarius's Barrow Law.

2nd B. D.—Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had been a Roman relic of funeral pomp, it would have been a very different sort of Burial. The Romans raised not Barrows o'er their Dead.

1st B. D.—Why there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folks shall countenance the grandeur of gaudy funerals, more than their poorer neighbours. To my mind they are mighty like representations of Death carrying off his wealthy victims in Triumph. Come my spade, There are no antient gentlemen, but Gardeners Geologists, and Barrow Diggers; they hold up Adam's profession.

3rd B. D.—Was he a Gentleman?

1st B. D.—He was the first that ever bore Arms, a mattoc shovel, and a spade.

2nd B. D.—Why he had none.

1st B. D.—What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The scripture says, Adam digged. Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself.

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3rd B. D.—Go to work.

After having taken an observation with a Compass, and marked out a section, they commence opening the Barrow.

1st B. D.—What is that earthly form all skin and bone, which eludes the Sexton, the Mason, and the Carpenter?

2nd B. D.—The Living Skeleton, for that fragile frame outlives a thousand Harry's.

1st B, D.—Now where is he?

2nd B. D.—Eating soup maigre!

1st B. D.—Eating soup maigre! Where?

2nd B, D.—Not where fat King's are eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at them, Your worm is your only Emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat King and your lean skeleton is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table that's the end.

1st B. D.—Alas! alas! shall I feed worms when I am dead?

2nd B. D.—Ay, and a living skeleton may fish with the worm that hath eat of a King; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

1st B. D.—What dost thou mean by this?

2nd B. D.—Nothing but to show you how a King may go a progress through the carcase of a living skeleton.

1st B. D.—I like thy wit well in good faith. To't again; come, what is this Barrow?

2nd B. D.—Cudgel thy brains no more about it; when you are asked this question next say 'tis a British Barrow, a house that will last till doomsday. Go get thee to Shapwicke, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

1st Bar, Dig. continues Digging and Sings

Britons rais'd an earthy mound,
When e're their Chieftains died,
And I am digging under ground,
Where delvers have not tried.

Antiquarius and Discipulus enter.

ANT.—Has this fellow no feeling of his business, he sings at Barrow opening?

DIS.—He knows not that he treads on hallow'd Mould!

ANT.—'Tis e'en so, the hand of Antiquaries only hath the Barrow Sense.

1st Bar. Dig. continues Digging and Sings;

Clasps, Celts, and Arrowheads, I'll try
To claw witbin my Clutch,
And if a Shield I should espy,
I'll vow there ne'er was such.
With Popish Tricks, and Relics rare,
The Priests their Flocks do gull
In casting out the earth take care,
Huzza! I've found a skull!

ANT.—That skull had a tongue in it and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were a slave's jaw-bone, or that of the first Murderer! That might be the pate of a Druid which this ass now o'erreaches: one that would gorge his Deities with human blood; might it not?

DIS—It might.

ANT.—Or of a Warrior, who could say kill and burn Captives to appease the Dead.

DIS.—Ay, Antiquarius! or it might be a Slave's!

ANT.—Why even so; and now my lady Worm's chapless and knocked about the mazzard with a Sexton's shovel. Here's fine revolution an' we had our spectacles to see't, Prodigious to think on't.

1st Bar. Dig. continues digging and sings

A Mattoc, Shovel, and a Spade,
Will dig up human bones;
To play at Marbles Britons made,
Some small round Portland Stones.
If Casques we find, or iron arms,
Of curious form and make,
Why surely they're Roman charms,
Your British creed to shake.

ANT.—Cease prattler cease! Why should they not be the Casques, arms, or Bosses of British Chieftains in Roman service? No golden filagree work nor carved ivory; No amethystine Beads, nor Crystal Balls, no Coins, no Medals, no well-formed urns, nor colour'd stones from Rome will here be found; but Tin, Glass, or Amber Beads, the Tusks of Boars, or unbaked Urns of rudely shape with limpet shells will denote 'tis a British Barrow.

1st B. D. continues Digging, and comes to a Cist, and sings

This Cist of Chalk just like a grave
For such a guest is meet,
As if asleep here rests the brave,
Below the turf three feet.

ANT.—How independent the knave is! How long hast thou been a Barrow Digger?

1st B. D,—Of all the Ages of the World I came not to't in that Age when the whole Earth was in a state of Fusion.

ANT.—How long's that since?

1st B D,—Cannot you tell that? Every mechanic can tell that. It was that very day that young Pluto was born: he that was a Geologist. He that gave a New System by Posting through the bowels of the Earth in his chariot drawn by four Horses.

ANT.—Ay, marry! how did he do that?

1st B. D,—With Lucifer Matches.

ANT.—Why?

1st B. D.—Because he was mad after Proserpine,

ANT.—Peace I pray you! How long will the jaws of a Leviathan, or the bones of a Megatherium, lie in the earth e'er they crumble into dust?

1st B. D.—Faith if they be not fused in Pluto's crucible for many thousand years.

[The remainder of the conversation relates to a controversy, now well-nigh forgotten, as to the identification of a skull said to have been that of Eugene Aram, who was executed at Tyburn, in 1759 for the murder of Daniel Clark. At the Newcastle Meeting of the British Association in 1838, a skull was produced as that of Eugene Aram, but as it had passed through many hands during the eighty years that had elapsed since his death, its authenticity was much questioned, especially as one eminent anatomist declared it to be the skull of a female.

In quoting this imitation of a scene from Hamlet, justice can hardly be done to the scarce volume from which it is taken, without quoting the instructive explanatory notes which accompany it.

Since 1839 great strides have been made in the general knowledge of the subjects this book deals with, yet considering the date at which it was produced it is remarkable not only for the facts it records, but for the theories it advances.

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Barrows are artificial heaps of earth, sometimes surrounded by a narrow trench. They were reared by the early inhabitants of these isles, and their contents afford almost the only insight we have into the history of the Ancient Britons. Antiquaries are generally agreed that they were raised for sepulchral interments, as in them are usually found cists, with urns, human bones, spear and arrow-heads of flint, hammers, and celts of stone, beads, buckles, pins, etc.

The Cists, which vary in size and shape from two to eight feet deep by three and four feet in diameter, are usually cut in chalk, and contain the urns, skeletons, etc.]

——:o:——

Shakespearian Readings.

Oh, but to fade, and live we know not where,
To be a cold obstruction and to groan!
This sensible, warm woman, to become
A prudish clod and the delighted spirit
To live and die alone, or to reside
With married sisters, and to have the care
Of half a dozen children, not your own;
And driven, for no one wants you,
Round about the pendant world; or worse than worst,
Of those that disappointment and pure spite
Have driven to madness: 'Tis too horrible!
The weariest and most troubled married life
That age, ache, penury, or jealousy
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To being an old maid.

That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not,)
Walking between the garden and the barn,
Reuben, all armed; a certain aim he took
At a young chicken, standing by a post,
And loosed his bullet smartly from his gun,
As he would kill a hundred thousand hens.
But I might see young Reuben's fiery shot
Lodged in the chaste board of the garden fence,
And the domesticated fowl passed on,
In henly meditation, bullet free.

My father had a daughter got a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I good looking,
I should, your lordship.
And what's her residence?
A hut, my lord, she never owned a house,
But let her husband, like a graceless scamp,
Spend all her little means,—she thought she ought,—
And in a wretched chamber, on an alley,
She worked like masons on a monument,
Earning their bread. Was not this love indeed?

From *Poems and Parodies*, by Phœbe Carey, Boston, U.S., 1854

——:o:——

Benjamin Cæsar Redivivus.

(On the recovery of Lord Beaconsfield from an attack of gout).

Ben Dizzy patch'd and mended for to-day,
Not like old Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Will still go on in his corrupting play,
Nor "stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Fiz, January 18, 1879.

An Irish Playbill.

Kilkenny Theatre Royal.

By His Majesty's Company of Comedians.

The last night, because the Company go to-morrow to Waterford.

On Saturday, May 14, 1793, will be performed, by command of several respectable people in this learned metropolish for the benefit of Mr. Kearns, the tragedy of

Hamlet.

Originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hayes, of Limerick, and insarted in Shakespeare's works.

Hamlet, by Mr. Kearns (being his first appearance in this character), who, between the acts, will perform several solos on the patent bagpipes, which play two tunes at the same time.

Ophelia, by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several favourite airs in character, particularly "The Lass of Richmond Hill" and "We'll all be unhappy together," from the Reverend Mr. Dibdin's oddities.

Polonius, the comical politician, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public.

The Ghost, the Gravedigger, and Laertes by Mr. Sampson, the great London comedian.

The parts of the King and Queen, by directions of the Rev. Father O'Callaghan, will be omitted, as too immoral for any stage.

The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes.

To which will be added an Interlude, in which will be introduced several sleight-of-hand tricks by the celebrated surveyor, Hunt.

The whole to conclude with the Farce, by Mr. Kearns, of

Mahomet.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Kearns, at the sign of the Goat's Beard, in Castle-street.



AS YOU LIKE IT.

The Seven Ages of Man.

Jaques.——All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,

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His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Act II.—Scene III.

——:o:——

THE STAGE COACH COMPANY.

——MOTLEY is a Stage ;
Where men and women all are passengers.—
They have their middle and their corner seats ;
Which no one on the road presumes to change,
Altho' close-wedg'd with seven ! And first the *Lap-child*,
Mewling and pewking o'er your shoes and boots.
And next the down-cast *School-Boy*, with his boxes,
And pockets shilling-fill'd—and large plum cake,
Which somewhat sweetens school ! And next the *Ensign*,
Cramming hot-rolls, and eyeing, at each cup,
Molly, who serves the breakfast.—Next a *Slumberer* ;
Full of sour wine, with ill-look'd, unshav'd beard,
Rolling his noddle, sudden in naps and wakings,
Seeking the banish'd, chaste sobriety,
Ev'n in the jolting coach !—And then the *Vicar*,
In sloping belly, with fat tithe pig lin'd ;
With grizzled wig, and silken scarf-form'd vest,
Strew'd with rappee ; his elbows lifted high,
'Tis so he digs your ribs !—The sixth niche shows
A meagre, mortified, warm-wrapp'd *Old Maid* ;
With morning cap snug-drawn, and muff up-held,
Her curving nose and chin, seeking approach,
The sole good *points* she shews, and her shrill voice
Pour'd forth against the boldness of the age,
Full oft repeats the theme !—Last plac'd of all,
Which ends this "Worshipful Society,"
Sits a young Nymph, in ev'ry thing reverse,
Sans sleeves, sans coats, sans cap, sans everything !

From *Fugitive Verse and Prose*, by John Peter Roberdeau. Chichester, 1803.

——:o:——

THE PATRIOT'S PROGRESS.

——ST. STEPHENS is a stage,
And half the opposition are but players :
For clap-traps, and deceptions, and effects,
Fill up their thoughts throughout their many parts,
Their acts being sev'n. At first the Demagogue,
Railing and mouthing at the hustings' front :
And then the cogging Candidate, with beer,
Fibs, cringes, and cockades, giving to voters
Unwillingly a pledge. And then the Member,
Crackling like furnace, with a flaming story
Made on the country's fall. Then he turns Courtier,
Full of smooth words, and secret as a midwife,
Pleas'd with all rulers, zealous for the church,
Seeking the useful fame of orthodoxy,
Ev'n from the *Canon's* mouth. And then a Secretary,
In fair white waistcoat, with boil'd chicken lin'd
With placid smile, and speech of ready answer,
Lib'ral of promises and army contracts,
And so he rules the state. The sixth act brings him
To be a snug retired old baronet,
With ribband red on breast, and star on side :
His early zeal for change a world too hot
For his cool age : and his big eloquence,
Turning to gentler sounds, obedient pipes—
And we must pay the piper. Scene the last,
That ends this comfortable history,
Is a fat pension and a pompous peerage,
With cash, with coronet—with all but conscience.

From *Posthumous Parodies*, published by John Miller, Bow Street, London, 1814.

——:o:——

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

——"THE world's a stage,"
And Man has seven ages,"—
So Shakespeare writes (king of dramatic sages !)
But he forgot to tell you, in his plan,
That Woman plays her part, as well as Man.

First, how the Infant heart with triumph swells,
When the red coral shakes its silver bells ;
She, like young statesmen, when the rattle rings,
Leaps at the sound, and struts in leading strings.

Next, little Miss, in pinafore so trim,
With nurse so noisy, and mamma so prim ;
Eager to tell you all she has learned to utter,
Lisps as she grasps the allotted bread and butter ;
Type of her sex, who, though no longer young,
Holds everything with ease—except her tongue !

A Schoolgirl then, she curls her hair in papers,
And mimics father's gout, and mother's vapours ;
Tramples alike on customs and on toes,
And whispers all she hears to all she knows :
"Betty" (she cries), "it comes into my head,
Old maids grow cross, because their cats are dead ;
My governess has been in such a fuss
About the death of her old tabby puss ;
She wears black stockings ! Ha ! ha ! what a pother
'Cause one old cat's in mourning for another !"
—The child of Nature, free from pride and pomp,
And sure to please, though nothing but a romp.

Next, riper Miss, who, nature more disclosing,
Now finds some traits of art are interposing ;
And, with blue laughing eyes behind her fan,
First acts her part with that great actor—Man !

Behold her now—an ogling vain Coquette,
Catching male gudgeons in her silver net ;
Whilst the fair forehead tresses, frizzled full,
Rival the tufted locks that grace the bull !

Then comes that sober character—the Wife,
With all the dear distracting cares of life ;
A thousand cards a thousand joys extend,
For what may not upon a card depend ?
Now she'll snatch half a glance at opera, ball,
A meteor traced by none, though seen by all ;
'Till "spousy" finds, while anxious to immure her,
A patent coffin only can secure her.

At last the Dowager, in ancient flounces,
With snuff and spectacles, she folly trounces,
And, moralising, thus the age denounces :
"How bold and forward each young flirt appears !
Courtship, in my time, lasted seven years ;
Now seven little months suffice, of course,
For courting, marrying, scolding, and divorce ;
They say we have no souls ; but what more odd is—
Nor men nor women now have any bodies !

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When I was young, my heart was always tender,
And would, to every spouse I had, surrender;
Their wishes to refuse, I never durst,
And my fourth died as happy as my first!"

Truce to such splenetic and rash designs,
And let us mingle candour with our lines:
In all the stages of domestic life—
As child or sister, parent, friend, or wife—
Woman, the source of every fond employ,
Softens affliction, and enlivens joy.
What is your boast, male rulers of the land?
How cold and cheerless all you can command!
Vain your ambition, vain your wealth and power,
Unless kind woman share the raptured hour;
Unless 'midst all the glare of pageant art,
She adds her smile, and triumphs in your heart!

ANONYMOUS.

—:o:—

THE SEVEN STAGES OF ÆSTHETICISM

——ALL the world's Æsthetic,
And all the men and women merely æsthetes;
They have their yearnings and their ecstasies;
And each man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven stages. First, the Philistine,
Sneering at Art's high transcendental charms;
And next the clinging Pupil, with his lily
And elongated chin, gliding like snake
To study in the school. Then, the Acolyte,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful sonnet
Made to a dado. Then, the full-fledged Poet,
Full of strange whims, long-haired as Absalom,
Jealous of fame, profuse of attitude,
Seeking the bubble reputation
E'en at the tea-pot's spout. Then, the Professor,
With bilious mien and clothes not wisely cut,
His monologues quite too idealised,
Bursting with Culture and the Infinite;
And so he plays his part. The sixth stage shifts
Into the lank and velvet-suited Humbug,
With nippers on his nose and tuft on chin;
His mystic style, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk audience; while his croaky voice,
Striving again to rouse to rapture, seems
But senseless in its sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is utter idiotcy and mere oblivion,
Sans mind, sans taste, sans Art, sans everything.

This parody was quoted in "The Æsthetic Movement in England" by Walter Hamilton (Third Edition, Reeves and Turner, London 1882), in which work will be found full particulars of the peculiar form of Art revival here satirised. Though the cant of Æstheticism is fashionable no longer, the good that was effected by the serious devotees of the worship of Beauty and Culture is very visible in our domestic architecture, our house decorations, furniture, and china, as compared with the styles in vogue thirty years since.]

—:o:—

THE SEVEN AGES OF INTEMPERANCE.

——ALL the world's a bar room
And all the men and women merely tipplers:
They have their bottles and their glasses;
And one man in his time takes many quarts,
His drink being seven kinds.—At first the infant,
Taking cordial in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy with his drop
Or two of porter, just to make him creep
More willingly to school.—And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, o'er his lemonade
Brewed into whisky-punch.—Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and reeling mad with brandy.
Brutal and beastly, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the fiend Intemperance
E'en in the gallon's mouth.—And then the justice
In fair round belly, with Madeira lined,
Most elegantly drunk, superbly corned,
Full of wise saws against the use of gin,
And so he swallows wine.—The sixth drink
Shifts into the lean and bloated dram-drinker,
A spectacle his nose, he's scorched inside;
The wretch's ragged hose, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank: and his once manly hand,
Shaking the cup of tea, well lined with rum,
Seems now five palsied bones. Last drink of all,
That ends intoxication's history,
Is laudanum, self murder's long oblivion
Sans Faith, sans Hope, sans Life, sans everything.

The Comic Magazine. Fourth series 1834.

—:o:—

JAQUES IN CAPEL COURT.

——ALL the world are stags!
Yea, all the men and women merely jobbers!
They have their brokers and their share-accounts,
And one man in his time tries many lines,
The end being total ruin. First, the greenhorn,
Dabbling and dealing in a lucky spec;
And then the prosperous seller, with his profits
And joyous winning face, buying like mad,
Unwilling to sell out; and then, the loser,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful prospect
Of the next settling day! Then the director,
Full of strange schemes, and lodged at the west-end,
Keeping a cab, and sudden growing rich,—
Getting a bubble reputation
Even in Capel Court. And then the bankrupt,
With his debts' schedule large, and no assets:
By all his decent friends entirely cut,—
Full of bad scrip, and fertile of fresh schemes;
And so he plays his game. The sixth step sinks
Into the low and herring-gutted stag,
With spectacles on nose and list in hand;
His youthful gains all spent, the world too wide—
—Awake to be ta'en in, and his long line
Of hapless creditors that idly wait
And whistle for their cash. Last scene of all,
That ends this sad but common history,
Is—Union pauperism, and oakum picking;
Sans beer, sans beef, sans tea, sans everything.

Punch. November 1, 1845.

[This was published during the period of the Railway Mania, when speculation in the new Railroad stock was at its height. One of the entrances to the London Stock Exchange is in Capel Court, and it is a favourite rendezvous for Stockbrokers, and their clients. *Stags*, in Stock-Exchange phraseology, are persons who apply for shares in a newly formed Company, not because they wish to hold the shares, but because they hope to sell the allotment at a premium.]

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The Poetry of Steam.

——The world's ruled by Steam,
And all the men and women are its subjects:
It guides their movements and their whereabouts;
And this steam, in its time, plays many parts,
Its acts being Seven Ages. At first, the kettle,
Hissing and sputtering on a kitchen hob,
And then Newcomen's Engine, to its piston,
By atmospheric pressure, giving force
Imperfectly to pump; Then Watt's condenser;
More economic, with its stuffing box
And double acting movement: Then a steam-boat,
Full of strange smells, and cramm'd like Noah's ark,
(It, on high pressure, sudden and quick to explode)
Raising up Fulton's reputation
In every body's mouth: Then the steam horse,
By Stephenson devised, on Wall's End fed,
With boiler grimed and—wheels of clumsy cut,
Spurning brass knobs, and copper ornaments—
And so he plays his part. The Sixth age shifts
Into the war of broad and narrow gauge;
Brunel on one, Hudson on t' other side—
Their several lines stretching a world too wide
For the Committees, and Steam's manly voice,
That, in the kettle's childish treble piped,
Now whistles o'er the world. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is general brotherhood, and mere oblivion
Of troops, of wars, of blood, and all such things.

Punch, July 25, 1846.

——:o:——

The Seven Ages of the Republic.

——France is a stage,
And all her heroes little more than players.
Her Kings their exits have, and entrances;
And the Republic runs its round of parts,
Its acts being seven ages. First, Young France,
Emeuting and plotting, e'en in the nurse's arms;
Then *ouvrier* out of work, casquette on head,
And frowning hairy face, going, in faith,
To Louis Blanc to school. Then Lamartine,
Spouting away, writing a score of sonnets
Unto Dame Liberty's eyebrow; then *Mobile*,
Clapped in strange clothes, and bearding barricades,
Zealous against old friends in sudden quarrel,
Taking a sight at death and devastation
E'en in the cannon's mouth; then Cavaignac,
In power despotic and a state of siege,
With frown severe, and beard of Algiers cut,
O'er-riding Law with a soldier's insolence—
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shows
Poor Liberty, with Constitution weak,
Halting 'twixt Anarchy and Despotism,
Her youthful *bonnet rouge* a world too wide
For her shrunk brains, and the big boastful voice,
Turning again to the old treble, pipes
Louis Napoleon in. Last scene of all
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans trade, sans tin, sans press, sans everything.

[This Parody appeared in *Punch*, November 25, 1848, at which time the form of government in France was nominally Republican, though very unsettled. King Louis Philippe had been forced to abdicate in February, 1848, and a republic was proclaimed, of which Louis Napoleon (afterwards Emperor) was elected President. Around the Parody were seven illustrations, drawn by the celebrated Richard Doyle, representing "Young France mewling and puking in the Nurse's arms;" "The Ouvrier creeping like snail unwillingly to school;" "Lamartine inditing a sonnet to Liberty's Eyebrow;" "The Garde Mobile seeking the Bubble reputation in the Cannon's mouth;" "The Justice with eyes severe," a portrait of General Cavaignac; and, last scene of all, poor France with her feet in Hot Water, and Louis Napoleon in the back ground carrying the fatal *Idées Napoliennes*, which finally brought him, and his country, to defeat and ruin.]

——:o:——

All the Town's a Slide.

(*A Parody for the Frost.*)

——All the town's a slide,
And all the men and women merely skaters.
They have their slippings and their flounderings,
And one man in his life has many falls:
His fate having seven stages. At first, the infant,
Shivering and shaking in his nurse's arms;
And then the shuffling school-boy, with his highlows
And hobnailed sole and heel, cutting-out slides
Instead of going to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, till with woeful tumble
He and his mistress lie low. Then a soldier,
Wearing odd skates, and bearding all the park;
Jealous of others, sudden and quick in turning,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the deepest holes. And then the iceman
In fair round hat, with a good cape on, lined
With oilskin clear, and coat of formal cut,
Full of ice-saws and modern instruments;
And so he plays his part. The sixth stage slips
Into the lean and slippery pantaloon,
With icicle on nose, and stick in hand,
His India-rubber shoes a world too large
For his shrunk feet; and his poor trembling knees
Straggling apart like childish helplessness,
He tumbles on the ground! Last scene of all
That ends this cold and frosty history
Is a sharp wind—upsetting everyone,
Sans stick, sans cloak, sans hat, sans everything.

Punch 1850.

——:o:——

The Seven Ages of a Public Man.

——Public Life's a stage,
And all the men in office merely players:
They have their characters and salaries
And one man in his course plays many parts,
And acts through seven ages. First the infant,
High born, inheriting a coat of arms,
And then the Public School-boy, with his satchel,
And shining lot of fag, going by rail,
Uncaringly to school; then the Collegian
Boating and driving, with a comic ballad,
And supercilious eyebrow. Then the Patriot
Full of strong oaths, and moustached like the pard,
Anxious for honour, not disposed to quarrel
With any decent situation,
Suffice that can one's mouth. And then the Member,
Quoting old saws and modern instances,
In fair round paunch, with public dinners lined;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered Minister;
With spectacles, and prose, and votes on side,
His youthful views renounced, a world too wide
For his shrunk wits and his once manly voice,

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Trying in vain to hoax the people, pipes
A miserable sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this sad disgraceful history,
Is childish Red-tapism, and mere routine:
Sans heart, sans brains, sans pluck, sans everything.

Punch, May, 1855.

—:o:—

Catalogue of the British Museum.

——All the thing's a farce,
And all the time and labour merely wasted.
It has its entries and its indexes,
And one man with his time plays but the fool
In poring o'er the pages. First the Volume,
Bulky and ponderous in the porter's arms,
And then the heavy binding, with its edges
And greasy leather backs, letting it slide
Gradually to the ground. And then the titles,
Mixed up like hodge-podge—here a book of ballads
Publish'd by Beale or Boosey. Then a quarto,
Full of strange types, and letter'd all in black,
Printed on vellum—ancient in type and paper,
Cramming the author's reputation
Right down the student's mouth. And then the law-book
In pale brown calfskin, with gross humbug lined,
With rules severe, and forms of rigid cut,
Full of strange laws and musty precedents:
And so this forms a part. The volume shifts
Like change to clown or slipper'd pantaloon,
To subjects no one knows—from side to side
The eye may roll—the topics are too wide
To be embraced—and the loud public voice,
Turning again to childish treble, pipes
And whistles for its wants. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange mysterious catalogue,
Is perfect uselessness and mere oblivion,
Sans head—*sans* tail—in fact, *sans* everything.

[In these lines, which appeared a good many years ago, Mr. Punch was unduly severe on the Catalogue of the British Museum, which is a marvel of industry, and accuracy. By the system adopted it is only necessary to know the name of an author to be able to procure any of his works, and should any difficulty arise the courteous Librarians and attendants are ever ready to render the most valuable assistance.]

—:o:—

The Seven Ages.

By Mincing Lane Esq.,

——Mincing-lane's a stage,
And all the workers there are merely *players*:
Each plays the part his manager may choose,
And in his part must mind his P.'s and Q.'s—
His acts being seven ages. At first the boy,
Untimely breeched in galling corduroy;
His eyes wide opened, and his lower jaw
Meekly depressed in reverential awe—
Bound for three miserable years to do
A shopboy's drudgery without his screw,
Then the meek junior, with a moonlike face,
Creeping like snail unwilling to his place,
Sleepy from last night's going to the play
And youthful soakings of convivial clay.
And then the lover, in resplendent scarf
And gorgeous pin, and boots too tight by half,
Spending with her he loves in lanes—away
From town—his one brief blissful holiday,
Seated in cosy arbour with his lass,
Pledging his love in cups of sparkling Bass.
And then the Volunteer, with gun in hand,
Scaring invaders from his native land,
Seeking, good man, the bubble reputation
In hebdomadal perambulation
In quiet spots—his partner by his side
Taking his youthful progeny for a ride.
And then the market clerk—rotund is he;
A man of substance; knowing to a T
What shares are discount, premium, or par—
What "mule twist" was, and what "grey shirtings" are:
And so he plays his part. The next age shifts
Into the book-keeper who seldom lifts
His eyes from off his book—who measures time
Not by the grass covered with glist'ning rime,
Nor song of blackbirds, nor the budding May,
Nor scent of meadows filled with new-mown hay,
Nor falling dew of autumn time—yet stay,
He notes the falling due of quarter-day.
Last scene of all that ends this strange career
Is utter friendlessness. Not one kind tear
On his account philanthropists can wring;
He dies sans home, sans friends, sans everything.

The Hornet, January 1, 1868.

—:o:—

The Politician's Seven Ages.

[The seven ages of a politician might be enumerated somewhat as follows. It may be necessary to premise that *Cranbourne Alley* was the name given by the profane to the followers of Lord Salisbury, then Lord Cranbourne, when he voted against the Ministerial Reform Bill.]

——At first the *Tory*,
Pompous and posing in his elbow chair;
And then the doubtful *Dizzyite*, with suffrage,
And firm belief in rates,—sneaking, like lamb,
Quite patiently, to "school."

Then *Cranbourne Alley*,
Sighing for novelty, with woeful back-glance
Made at the Tory benches.

Then the *Liberal*
Full of strange whims, and reckless as a Rad;
Jealous for office, sudden at wrong conclusions;
Seeking the bubble alteration,
E'en gainst his country's welfare.

Then the *Brightite*,
With fair round periods, with bad logic lined;
With ayes and noes aye in minority;
Full of wise schemes, and wild philosophy:
And so he plays his game.

The sixth age shifts
Into the *Beales* and *Potter Demagogue*,
With banner overhead, and pole in hand;
His common sense all gone,—the world too small
For his bold flight;—his once persuasive voice,
Turning tow'rds pot-house politicians, rants and vapours to a mob.

Last scene of all,
That generally ends this history,
Is second Toryism, or utter lassitude;—
Sans hope, sans care, sans mind, sans everything.

Once a Week, June 27, 1868.

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THE SEVEN AGES OF ACTING.

1. FIRST the Infant mewling and puling in the dresser's arms—waiting to go on at eighteenpence a night.
2. Then the Pantomime Imp, with his whistle and dirty morning face, crawling like snail unwillingly to rehearsal.
3. And then the *Jeune Premier*, smoking like a furnace, with woeful bad legs. "Made-up," too, in moustache and eyebrows.
4. Then the Melodramatic Artist, full of strange oaths, bearded, and wearing pads, jealous in liquor, sudden and quick in quarrel, seeking bubble reputation, even at an East-end theatre.
5. And then the Low Comedian, in big ulster, with good flannel lined.
6. Sixth age, scene shifts, and at Christmas plays the lean and slippered pantaloon. The wardrobe hose, a world too wide for his shrunk shank,
7. Last scene of all in this strange, eventful history in second-sightedness, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything—but hot gin toddy.

WALLIS MACKAY.

St. Stephens' Saturnalia, December, 1884.

—:o:—

THE SEVEN AGES OF LOVE.

MAN in his day loves many times and oft,
For Nature's made him uncontent with one;
He breathes a hundred vows in accents soft
Ere on the earth his pilgrimage is run.

First comes the baby, in his nurse's arms,
With button mouth stretched wide for pap-filled spoon;
Or else with clutching fingers, eager palms,
Waiting and weeping for his love—the moon.

The schoolboy next, with hungry, longing gaze
Fixed on the face of one of thirty years;
Unversed, as yet, in guileful worldly ways,
Bemoaning youth with bitter sobs and tears.

Later the man, all furious in Love's pains,
Yet humbly sighing soft on bended knee;
Swearing his heart out that the globe contains
But one adorable and perfect she.

And then the soldier, fierce in love as fight,
With twirled moustache and rugged, sun-browned cheek,
Claiming young Beauty as the warrior's right,
Then scorning conquest as a passing freak.

The Justice next, with pockets golden lined,
With money bags to lure and satyr leer;
Resolved at fifty years a maid to find,
As wife for two and nurse for twenty years.

Sixth stage, the pantaloon, wan, shrunk, and thin,
With limbs half paralysed and senses numb,
Chucking the nurs'ry maid beneath the chin
And mumbling nonsense with a toothless gum.

Last scene of all. Blear-eyed, with shrivelled neck,
Laid by, for Death to claim, upon the shelf;
A fretful, peevish, crabbed, and cross-grained wreck,
Loving but one thing, and that one thing—self.

So wags the world! From life's first blush of light,
Through happy morning to bright afternoon,
Till falling shades of evening lead to night—
And love?—The last is self, the first the moon!

Judy, January 19, 1881.

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

By a Cantankerous Old Curmudgeon.

—ALL the world's a Wardrobe,
And all the girls and women merely wearers:
They have their fashions and their fantasies,
And one she in her time wears many garments
Throughout her Seven Stages. First, the baby,
Befrilled and broidered, in her nurse's arms.
And then the trim-hosed schoolgirl, with her flounces
And small-boy scorning face, tripping skirt-waggling,
Coquettishly to school. And then the flirt,
Ogling like Circe, with a business *œillade*
Kept on her low-cut corset. Then a bride
Full of strange finery, vestured like an angel,
Veiled vaporously, yet vigilant of glance,
Seeking the Woman's heaven, Admiration,
Even at the Altar's steps. And then the matron,
In fair rich velvet with suave satin lined,
With eyes severe, and skirts of youthful cut
Full of dress-saws and modish instances,
To teach her girls *their* part. The sixth age shifts
Into the grey yet gorgeous grandmamma,
With gold *pince-nez* on nose and fan at side,
Her youthful tastes still strong, and worldly wise
In sumptuary law, her quavering voice
Prosing of Fashion and *Le Follet*, pipes
Of robes and bargains rare. Last scene of all,
That ends the Sex's *Mode*-swayed history,
Is second childishness and sheer oblivion
Of youth, taste, passion, all—save love of Dress!

Punch, May 20, 1882.

—:o:—

There are many other parodies of this speech. One was contained in a burlesque operatic tragedy performed at the Lyceum Theatre in July, 1812, entitled "Highgate Tunnel, or the Secret Arch," of which the argument was that "All the world's a stable." Unfortunately this play is not to be found in the Library of the British Museum, consequently the parody cannot be reproduced, but the following, on the subject of *Carriages*, is of a somewhat kindred nature. It is taken from *The Sporting Times* of April 18, 1885, but is here given without the illustrations which embellished it, when it first appeared, in that sportive, and very facetious journal:

THE SEVEN CARRIAGES OF MAN.

"ALL the world's a stage, &c., &c.,
And one man in his time tries many traps."

First, the baby in *his* carriage. Observe the animal' expression, he is mewling and puking.

Next comes the schoolboy on his tricycle. Special attention has been bestowed on his "shining morning face."

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
On tricycle to school.

Then the lover, in spite of proctors and bulldogs, tries to drive a very scratch tandem with the idea of impressing the lady of his heart for the time being.

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And then the lover.
Who in scratch tandem drives a Tottie
With golden hair and jet black eyebrows.

The soldier, full of strange oaths as in Willy Shakespeare's time, but not now bearded like a pard—*vide* Queen's Regulations, sec. vii., par, 20—drives the regimental coach.

The justice stows "his fair round belly" into a brougham. A view of the said lower portion of his bosom is obtained through the window.

The lean and slippered pantaloon hides his infirmities in a bath chair.

And, last carriage of all, the hearse, in which we all take our final drive.

An economic funeral ends the list
Sans plumes, sans mutes, sans pall, sans everything.

——:o:——

A fortnight later the same paper contained another parody, on the same speech, entitled *The Seven Drinks of Man*, and fortunately for the readers of "Parodies" the Editor of "The Sporting Times" has kindly lent the wood engravings which accompanied it. These distantly remind one, in their effects of light and shade, of some of the best works of Rembrandt, and whilst it may perhaps be said that they lack in execution, in conception they are immense.

THE SEVEN DRINKS OF MAN.

——"ALL the world's a bar,
And all the men and women merely drinkers."



"First the infant, mewling and pewking in his nurse's arms, and for his bottle crying."



Then the schoolboy, quaffing his ginger-beer,
Until the well nigh bursts."



"Then the lover, with a woful ballad,
Made to his mistress' eye-brow 'neath the subtle inspiration of the Boy."



"Then the soldier, slaking his parched throat,
Made dry by last night's mess, with many a brandy and soda."



"Then the justice, with fair, round belly,
With good claret lined."



"The lean and slippered pantaloon,
Who, with his feet in foot-bath, sits and drinks his gruel."



"Last drink of all, beef-tea."
I feel quite mixed after the variety.—Yours,
P.M.T.

The Sporting Times, May 2, 1885.

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AS YOU LIKE IT.

"Rosalind - - - - - MRS. LANGTRY."—*Playbill.*

CRUTCH, in cosy box enshrin'd,
Showers bouquets on Rosalind;
Gallery is not behind
In its praise of Rosalind;
Common "pro's" for years may grind,
Not so gentle Rosalind.
Beauty and high birth combin'd
Must produce a Rosalind!
Where can we an equal find
To our latest Rosalind?
Critics sour and critics kind
Battle over Rosalind.
To the charms who can be blind
Of this pretty Rosalind?
Streets with carriages are lined,
Audiences for Rosalind,
Braving chill September's wind
For the sake of Rosalind;
Rank and fashion, lately dined,
Flock to feast on Rosalind.
But I can't make up *my* mind,
To accept this Rosalind!

Judy, October 4, 1882.

—:o:—

POETRY and snow do not blend well. Sleet extinguishes all *feu sacré* in the bard. Early one morning last week, when a few gentle flakes were falling, I thought of the song of my friend Amiens in "As you Like It," and laughing at the elements, attempted a rough parody of the first verse. It was as follows:—

Blow, blow thou Winter wind;
Snow, too, if so inclined:
I cannot change your mood.
I'll order Toddy hot
And drink of it a lot—
The strongest can be brewed.
Heigh ho! Sing heigh ho! Away with melancholy.
To grumble at the weather is nought but folly.
Then heigh ho! The holly!
This life is most jolly.

(*An interval of six hours is supposed to elapse.*)

Freeze! Freeze! The wind *does* blow!
I'm "Boycotted" by the snow,
I search and search in vain
For cab, or bus, or train.
Miles off is home—and worse,
I've no coin in my purse!
In the snow, sing heigh ho! to the green folly
Of a fellow feigning to be happy or jolly.
Heigh ho!
'Tis folly, by golly!
To hope to be jolly!

ANONYMOUS.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

—:o:—

A BACHELOR.

(*After Romeo's description of an apothecary.* Act v. Scene i.)

I DO remember an old BACHELOR,
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted
In suit of sables, with care worn brow,
Conning his books—and meagre were his looks:
Celibacy had worn him to the bone;
And in his silent parlour hung a coat,
The which the moth had used not less than he.
Four chairs, one table, and an old hair trunk,
Made up its furniture; and on his shelves
A grease-clad candlestick, a broken mug,
Two tablets, and a box of old cigars;
Remnants of volumes, once in some repute,
Were thinly scattered round, to tell the eye
Of prying stranger—*this man had no wife.*
His tatter'd elbow gap'd most piteously;
And ever as he turned him round, his skin
Did through his stockings peep upon the day.
Noting his gloom, unto myself I said,
"And if a man did covet single life,
Reckless of joys that matrimony gives,
Here lives a gloomy wretch would show it him
In such most dismal colours, that the shrew,
Or slut, or idiot, or the gossip spouse,
Were each a heaven compared with such a life."

The Maids, Wives, and Widows Penny Magazine, October 27, 1832.

I DO remember a cook's shop—
And here about it stands—him late I noted
In tuck'd up sleeves, with night cap o'er his brows,
Cutting up joints—pleas'd were his looks,
The fatt'ning trade had cover'd well his bones,
And in his reeky shop a sirloin hung,
A buttock stuff'd; nice tripe, and other strings
Of well spic'd sausages—and upon his board
A sovereign remedy for empty stomachs,
Green peas and ducks, pork, steaks, and mutton chops,
Remnant of goose, pigeon-pye and plates of ham,
Were amply set out to make up a show,
Noting this plenty to myself I said;
An' if a man did need a dinner now,
Whose dainty smell is present appetite,
Here lives a greasy rogue would cater one.
If I may trust the flattering truth of nose,
This should be Porridge Island—
Being twelve o'th'clock—the knives and forks are laid.

I DO remember a young pleader,
And hereabouts he dwells; whom late I noted
In coat once black, with overwhelming brow,
Pondering o'er cases—sallow were his looks,
And midnight thought had worn him to the bone;
And in his sombre chambers lay confused,
Black dusty papers, "general issues" here,
"Demurrers special" there—matter apt to teach
That, to our noble law, justice and form
Alike are dear—and o'er his shelves
A beggarly account of dusty volumes—
Wentworth, and Coke, and Saunders—old editions all,
With a few numbers of the late reports,

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Were thinly scattered to make up a show.
Noting his little practice, thus I said:
"An' if a man would patch a rotten case,
Give to transaction dark a face of snow,
Here lives the lawyer that might draw the pleas,
Oh! this same thought doth but forerun my need—
I have a cause, and will retain him quickly,
As I remember, this should be the chamber;
But it not being term the door is closed."
What, ho!

From *The Postical Note Book and Epigrammatic Museum*; by GEORGE WENTWORTH, London, 1824.

——:o:——

The following parody was written by Robert Surtees, Esq., M.A. F.S.A, author of a history of the County Palatine of Durham:—

I DO remember a strange man, a herald—
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted
In parti-colour'd coat like a fool's jacket,
Or morrice-dancer's dress—musty his looks,
Like to a piece of ancient shrivell'd parchment,
Or an old pair of leather brogues twice turn'd;
And round the dusky room he did inhabit,
Whose wainscot seem'd as old as Noah's ark,
Were divers shapes of ugly, ill-formed monsters,
Hung up on scutcheons like an old church aisle—
A blue boar rampant, and a griffin gules,
A gaping tyger, and a cat-o'-mountain,
What nature never form'd, nor madman dream'd,
Gorgons and hydras and chimæras dire;
And straight before him lay a dusty heap
Of ancient legers, books of evidence,
Old blazon'd pedigrees and antique rolls,
(Which made full oft the son beget the father,
And give to maiden ladies fruitful issue,)
Torn parish registers, probates, and testaments—
From which, with cunning art and sage contrivance,
He fairly culled divers pedigrees;
And next, by act of transmutation rare,
Did change his musty vellum into gold—
For straight comes in a gaudy city youth,
(Whose father, for oppression and vile cunning,
Lies roaring low in Limbo lake the while,)
And straight depositeth some forty guineas,
And after some few words of mystic import,
Of Mowbray, Howard, Vere, Plantagenet,
And other necromantic terms of art,
Most gravely utter'd by the smoke-dried sage,
He takes, in lieu of gold, the vellum roll,
With arms emblazon'd and Earl Marshal's signet,
And struts away, a well-born gentleman.
Observing this, I to myself did say,
"And if a man did need a coat of arms,
Here lives a caitiff that would sell him one."

——:o:——

THE SHAKESPEARE OF THE PERIOD.

SHAKESPEARE *pur et simple* will soon be beyond the comprehension of audiences accustomed to burlesque, sensation drama, and the cancan. An enterprising manager (we believe he thinks of turning Somerset House into a theatre, with hotel accommodation, so that visitors from the country can take a ticket, including entrance, supper, bed, and breakfast) has offered a prize for the best modern version of Shakespeare's plays. We have been favoured with a perusal of the M.S.S. sent in, and give the following versions of the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, without the kind permission of the authors:—

ROMEO.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND T. W. ROBERTSON.

ACT THE SECOND.—ASSIGNATION!

SCENE.—CAPULET'S *Garden*.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom.—That board says "Trespassers will be prosecuted." I am a trespasser; but what matters prosecution so that I can stand beneath the window of the girl I love? What is love? Men live for it, die for it, and lose caste for it; but—

JULIET *appears on balcony, with watering-pot.*

Jul.—I have been thinking so much about that young man I met at the ball that I nearly forgot my poor flowers. There's somebody in the garden. Who *can* it be?

Rom.—Have you forgotten me so soon, then?

Jul.—I have not forgotten you. But you have done wrong to come here; if my father saw you he would give you in charge.

Rom.—I have been thinking of you for the last two hours.

Jul.—And I have been thinking of you. How strange that we should think of one another!

Rom.—We must be in love.

Jul.—What is love?

Rom.—The very question I asked myself five minutes ago.

Jul.—What a lovely night! And look at the stars! Are they far off?

Rom.—Ah! hundreds and thousands of million miles.

Jul.—They seem about a mile-and-a-half from the earth.

Rom.—But they are not so far from the earth as you are from me.

Jul. (*leaning over*)—We are nearer now.

Rom. (*holding spout of water-pot*)—And the waterpot join us. For how long?

Jul.—Until I am tired of holding it, I suppose.

Rom.—Will you be out to-morrow morning?

Jul.—I always go to the village to get an egg for papa's breakfast.

Rom.—Meet me at the Friar's.

Jul.—What for?

Rom.—To be married, of course.

Jul.—How nice! And I can take back the egg as if nothing had happened.

Rom.—Then you think more of the egg than you do of me! Good night!

Jul.—Good night! Be careful of the wall. And beware of the dog.

Rom.—After all, what is a wall?

Jul.—And what is a dog?

[JULIET *waters flowers.* ROMEO *retreats a few steps and watches her. Curtain falls—should it be raised* JULIET *has dropped the water-pot, and is lost in reverie;* ROMEO *is halfway over the wall.*]

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ROMEO AND HIS JULIET.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND T. MADDISON MORTON.

SCENE.—*A garden.*

ROMEO *discovered on wall.*

Rom.—If there's one thing damps a fellow's ardour it's broken bottles. Now then for a jump.

(ROMEO *slides off wall, and falls into cucumber frame.*)

I always disliked cucumbers, and now they have had their revenge. Now then to reach my charmer's window.

Climbs up water-butt and falls in. JULIET *appears on balcony.*

Jul.—I heard something. It must have been the cats.

ROMEO'S *head appears from water-butt.*

O, Romeo, Romeo, what a cold you will get!

Rom.—Suppose you help us out, and pity us afterwards. (*She pulls him out.*) My lovely Julio—I mean Romlet—bother it, Capulo--no, no, Montaget. I shall forget my own name next.

Jul.—What's in a name?

Rom.—A great deal—especially when you can't remember it. Will you quit the domicile of your paternal parent, and slope off with your's truly?

Jul.—But how can we marry? I haven't a copper of my own,

Rom.—And seven-and-sixpence is all I possess. Have you no jewels?

Jul.—Only a coral necklace, and a silver spoon given to me by my godfather and godmothers at my baptism.

Rom.—With such treasures and our love kings might envy us.

Dog enters.

I'm off. Down, Ponto! Good night, Jupulet. Good dog?

Jul.—Come here, Ponto!

[*Dog chases* ROMEO; *he climbs the wall; dog seizes his coat tails, tears them off, and runs about with them in his mouth*].

ROW ME O TO JULIA YET!

OR,

THE COVE! THE LOVE!! AND THE TURTLE DOVE!!!

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND H. J. BYRON.

SCENE.—CAPULET'S *Back Garden.*

[*Music, "Come into the Garden, Maud."—Enter* ROMEO, *dressed as a young man of the day, smoking cigar.*]

Rom.—For walls and gates I do not care a farden,
And so I make my way into the garden;
My conduct may seem like that of a rash'un,
But on this *plot* I'll give vent to my passion.
I met her at the ball. We danced together,
'Tis true we only talked about the weather;
But then our *idle eyes* spoke volumes nearly;
And now I know I *idolize* her dearly,
And come what will I never can forget
Earth's brightest *jewel*, lovely *Jewelet*.

Enter JULIET *on balcony.*

Jul.—Bother the cats! They quite disturb my rest.

Rom.—Now is my time.

Jul.— They are getting quite a pest.

Rom.—The creature basking in your beauty's glow
Is not a Thomas Cat, but Romeo.

Jul.—A Montague!

Rom.— Who's *aim's* your hand to claim;
But as no doubt you'll say, "What's in an *aim*?"

Jul.—*Aimey*-vous me?

Rom.— My very little game. I
Adore you more than Liecester did his *Aimey*.
Wilt fly with me? My love you cannot doubt it.

Jul.—Well, *Romeo*, I must *romeonate* about it.
What is to-day?

Rom.— Days, months, I quite forget,
It may be *June*—I know but *Julyet*.
I'll take you to the *Friar*.

Jul.— Let me see—

Rom.—Why, surely you are not *afraid* of me?

Jul.—I'll meet you at the cell.

Rom.— And *cell* I bring
A marriage license.

Jul.— Yes; also a ring.

DUET,—*Air, "Burlesque Galop."*

Both.—The Montagues and Capulets will be in such a way,
When they hear that Romeo and Juliet one fine day,
Ran off and got married both together on the sly,
Regardless of the hatred of each other's family.
O toodlee um, te oodleum, &c.

(JULIET *plays tambourine* –ROMEO *dances a breakdown.*)

JULIET AND ROMEO.

(An Original Drama)

BY DION BOUCICAULT.

ACT 2.—SCENE 2.—*Terrace and grounds of Capulet Castle Balcony,* L., *with flowers on stand, and vine trees climbing up sides. Wall,* R., *on which grows real stone fruit. Italian view at back (to be painted on the spot.) Enter Retainers.*

GRAND DANCE OF THE PERIOD BY A HUNDRED REAL VERONESE.

(*Exeunt Retainers.*

Enter ROMEO, dropping from wall by aid of a branch. Presently JULIET appears. They talk (but never mind the dialogue.) Enter Watchmen. They struggle with ROMEO. JULIET throws flower-pots at watchmen. Exeunt Watchmen, with broken heads. Here the lovers might speak; but perhaps words will only delay the action. CAPULET enters with Retainers. ROMEO is bound to a tree. During struggle JULIET decends from balcony by aid of vine, and fills Retainers' muskets with water from a patent garden tube. CAPULET and Retainers retire. They point their muskets at ROMEO, CAPULET gives the word, but the muskets are harmless. JULIET picks up pruning knife and releases ROMEO. They are discovered

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ROMEO is again a prisoner, when he tells CAPULET that amongst the papers to be opened at his death is the last will of CAPULET'S father, leaving all to charity. The old man blesses his children, and for a time, at least, the lovers are happy. But there are more sensations to come.

The Grasshopper, July 1, 1869.

——:':——

MERCUTIO'S DESCRIPTION OF QUEEN MAB.

Mercutio.—Here comes Romeo—poor fellow he's mooney
Sweet on Rosaline! Oh, regular spooney,—
Found him this morning at the lady's door,
Waving up kisses to the second floor—
Radiant with joy, as Phœbus or Aurora,
Wooing with warm smiles a *second Flora*!
And then unto his lady love he played
Upon the Jewish harp a serenade;
While ever and anon there came a flow
Of voice with "Sweep!" and then of "Milk below!"

ROMEO *enters in a melancholy mood.*

Mercu.—His bosom swells, the heavy sighs rise on it;
The man's in love—that's about the *size* on it.

Romeo. (*taking out photograph and kissing it*)—
Sweet Rosaline!
Nor yet as sweet by half
As represented in this photograph.
The sun was envious of those dainty hands—
So fist-like has he drawn them—and he brands
The sweetest smile that ever heart did win,
In likeness of a silly sort of grin!

Mercu. (*looking over his shoulder*)—
Sixpence in frame complete, that's about it.

Romeo.—Now there you're wrong, my friend; perhaps you doubt it?
But fourpence is the figure now-a-days—
The *walks* of art are now but common *ways*.
(*Kisses photograph and sighs.*)

Mercu.—Good Romeo, are you ill?

Romeo.— Yes, I'm queer.

Mercu.—Where do you feel it?

Romeo. (*laying hand on heart*) Oh! I feel it here.

Mercu.—Oh! you are in love—over head and ears—
But why so sad? Your eyes are set with tears,
When you should smile.

Romeo.— Rosy!

Mercu.—Pooh! forget her.
You'll see some other girl you'll like much better.

Romeo.—I've dreamt a dream—Oh! 'twas a horrid dream!

Mercu.—Queen Mab's been with your worship, it would seem.
She is the very deuce, and goes to work
By aid of pickled salmon and roast pork;
Sits on the stomach of an Alderman;
O'er every drowsy sense does hold her ban.
Her waggon-spokes of grill'd and devilled bones,
Her wheels give out a constant sound of groans;
Her whip, a knotted lash of champagne wires;
Her chariot, a stew-pan wrapped in fires;
Her shouts are pepper, and her oaths are spice;
She's something nasty, after something nice.
In fact, my buck, to speak out plain and fair,
What you've been suffering from is the nightmare!

This extract is taken from "*Romeo and Juliet Travestie*, or the Cup of Cold Pison," by Andrew Halliday.

The burlesque was produced at the Strand Theatre, on Thursday November 3rd, 1859, when the part of *Romeo* was taken by Miss C, Saunders, whilst Miss Marie Wilton (now Mrs. Bancroft) performed *Juliet*, "a belle whom all the young fellows in Verona are anxious to ring."

At the end of the burlesque the ghost of Shakespeare rises, frowning, and holding up his finger menacingly.

Mercutio,—I see it's Shakespeare.
He's angry with us.
All.— Pray what have we done?

Romeo.—His noble tragedy we've turned to fun;
And he don't like it.
All.— Oh, what shall we do?

Apothecary.—Some of you speak to him. Romeo, you
Are the hero here, face it out—dare him,
Soften him over a bit.—you know—square him!

Romeo. (*going up to him*)—
I'll try. Immortal bard—illustrious Swan of Avon,
Towards you, we own, we have not been behavin',
With that respect which we should like to pay,
But the fact is, if we essayed your play,
As you did write it—the boxes and the pit
Would say we could not act the play a bit.
And so that *with* us, not *at* us they may laugh,
We've winnowed your fine *corn* into *chaff*.
(SHAKESPEARE *bows.*)

Nurse. (*going up*)—Another thing you must remember, Poet,
You wrote burlesques yourself, and well you know it.
In "The Midsummer Night's Dream."
(SHAKESPEARE *disappears.*)

Messrs. T. and G. Shrimpton, of Broad Street, Oxford, published another burlesque on this tragedy. It was entitled "Romeo and Juliet; or the Shaming of the True;" an Atrocious Outrage perpetrated at Oxford, by the St. John's College Amateurs, during Commemoration, 1868. The author's name is not given.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

——:o:——

A burlesque of "The Merchant of Venice" was produced at the Olympic Theatre, London, on Monday July 4th, 1853. It was entitled "*Shylock or, the Merchant of Venice Preserved.* An entirely new reading of Shakespeare, from an edition hitherto undiscovered by modern authorities, and which it is hoped may be received as the stray leaves of a *Jerusalem Hearty-Joke.*"

This burlesque was written by Mr. Francis Talfourd with a special view to furnishing F. Robson, with a character adapted to his peculiar abilities, and *Shylock* suited him admirably.

There are however no distinct parodies of any passages of the original which could be quoted without making long extracts. This is unnecessary, as the burlesque can be readily obtained from the theatrical publishers.

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Bassanio. WHAT find I here?

(*Opening the leaden casket.*)

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act III. Scene II.

Bassanio, WHAT find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation, and what
Doth the demi-god, forsaken caitiff, charge
Per dozen? Move these eyes? Or, whether riding
On the balls of mine, seem they in motion?
Ask me an easier one.

Here are severed lips parted with sugar breath;
Wonder if Jones—but, no! Perish
The thought! And, also, perish Jones,
The ringboned, spavined Jobberwock,
If ever I do catch him hereabouts again!

Here in her hair the painter plays the spider,
And hath woven a mesh to entrap
The hearts of men, one of whom am I,
By a large majority, and several counties
And unbribed districts to hear from.

But her eyes! How could he see to do them?
Having made one, methinks it would have power
To steal both his—Ah! blessed thought! I'll steal
Her picture, now I hear her foot
Upon the stairs!

Merry Folks.

—:o:—

SONG.

TELL me where is fancy bred
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

SONG.

(DEDICATED TO THE AUTHOR OF "GERMAN YEAST.")

TELL me what is Fancy Bread,
Is it alum, or white lead?
How begot, how fashioned?
Reply, Reply.
It is engendered from old bones
With glazing fed; the eater moans,
'Neath its weight his stomach groans;
Bread of Fancy, hear thy knell
Sounded by the Muffin-Bell;
Ding dong Bell.

The Tomahawk, November 9, 1867.

—:o:—

NURSEY.

By a young and over-ambitious poet, on visiting the guardian of his childhood.

THE jollity of Nursey is not feigned;
She hoppeth, as a genteel wren or raven,
Upon the neighbouring heath. I'm thrice caress'd;
Caress'd by her who used to bring me cakes!
She's tidiest of the tidiest; and becomes
In face more youthful through revolving time.
Oft has she, in bygone temperate hour,
Dulled my young ears with jaw and minstrelsy,
And there she'd sit, and tell me queer odd things;
For Nursey used to love the spectred fay,
Foibles, since foiled by Cooke and Maskelyne;
But then, I somehow reck'd them true myself,
And in my mite mind murmured "what's the odds
When Nursey's reason just is?" Therefore you,
Though rather bored I see, remember this:
That grateful we should be, each one of us
For early teaching. So I say to Nursey
That her kind care doth prompt us all to tender
The deeds of Nursey!

Cribblings from the Poets, by Hugh Cayley. (Cambridge, Jones and Piggott, 1883.)

—:o:—

CALVES' FOOT JELLY.

THIS quality of jelly must be strained,
And drop through bags like gentle dew from heaven;
And, when the right consistence is obtained,
By Portia 'tis to sick Bassanio given.

Judy, September 22, 1880.



MACBETH.

—.o:—

TO THE MANAGING COMMITTEE

Of the New Drury Lane Theatre.

GENTLEMEN,

Happening to be wool-gathering at the foot of Mount Parnassus, I was suddenly seized with a violent travestie in the head. The first symptoms I felt were several triple rhymes floating about my brain, accompanied by a singing in my throat, which quickly communicated itself to the ears of every body about me, and made me a burthen to my friends and a torment to Doctor Apollo; three of whose favourite servants—that is to say, Macbeth, his butcher; Mrs. Haller, his cook; and George Barnwell, his book-

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keeper—I waylaid in one of my fits of insanity, and mauled after a very frightful fashion. In this woeful crisis, I accidentally heard of your invaluable New Patent Hissing Pit, which cures every disorder incident to Grub Street. I send you inclosed a more detailed specimen of my case; if you could mould it into the shape of an address, to be said or sung on the first night of your performance, I have no doubt, that I should feel the immediate effects of your invaluable New Patent Hissing Pit, of which they tell me one hiss is a dose.

I am, &c.,

MOMUS MEDLAR.

[*Enter* MACBETH *in a red nightcap.* PAGE *following with a torch.*]

Go, boy, and thy good mistress tell
(She knows that my purpose is cruel),
I'd thank her to tingle her bell
As soon as she's heated my gruel.
Go, get thee to bed and repose—
To sit up so late is a scandal;
But ere you have ta'en off your clothes,
Be sure that you put out that candle.
Ri fol de rol tol de rol lol.

My stars, in the air here's a knife!—
I'm sure it can not be a hum;
I'll catch at the handle, add's life!
And then I shall not cut my thumb.
I've got him!—no, at him again!
Come, come, I'm not fond of these jokes;
This must be some blade of the brain—
Those witches are given to hoax.

I've one in my pocket, I know,
My wife left on purpose behind her;
She bought this of Teddy-high-ho,
The poor Caledonian grinder.
I see thee again! o'er thy middle
Large drops of red blood now are spill'd,
Just as much as to say, diddle diddle,
Good Duncan, pray come and be kill'd.

It leads to his chamber, I swear;
I tremble and quake every joint—
No dog at the scent of a hare
Ever yet made a cleverer point.
Ah, no! 'twas a dagger of straw—
Give me blinkers, to save me from starting;
The knife that I thought that I saw
Was nought but my eye, Betty Martin.

Now o'er this terrestrial hive
A life paralytic is spread;
For while the one half is alive,
The other is sleepy and dead.
King Duncan, in grand majesty,
Has got my state-bed for a snooze;
I've lent him my slippers, so I
May certainly stand in his shoes.

Blow softly, ye murmuring gales!
Ye feet, rouse no echo in walking!
For though a dead man tells no tales,
Dead walls are much given to talking.
This knife shall be in at the death—
I'll stick him, then off safely get!
Cries the world, this could not be Macbeth,
For he'd ne'er stick at anything yet.

Hark, hark! 'tis the signal, by goles!
It sounds like a funeral knell;
O, hear it not, Duncan! it tolls
To call thee to heaven or hell.
Or if you to heaven won't fly,
But rather prefer Pluto's ether,
Only wait a few years till I die,
And we'll go to the devil together.
Ri fol de rol, &c.

[This song is taken from the celebrated *Rejected Addresses* by Horace and James Smith. The travesties on *The Stranger* and *George Barnwell*, (referred to in the above introduction) possess little, or no interest now, as the originals are obsolete, and it may be said that neither of these three travesties is equal to the other clever poems contained in *The Rejected Addresses.*]

——:o:——

INCANTATION. (1828).

Scene.—Penenden Plain, In the middle, a caldron boiling. Thunder—Enter three *Brunswickers.*

1st Bruns.—Thrice hath scribbling Kenyon scrawl'd.

2nd B.—Once hath fool Newcastle bawl'd,

3rd B.—Bexley snores; 'tis time, 'tis time,

1st B.—Round about the caldron go,
In the poisonous nonsense throw.
Bigot spite, that long hath grown,
Like a toad within a stone,
Sweltering in the heart of Scott
Boil we in the Brunswick pot.

All.—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
Eldon, talk, and Kenyon scribble.

2nd B.—Slaver from Newcastle's quill
In the noisome mess distil,
Brimming high our Brunswick broth
Both with venom and with froth.
Mix the brains (though apt to hash ill
Being scant) of Lord Mountcashel,
With that malty stuff that Chandos
Drivels as no other man does,
Catch (*i. e.* if catch you can)
One idea, spick and span,
From my Lord of Salisbury
One idea, though it be
Smaller than the "happy flea,"
Which his sire, in sonnet terse,
Wedded to immortal verse.*
Though to rob the son is sin,
Put his *one* idea in;
And to keep it company,
Let that conjuror Winchelsea
Drop but *half* another there,
If he hath so much to spare.
Dreams of murders and of arsons,
Hatch'd in heads of Irish parsons,
Bring from every hole and corner,
Where ferocious priests, like Horner,
Purely for religious good,
Cry aloud for Papists' blood,
Blood for Wells, and such old women,
At their ease to wade and swim in.

* Alluding to a well-known sonnet of the late Marquis:—

"O happy, happy, happy flea,
If I were you or you were *me*,
But since, alas, that cannot be,
I must remain Lord Salisbury."

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All.—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
Bexley talk, and Kenyon scribble,

3rd B.—Now the charm begins to brew;
Sisters, sisters, add thereto
Scraps of Lethbridge's old speeches
Mix'd with leather from his breeches,
Rinsings of old Bexley's brains,
Thickened (if you'll take the pains)
With that pulp which rags create,
In their middle, *nympha* state,
Ere, like insects frail and sunny,
Forth they wing abroad as money.
There—the Hell-broth we've enchanted—
Now but one thing more is wanted.
Squeeze o'er all that orange juice,
Castlereagh keeps cork'd for use,
Which, to work the better spell, is
Colour'd deep with blood of * * *
Blood, of powers far more various,
Even than that of Januarius,
Since so great a charm hangs o'er it,
England's parsons bow before it

All.—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
Bexley, talk, and Kenyon, scribble.

2nd B.—Cool it now with * * * 's blood,
So the charm is firm and good. [*Exeunt,*

THOMAS MOORE.

THE DERBY VOTER'S SOLILOQUY.

(*Spoken in a darkened doorway with his face to the wall.*)

Is this a sovereign which I feel behind me,
Slipp'd gently into my hand? Come, let me sack thee:
Art thou not precious metal, sensible
To vision as to touch? or art thou but
A sovereign of the mind, a false sensation,
Proceeding from the beer-oppressed brain?
I feel thee yet, a coin as palpable
As this I now produce.
Thou hint'st to me the side whereon I'm going;
And such a candidate I am to choose.
My conscience is the weakest of my senses,
Which should rule all the rest. I feel thee still—
A blade that has no gudgeon in his blood,
I ne'er was sold before. Pooh! no such thing;
It is the freeman's privilege which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now throughout all the land
Protection's dead; and wicked bribes abuse
The voter's trust; now COPPOCK celebrates
Corruption's offerings; and cunning EDWARDS,
Subduing easy principle with pelf,
Prowls on the watch, and thus with hidden face,
The stumpy lavishes wide towards his design,
Mute as a post. Ye men of sense and worth,
Mark not my course, which way I vote, for fear,
My very looks show I've been tamper'd with;
And take the present honour from my name
That now rests with it. Whiles I yet shall live,
Votes I for treats and feeds and gold will give.
I go and plump anon: the chink invites me.
Hear it not, BERESFORD! for 'tis a knell
That summons thee to follow JACOB BELL!

Punch, August, 1852.

So great was the success of "The Rejected Addresses," that many inferior imitations were issued, amongst them being a small Volume, entitled "Accepted Addresses" published by Thomas Tegg. In it are poems jocularly ascribed to Lord Byron, and Walter Scott, there is also a burlesque, entitled "*Macbeth Travestie*, in three acts. With Burlesque annotations, after the manner of Dr. Johnson, G. Stevens, Esq., and the various Commentators." The author acknowledges that the favorable reception which attended the Travestie on *Hamlet*, by John Poole, gave him the suggestion for the undertaking, to which it must be said, it is much inferior. It contains no parodies of sufficient interest or merit to be quoted.

There was another "Macbeth Travestie" in two acts, written by Francis Talfourd, and performed at Henley-on-Thames, on the day of the regatta, June 17, 1847. This was published by E. T. Spiers, of High Street, Oxford, it was afterwards produced, with slight alterations, at the Strand Theatre, on January 10, 1848; and again at the Olympic Theatre, on April 25, 1853, when the part of Macbeth was performed by F. Robson. The London Edition (published by Lacy) has a humourous preface by William Farren. The Incantation Scene (scene IV., act II.) commences thus:—

WITCHES (*singing*)

We'll raise a jolly good spell-oh!
We'll raise a jolly good spell-oh!
We'll raise a jolly good spell-oh!
Macbeth to terrify!
Macbeth to terrify!
Macbeth to terrify!

It's a way they had on the stage-oh!
When Melodrame was all the rage-oh!
The audience with spells to engage-oh!
So we'll at a spell have a shy!
So we'll, &c.

THE INCANTATION.

1st WITCH.—Apron strings of old maids-tabbies;
Tongues of spifflicated babbies;
Joinville of a greasy gent,
Reeking with unhallowed scent.

2nd WITCH.—Beards of maggots, maws of mummies,
Fingers of flue-strangled chummies
Heap in humbugs all to aid us—
Banjos, bones, and serenaders!

Holloway's grease, and Frampton's pills,
Fuel fierce of human ills!
Mild emetics—one a dose is;
Seventy-seven street-sweepers' noses!

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Fashion new, that taste perverts—
See "*the last new thing* in shirts!"
Slangy coats of aspect rare;
And the "gent's real head of hair!"

ALL THREE.—Double, double, toil and trouble—
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble!

Enter MACBETH.

MACB.—That's right, my hearties, keep the pot a boiling,
I trust I'm not a family party spoiling.
Perhaps you'll tell me what it is you brew,
For I've dropped in to take *pot luck* with you;
That is, I'd know my destiny; you see,
I'm not so easy as I'd wish to be.

1*st* WITCH.—You've come to the right shop, my lord, for we
Can read the future.

MACB.— *Read?* You know full well,
It takes you all you know to raise a *spell*,

2*nd* WITCH.—Learn, Macbeth, for you're haughtiness of late,
Yours is a sort of *horti*-cultural *fate*!

MACB.—No matter—let me know it!

1*st* WITCH.— If it ease you
But don't blame me if what you hear don't please you.

——:o:——

MAKING THE PUDDING.

A Christmas Incantation.

1*st Witch*.—Thrice have I the currants picked!

2*nd Witch*.—Thrice; and I've the raisins stoned.

3*rd Witch*.—Then to mix 'tis time, 'tis time.

1*st Witch*.—Round about the pan then go,
In the flour and bread crumbs throw;
Salt and spice and suet add—
See the last named is not bad;
And with all your might and main,
Mix and stir and mix again!

All.—Hark! the pot begins to bubble
We our labour must redouble.

2*nd Witch*.—Plums and currants now we take,
And the sugar in we shake;
Candied peel and citron, too—
Get it fresh whate'er you do!
And ere any item sticks
Let us everything re-mix.

All.—Never mind a little trouble,
Extra praise will pay us double.

3*rd Witch*.—Now the eggs well beaten up
Pour in gently from a cup;
Add of milk a little drop,
And from stirring do not stop
Till the wooden spoon you pass
Through a well comm'ngled mass.
Then when you can mix no more,
Over all the brandy pour,
None must idle then remain,
Each in turn must mix again.

All.—True, it seems a lot of trouble
Ere it in the pot can bubble!

1*st Witch*.—Now the basins we prepare,
Butter we each one with care,
Then with pudding them we fill,
And the cloth adjust with skill.
See the water's boiling hot,
Ere we pop them in the pot,
And not wishing them to spoil,
For ten hours we'll let them boil.

All.—Now they're in, the water bubbles!
Comes the end of all our troubles.

Enter Mistress of the House.

M. of H.—Well done, girls, I commend your pains,
One more duty only remains,
You must all join hands and sing
Like elves and fairies in a ring;
And what time your puddings boil
Sing, and thus forget your toil.

ANONYMOUS.

——:o:——

THE MODERN MACBETH.

CHARACTERS.

Mac Gladstone, Mrs. Mac Gladstone, Joe Mac Caucus.

SCENE.—*The dining-room in Downing Street.*

MAC GLAD.—Here now methinks our ministry were safe,
Were the graced person of our Gordon here,
Him do I challenge for his obstinacy
In sticking at Khartoum.

JOE MAC C.— His absence, sir,
Is hard upon the Government. Please you, sir,
To grace us with your everlasting speech.

MAC GLAD.—There is no seat.

MRS. MAC GLAD.— Here is a place for you.

MAC GLAD.—Who has played me this trick?

JOE MAC C.— What, Grand Old Man?

(*Ghost of* GORDON *rises and sits in* MAC GLADSTONE'S *seat*.)

MAC GLAD.—Thou can'st not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me,

MRS. MAC GLAD.— O my good lord!
Read the *Spectator* and the *Daily News*,
So you shall see your veritable self
No murderer, but simply one who sent
A hero to his death, so you might gain
A fair majority; and now that's done
You look but on a corse.

MAC GLAD.— Aye, there's the rub;
Blood I have shed ere now, blood must be shed
If I am to keep office; murders, too
Must be performed; but why does this man rise,

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With thousands freshly massacred around him,
To push me from my place? The public curse
Is worse than murder.

JOE MAC C.— By these affidavits,
So cheaply forged in famous Brummagem,
The Caucus lacks you.

[*Ghost disappears.*

MAC GLAD.— Oh, my perjured friends,
I have a strange infirmity: I see
Red spectres in the watches of the night,
Brave men I sent to death; but that is nothing
To those who vote for me! Here's wine, fill high,
I drink a health to all my Cabinet,
And to our dear friend Gordon whom we miss:
Would he were here! But yet methinks he saved
The Franchise Bill, and eke the Government,
A truly Christian scapegoat.

ALL.— Gordon's health.

[*Ghost appears again.*

MAC GLAD.—Avaunt, and quit my sight! the desert hide thee!
I hoped the vultures would have ta'en thy bones;
Thou hast appeals unanswered in thy hands,
A dreadful diary.

MRS. MAC GLAD.—Think of this, good friends,
As but a thing of custom, though 'tis hard
To hear a nation's curses on his head

MAC GLAD —What man dare, I dare;
Approach thou like the hated Beaconsfield,
The Salisbury, or trenchant Randolph Churchill,
Take any shape than that, and my glib tongue
Can argue thee away! Alive again,
Thou pointest to the desert with thy sword,
And trembling I behold thee! Hark, they call
The Grand Old Murderer! Hence, deathless shadow
Accusing victim hence!

(*Ghost disappears, and* MAC GLADSTONE *goes off to read the Lessons in Hawarden Church.*)

H. SAVILE CLARKE, 1885.

Shakespeare's Recipe for Cooking a Beefsteak.

If when 'twere done 'twere well done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.

OTHELLO.

—:o:—

Othello.—MOST potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charged withal,
I won his daughter.

OTHELLO., Act I. Scene III.

—:o:—

THE STROLLING PLAYER'S APOLOGY.

MOST potent, gay, irreverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good fellows;
That I have been a vagrant strolling player,
It is most true; true, I have been a mummer;
The very head and front of my profession,
Hath this extent; no more. Loud am I in speech,
And little bless'd with the smooth phrase of towns;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
'Till now some nine months wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the rafted barn;
And little of the theatre can I speak,
More than pertains to claps, and groans, and hisses;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of life; what cork, what brick dust,
What poverty, and what mighty shifts,
(For such calamities I've met withal)
Rank me with your honours.

ANONYMOUS.

—:o:—

KENEALY'S SPEECH TO THE SENATE.

MOST potent, grave, and reverent seigniors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have pleaded long Sir Roger's cause
It is most true. True, I have muddled it;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in speech,
And little blessed with the set Commons' phrase;
For since these hands of mine held Roger's brief
Till now by Stoke elected, they have used
Their dearest action in that troubled field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to bearding judge and jury,
And therefore shall I little grace my cause
In speaking of myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will the round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of pleading—"proofs of hair,"
Of "love maternal"—"manners most refined"
(With such were the proceedings charged withal).
I told as records of the Claimant's life;

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From year to year, with wrecks and butchering,
Passed "under the broad canopy of heaven."
I ran it through even from his boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Therein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of Wagga-Wagga wandering to and fro,
And his returning as the Rightful Heir.
These things to hear
The British public seriously inclined;
And many a day did they with greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found the means
To start a newspaper—*The Englishman*—
Where all this pilgrimage I could dilate,
Whereof by parcels they had something heard;
And oft did I beguile them of their pence,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
Which his youth suffered. My story being done,
The judge and jury heeded not my sighs;
They said in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;
They wished they had not said it; yea they wished
That they had never heard the Claimant's name,
And bade me, if I had a foe I hated,
Go tell him the everlasting story,
And then my client doomed to durance vile.
Then rose the readers of *The Englishman*,
And cried throughout the land with one accord,
"Appeal to Parliament!"
On that hint I spake—
They loved me for my notoriety,
And I loved them since it did profit me—
Therefore unto this Senate I appeal,
That my lost client should at once be free!

Funny Folks, May 8, 1875.

——:o:——

Iago's high-sounding words about his reputation:—

"Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse steals trash—'tis something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed!"

were once quoted (so Tom Ingoldsby tells us) by a country baronet at a general election. Perhaps his memory failed him, or perhaps he thought to "gild refined gold!" His version was:—

"Who steals my purse steals stuff!
'Twas mine—'tisn't his— nor nobody else's!
But he who runs away with my GOOD NAME,
Robs me of what does not do him any good,
And makes me deuced poor!"

——:o:——

Othello.— O, now, for ever
Farewell, the tranquil mind! farewell, content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell, the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Act III. Scene III.

This favorite passage is cleverly imitated in George Colman's Epilogue to Sheridan's "School for Scandal." Lady Teazle, who has decided to renounce Scandal, to live in peace with her husband, delivers the epilogue from which the following is an extract:—

"Farewell, the tranquil mind! farewell, content!
Farewell, the plumed head, the cushioned tête,
That takes the cushion from its proper seat!
That spirit-stirring drum*—card drums I mean,
Spadille, odd trick, pam, basto, king and queen;
And you, ye knockers, that with brazen throat,
The welcome visitor's approach denote!
Farewell, all quality of high renown,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious town!
Farewell, your revels I partake no more,
And Lady Teazle's occupation's o'er!"

THE UNDERTAKER'S FAREWELL.

O, NOW, for ever,
Farewell the mourning coach! Farewell the scarf!
Farewell the plumed hearse and the bad gloves,
That make a funeral's profit! O farewell!
Farewell the sable steeds, and the black crape,
The spirit-swilling mutes, the expensive pall,
Pride, pomp, and vanity of gainful death:
And you, ye undertakers, whose long bills
The beak of snipe or woodcock counterfeit,
Farewell! your knavish occupation's gone.

Punch, December, 1849.

O EVANS!

Middle-aged Man about Town log.:—

FAREWELL the quiet chop! the kidneys poached!
Farewell the grizzled bones and the mixed drinks,
That made abstention virtue—O, farewell!
Farewell the ready waiter, the vague bill,
The nose-enlivening pinch, eye-winking smoke,
The kindly hand-shake, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of PADDY GREEN!
And O you ancient Basses, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamour counterfeit,
Farewell!—A fellow's occupation's gone!

Punch, November 1, 1879. *Othello improved.*

SHAKESPEARE PACKING UP HIS GOODS.

"I HAD been happy, if the General Thumb,
Barnum and all, had bought up the old house
In which I ne'er was born. But now for ever
Farewell the pencil'd wall! farewell the prints,
Farewell the well-thumb'd book, and all the names

* *Drum.*—"A drum, then, is an assembly of well-dressed persons of both sexes, most of whom play at cards, and the rest do nothing at all; while the mistress of the house performs the part of the landlady at an inn, and, like the landlady of an inn, prides herself in the number of her guests, though she doth not always, like her, get anything by it."—*Fielding*, History of a Foundling, p. xvii;, ch. 6.

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That made its pages precious ! Oh, farewell !
And oh you silver shillings, whose bright face
Our blessed Queen's fair portrait counterfeits.
Farewell ! Poor Shakespeare's sole support is gone ! "

From *The Man in the Moon*, Vol. 2.

SOLILOQUY OF THE MOOR OF COVENT GARDEN.

An address supposed to be delivered by Mr. John Philip Kemble, in the character of *Othello*, during the famous O. P. (old price) riots in Covent Garden Theatre, which commenced on September 18th, 1809. The public objected to the increased prices charged in the new theatre, and also to the additional number of small private boxes, which were intended to be let for the year. The riots continued until December 16th, when the old prices were restored.

I had been *happy* if th' united House,
Pit, galleries, and boxes,—all had paid
Their money *cheerily*, and riot we had none.
Oh ! now for ever farewell ambition's hope !
Farewell applause ! and side-long glances
From the boxes, thro' the sticks of fan,
Or from behind the kerchief-veiled face.
Farewell our golden hopes of swelling bags,
And long account at banker's.
Farewell ye wanton toys of feather'd cupid
In th' anti-chambers of the private annuals !
Hark ! the loud twanging of the bugle-horn,
Th' ear-piercing whistle, and terrific bell,
The plaguy placard, drum, and deafening rattle ;
The voice Stentorian, and the serpent's hiss !
Sibilant,—all, all awake me
From dreams delusive of eternal triumph !
And ye, ye catcalls, of infernal sound,
Whose barbarous sounds might even split the ears
Of Belzebub himself,—cease your horrific din,
No more the valiant *Dan*, with *host of Israel*,
Flank'd and supported by the Bow-street tribe
Of myrmidons, and bruisers *squaring* in the pit ;—
No more the phalanx dares to face the town.
O'erwhelm'd by numbers and determin'd hate,
No more the *orders* in the boxes now
Support the managers,—but placards wave,
And O. P.'s shine from every box ! *initials hateful* ;
All, all, our efforts are in vain, and fate decides
By the loud voice of the people,—*irresistible*,
That prices be reduced, and privacies
Thrown open —
Farewell,—OTHELLO's occupation's gone !

The Covent Garden Journal, 1810.

The Royal Dramatic College Annual, for July, 1868, contains an imaginary dialogue between Othello (Lord Dundreary) and Iago (Mr. Buckstone), written by Mr. T. F. Dillon-Croker. It is very amusing, but it is not strictly a parody.

WILLIAM IV. AND REFORM.

WHEN the great Reform Bill was thrown out by the Lords on May 7, 1832, the Ministry resigned, and the country was on the verge of Revolution. King William IV. who had hitherto been bitterly opposed to any Reforms, now induced the Ministers to resume office by reluctantly granting to Earl Grey full power to secure majorities, by the creation of new Peers. Henry, Lord Brougham, was then Lord Chancellor. The following parody appeared in *Figaro in London*, illustrated with portraits of the Puppet King ("Silly-Billy" he was styled), Earl Grey, and Lord Brougham.

THE ROYAL PUPPET.

"HERE is a representation of a puppet, the movements of which are occasioned by certain strings, which are held in the hands of persons who amuse themselves by pulling first one and then the other according as it may serve their temporary purposes. The funny little figure wriggles about first to one side and then the other just as it strikes the whim of those in whose hands he happens to be, and he is forced when acted on by them to play whatever antics they may deem desirable. One jerk may make the little fellow extend his hand in an attitude of friendship, while the next moment he may be made grotesquely to throw up his foot, as if he would kick down the very thing to which he had the moment before offered his hand, and thus he wriggles about in every sense of the word, the mere *puppet* of those who possess the power to play upon him. Occasionally the funny little figure is made to take part in a scenic representation, and here we give to our readers a specimen of certain interesting

STATE THEATRICALS.

The subject is chosen from Shakespeare's Othello, and the following is the cast of the principal characters."

OTHELLO, by *The Puppet*.

IAGO, by *Lord Brougham*.

DESDEMONA, by *Hibernia, the Sister Country*.

It would be needless and somewhat tedious to print the whole of the well-known tragedy,—showing how Desdemona was wronged, and Othello degraded, by the cunning of Iago.

For *Iago* and *Othello* we shall for the sake of verisimilitude insert the names of their representatives, Brougham and the Puppet.

Brougham.—Look where he comes, not Ballot nor Church Reform,
Nor e'en a Grant of Universal Suffrage,
Shall ever give to thee that high respect
Thou hadst but yesterday.

ENTER THE PUPPET.

Puppet.—Ha ! ha ! pelt at me ? at me ?

Brougham.—Why, how now, Governor ? no more of that.

Puppet.—Avaunt ! begone ! thou'st set me on the rack,
I swear, 'tis better to be much abused
Than but to know't a little.

Brougham.—How now, my lord.

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Puppet.—What sense had I, the Bill* would raise such a dust,
I saw it not—thought it not—it harm'd not me,
I slept the next night well—was gay and merry,
I heard no curses on the peoples' lips:
He that is damned, not hearing of the damning,
Let him not know't and he's not damned at all,

Brougham.—I am sorry to hear this.

Puppet.—I had been happy, if the general camp
Volunteers and all had slaughtered every body,
So I had nothing known! O now for ever
Farewell the people's love—farewell applause,
Farewell the loud "hurrah" and big "huzzas"
That made my rides so pleasant, O farewell!
Farewell the wave of hats, and the shrill "*bravo*,"
The kerchief-shaking, and all quality
Bows, shouts—the glorious products of Reform.
And O! ye papers! engines, whose anathemas
Th' immortal Figaro's dread cuts counterfeit,
Farewell! poor Billy's occupation's gone.

Brougham.—Is it possible, my lord?

Puppet.—(*Going fiercely to him*)—Villain! be sure you
Prove the Bill was wanted,
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof,
(*Seizing him by the throat.*)
Or by the worth of mine illustrious crown,
Thou had'st better have been born a dog—a dog, Brougham,
Than answer my waked wrath.

Brougham.—Is it come to this?

Puppet.—If thou dost wrong poor Erin and humbug me,
Never speak more—abandon all debate—
On taxes, head taxes accumulate,
Pass Bills to make Whigs weep, Tories amazed,
For nothing can'st thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Brougham.—O Place! O heaven defend me,
Are you a man? Have you a soul or sense?
Eldon be with you; take mine office—O wretched fool
That liv'st to make thy Whiggery a vice;
To be directly Whiggish is not safe.
I thank you for this profit—and from hence
I'll be no Whig—since Whigs give such offence.
(*Going.*)

Puppet.—Nay, stay,
I think the Bill is needed and think it's not,
I think the Whigs are right, yet think they're not.
Would I were satisfied.

Brougham.—How satisfied, my lord,
Would you the supervisor, go yourself to Erin,
And see her people.

Puppet.—Death and damnation! no!

Brougham.—It were a tedious bore, I think
To take an actual prospect: damn them, then.

Puppet.—I'll tear 'em all to pieces.

Brougham.—Nay, but be wise, tell me but this—

Puppet.—Oh, that the slaves had forty-thousand lives,
One each is far too poor for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis time, look here, Brougham,
All my reforming thus I blow to heaven,
'Tis gone—
Assist, black Tories, the blood-thirsty bill,
Yield up, O Whigs, thy former popularity
To hateful tyranny.

Brougham.—Pray be content.

Puppet.—Blood, Brougham, blood.

Brougham.—Patience, I say; our minds perhaps may change.

Puppet.—Never, Brougham,
By yonder civil list
I here engage my words. (*Kneels.*)

Brougham.—Do not rise yet:
Witness you ever-turning Whigs above,
You Tories too, still rolling round about,
Witness, that here, Brougham doth give up
The execution of his wit, hand, heart,
To worthy William's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soe'er.

Puppet.—I greet thy love, not with vain thanks,
But with acceptance bounteous,
Within these three months let me hear thee say
O'Connell's not at large.

Brougham.—Daniel's *in quod*,
'Tis done at your desire.

Puppet.—Now ar't thou quite my Chancellor.

Brougham.—I am thine own for ever. *Exeunt.*

* The coercive measure for Ireland.

——:o:——

A Scene from Othello.

Principal Characters.

Othello (on this occasion) by Mr. Punch.

The Lamp (one of the lights of the age) by Lord John Russell.

Enter Othello (Punch) taking the Lamp (Lord John Russell) *in his hand.*

It is the cause, by Jove, it is the cause;
Let me not name it to you, ye wild Rads.
It is the cause.
Put out Lord John and then put in Bob Peel.
Yet I'll not oust the Whigs,
Nor force the really able ones to go:
I'd rather aid them with some sticking plaster.
Yet he must out—or he'll betray more men.
Put out Lord John and then—put out the Whigs!
If I extinguish thee, thou flaming minister,
I can thy former place restore, should it repent me;
But once put out the Whigs, I know not where
That party is their places can supply.

Othello (Punch) sits down in a desponding attitude, and looking at the Lamp (Lord John Russell) he naturally falls asleep.

Punch, July 22, 1848.

——:o:——

A Scene from "Othello."

(*Adapted to Recent Events.*)

Iago (*a critic*). How now, dear sir?

**Othello* (*musing*). What sense had I to be thus madly thrust
Forth as Salvini's rival? Though his Moor
Was grand and passionate, it harmed not me.
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;

* Othello (on this occasion only) by Mr. Henry Irving.

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The public hailed me still the coming man.
He that is robbed, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't and he's not robbed at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Othello. I had been happy if a crowded house,
Critics and all, had seen me in the *Bells*,
Or *Hamlet*—but the Moor! O, now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!
Farewell the ringing cheer, the loud "brayvo"
That echoed from Olympus! O, farewell
To the young "gusher" of the *Semaphore*,
Who oft such "civil service" did to me;
To the loud *Thunderer*—to the shrilly trump
Of the stern *Tiser*, and the *Echo's* fife,
The Royal *Standard*, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious Puff!
And O, you mortal scribblers, whose swift pens
The drama's "palmy days" did counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible? But, sir——

Othello. Villain, be sure you prove me not the Moor.
Or, by the worth of my Shakespearian fame,
Thou hadst been better—better born a dog
Than answer my waked wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Othello. Make me to see 't, or at the least so prove it
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My dear, good sir——

Othello. If thou dost quiz my Moor and mimic me,
Never write more; abandon all remorse,
On horror's head horrors accumulate,
Do deeds to make your editor amazed,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than this.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!

Othello. I think that thou are just and think thou art not
I'll have some proof. My fame, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, cannot be grimed and black
As mine own face!
I'll not believe it. Would I were satisfied!

Funny Folks.

——:o:——

"OTHELLO TRAVESTIE, an operatic Burlesque Burletta," by Maurice G. Dowling, Esq., was first produced at the Liver Theatre, Liverpool, March, 1834, and was afterwards performed at the Strand Theatre, London.

This now reads as a very dull and stupid burlesque, in which the only approach at fun is obtained from causing Othello to speak, and act, like a negro melodist. The songs introduced are mostly founded on the Ethiopian melodies then popular, and there are no passages, of any merit, parodying the original tragedy.

This burlesque can still be obtained from Mr. Samuel French, 89, Strand, London.

There was a much earlier "Othello Travestie," published in 1813, of which details are wanting.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

TAKE, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain,

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, *Act IV. Scene* 1.

This song also occurs in Act V. Scene 2, of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, with the following additional stanza:—

HIDE, O, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears!
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

——:o:——

TAKE, O, take that bill away,
That, alas! long since was due!
Call again some other day,
When the trees do bud anew—
Maybe, dimly distant spring
Some financial change will bring.

——:o:——

HIGH GAME.

TAKE, oh! take the haunch away
Which all sweetness hath forsworn;
Never was more cruel day,
Close and muggy was the morn.
To stop my nose, alas! is vain;
John, bring the salmon up again.

Hide that fat, more white than snow,
Which the ven'son's bosom bears;
To the haunch mine eyes will grow,
Such a tempting form it wears;
If my tongue from taste were free,
Many a slice I'd eat of thee.

Rhapsodies, by W. H. Ireland, 1803.

——:o:——

In 1879 a Mr. Tracy Turnerelli acquired a certain notoriety in consequence of having organized a subscription to purchase a golden laurel wreath to be presented to Lord Beaconsfield. The subscription was entitled "The People's Tribute," and 52800 pennies were collected, the wreath was made and publicly exhibited, when, to the great disgust of Mr. Tracy Turnerelli, the Prime Minister declined the gift. Lord Beaconsfield's reasons were given in the following letter, which cleverly exposes the self-seeking motives of the organiser of this "Tribute":—

"10, Downing-street, Whitehall, June 16, 1879.—Sir,—Lord Beaconsfield desires me to inform you that he has received and carefully considered your letter of the 8th inst., in which you ask him to name a day for the presentation of a laurel wreath procured by the contributions of upwards of 50,000 of the people, which have been collected,

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according to your statement, with 'immense labour and never-yet-exampled efforts.' His lordship has, moreover, had before him the correspondence which during the last five years you have addressed to him, and he notices especially your complaints that your services have received no recognition at the hands of the leaders of the Conservative party, and the expression of your hope that 'sooner or later they will meet with reward.' Although Lord Beaconsfield would fully appreciate and value a spontaneous gift from his fellow-subjects belonging to a class in which he has ever taken the warmest interest, he cannot but feel that, being himself intimately connected with honours and rewards, he is precluded by the spirit in which you have previously addressed him from accepting a gift thus originated, and proffered in a manner which he cannot deem satisfactory.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant, ALGERNON TURNOR.

Tracy Turnerelli, Esq."

The golden wreath was publicly exhibited at the Crystal Palace, and afterwards at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

——:o——

"THE WREATH."

TAKE, oh take that wreath away,
Which so many pennies cost,
On which labour "ne'er-to-be—
Calculated" has been lost:
But true honour bring again;—
"Peace with honour" is in vain.

Send, oh send those pennies back
To the fools who sent them you:
They will all their pennies lack
When their income tax is due.
Though you've cozened such a mass,
Turnerelli, you're an ass.

Bits of Beaconsfield, a New Series of Disraeli's Curiosities of Literature, (Abel Heywood & Son, Manchester.)

To which Turnerelli is supposed to have replied in the following parody of Ben Jonson:

THE WREATH.

(After an old model).

I bought thee late a golden wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving me a hope that I
Thy pensioner might be.
But thou thereat didst only sneer,
And wouldst have none of me;
Since when I hate the thing, I swear,
Not for itself, but thee.

Funny Folks, July, 1879.

THE WREATH REFUSED.

TAKE, oh take that wreath away,
Though it shine as bright as morn,
Never shall the Lib'rals say,
I am open to their scorn;
And though you may come again,
You will always come in vain.

Hide, oh hide that saucy head,
Which your portly body bears;
Had you only brought instead
Something which a noble wears,
As they give to Gladstone now,
You would then have saved this row.

True, oh true I should have nipped
This mad scheme when it began;
But I did not think your gift
Would be chaffed by every man.
And, alas, my Honoured Peace,
Does no longer gull the geese!

Beaconsfield the Immaculate. (F. E. Longley, London, 1880.)

——:o:——

ERIN'S APPEAL TO BRITANNIA.

TAKE, O, take Parnell away,
Though so loudly he hath sworn;
God forgive me if I say,
Would he never had been born;
And if thou canst take another,
Take his sister;—take his mother!

Take from poor unhappy maid
All the "friends" that prey upon her;
Keep the lot that *hasn't stayed*—
Prudent Egan and O'Connor;
And if short of patriot vigour,
Try O'Sullivan;—try Biggar!

ANONYMOUS.

Grins and Groans, 1882.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

Enter RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *solus.*

Glou. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks;
Nor made to court an amorous looking glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,

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And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant upon mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

This speech was chosen as the original for a parody competition in *The World*, in September, 1879, the subject to be treated being "The Return of Lord Chelmsford and other officers from Zululand."

FIRST PRIZE.

LORD C. *loq.* Now is the night of our despondency
Illumined with the star of victory;
And all the gloom that hung on Afric's coast
Lost in the glory of Ulundi's fame.
Now are our battered arms with laurels crowned;
Our stern defences turned to swift pursuit;
Our laagered outposts into merry camps.
Now may the mounted staff in bright array—
Where lurks no more the dangerous ambuscade—
Pursue the track of frightened fugitives,
Cantering as gaily, as on Rotten Row
With amorous glance when Phryne tempts pursuit.
But I, that care not for these showy tricks,
To make sensation pictures for the press;
I, that am plain of speech, and lack the grace
Of smooth reporters to exaggerate
The lame conclusion and unfinished aim
Of a safe skirmish with some half-armed tribes
Into the conduct of a mighty war,
So that the farce makes laughter for the clubs,—
Why I, who bore the burden of the fight,
Can smile to see *his* swaggering airs,
Who would make me the shadow to his sun,
And boast his strength in my infirmity.
Since, then, I cannot turn a sycophant
To woo the loud-mouthed plaudits of the mob,
I scorn the changing fancies of these days,
And wait the verdict of impartial fame.
Plain can I see the drift of Wolseley's plots:
By false deductions and imputed blame
To make our victories all imperfect seem,
Our troops superfluous, and his skill supreme.
No matter! For our Queen, as true and just
As meaner minds are vain and envious,
This day hath bid me to her gracious court;
And our Queen's smile—no prophet needs to say—
Is the sure prelude of a nations praise.

OLD LOG.

SECOND PRIZE.

SCENE: *Zululand, the Bush. Enter* CETEWAYO, *with an English newspaper.*

CET. Now are the grumblings of their discontent
Turned all too strangely into blatant talk;
And all the angry questionings in their House
In the deep mockery of sham welcomes buried.
Now are some brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Their late misdeeds held up for monuments,
Their vacillations changed to themes for greetings,
Their rearward marches to prudential measures.
Grim-visaged warriors seam their laughing fronts
To see how he who breathless urged his steed,
Frightened to death of Zulu adversaries,
Now poses blandly in the festive chamber,
And speaks, when better taste should make him mute.
But I, that know not much of party tricks,
Nor how defeats seem through their looking-glass;
I, that have rudely stamped upon their majesty,
Nor failed to chase them oft from veld and drift;
I, though curtailed of all my realm's proportions,
Cheated of fealty by their politic measures,
Dethroned, diminished, sent in double time
Into this uttermost bush, with peace made up
So lamely and of such apparent patchwork
That men laugh at it as I talk to them,—
Why I, in this weak parody on peace,
Should scorn like these to pass away the time,
Mistaking much the shadow for the sun,
And braying forth their own deformity;
And therefore—though I cannot fall much lower
In all things needful in these latter days—
I envy not the braggartdom of Britain,
And hate the rampant rubbish of her ways,
As shown me in this paper—dangerous
And morbid prophecies, libels, and schemes
To set my brother chiefs against their king,
In deadly hate the one against the other.
And if Cetewayo views the future just
Of these same English, false and treacherous—
If 'penny dreadfuls' be not close mew'd up—
This is his prophecy: *That they and G.*
Of England's fame the murderers shall be.
Brim up, thoughts o'er my soul! my time yet comes.

LINDENFELD.

The World, September 10, 1879.

"Kinge Richard ye Third, or ye Battel of Bosworth Field; a merry mysterie," in one act, by Charles Selby, was produced at the Strand Theatre, on February 26, 1844. This burlesque can be obtained from Mr. Samuel French, 89, Strand, London.

A much more ambitious burlesque of the same tragedy was produced at the New Royalty Theatre,

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Soho, during the management of Miss Oliver, on September 24, 1868. This was written by F. C. Burnand, and was entitled "The Rise and Fall of Richard III; or a new Front to an old Dicky."

The cast was as follows: —

Duke of Gloster, afterwards, in Scene 2, Richard the Third (a character drawn, from the ideal of a Richardsonian playwright and a Colley-*Cibber-wright*). He is a humpbacked, knocknee'd, generally hideous; altogether a '*beautiful part*' played by ..... Mr. DEWAR.

Henry, Earl of Richmond (original Proprietor of the Star and Garter). Henry Richmond "passed the best years of his life in Brittany, and was more of a Frenchman than an Englishman" ..... Miss CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS.

Lord Stanley (Richmond's stepfather devoted to his cause unless Richard wins the day) Mr. RUSSELL.

The Duke of Buckingham (Richard's friend and then his enemy)..... Miss ANNIE COLLINSON.

Sir John Catesby, or *Cats-by* (Richard's ally) Miss NELLIE BROMLEY.

Tyrrel (a descendant of the gentleman who killed William Rufus). An hereditary villain. Richard's "creature" ..... Mr. DAY.

The Lord Mayor of London ..... Mr. KENWARD.

The Recorder, by the gentleman who wrote the celebrated history, *i.e.* ..... Mr. COBBETT.

The Mace ..... Mr. CHARLES

Pages of History ..... By LADIES of the BALLET.

Duchess of York (mother of Richard the Third) Mr. DANVERS.

Lady Anne .... Miss THOMPSON.

and

Princess Elizabeth (betrothed to Richmond) Miss M. OLIVER.

There have been several other burlesques of this tragedy; Richard III. Travestie, with annotations, by William By, 1816; Richard III. Travestie, 1823; and Richard III. burlesqued, by J. Sterling Coyne, 1844.

KING HENRY VIII.

Cardinal Wolsey

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Act III., Sc. II.

LAMENT OF THE EMINENT ONE.

Henry Irving

FAREWELL! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is mistaken man: to night he puts forth
The jingling Bells; then Charles; then the mad Dane,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
Then comes a sudden frost, a fearful frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man full surely
His eminence is admitted—stops his flight
And down, kerslap! he tumbles! I have fancied,
Like frogs puffed up with pride, myself an ox;
And grew so swollen with my own vain-glory,
That I was doomed to burst. My fragments fell
Upon that new laid stage expressly built,
*By Mrs. B., to bear me stiffly up.
Thus I am left a prey
For some rude knaves that will for weeks yet hide me.
Remorseless scribblers of the press, I hate ye!
I feel ye at my throat,—yet there is one—
One silver-haired old man who swears by me,
Who comforts me be *Times* with lines of praise,
And says 'tis quite O. K. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on critics' favors:
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet incense of printer's ink, and blame,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have.
No matter! *He* proclaims me eminent,
And in his burning words no trace of slate—
Thus may I hope again.

The Figaro, October 2, 1875.

MR. GLADSTONE AND HIS OLD CHINA.

The following, which purports to be a meditation of our junior member for Greenwich on his past career, called forth by the recent sale of his Pictures and Old China, was according to the *Morning Advertiser*, picked up in the sale room at Christie's, at the close of Mr. Gladstone's sale on Saturday last. Our spirited contemporary admits that the only evidence as to its authorship is internal, and is inclined to think it by no means reliable, but this is a matter respecting which all who read it are at liberty to form their own opinion :—

"FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my teapots;
My tazzas, plaques, medallions, dishes, cups;
For all are gone—no shred remains behind.
This is the way with man. To-day he buys
The choice, cracked specimens of divers wares;
Collects with ardour Dresden, Chelsea, Bow,

*Mrs. Bateman.

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And ransacks town for Derby and Berlin ;
With taste eclectic, if not critical,
Fills all his rooms. To-morrow, hugs his store,
And swears that not one vase, one plate shall go.
The third day comes, and straightway in *The Times*
Doth Christie set forth in advertisement
The details of that once-loved china store,
And sells by public auction every piece.
This is the fashion—I have followed it,
My china, like my former fame, is gone ;
I have outlived my greatness and my ware ;
My Wedgwood and my power alike have passed.
The thought is very bitter. Oh how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on people's favor !
Two years ago I was the 'People's William,'
My name a power at Greenwich and elsewhere.
The Churches trembled, and the Income Tax
Shook lest its last twopenny pieces went.
I was Dictator then." * *
* * * * * * *

The Kentish Mercury, July 3, 1875.

College Rhymes (Oxford) contains a long parody of this scene from Henry VIII. See p. 178, vol. 14.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Brutus.—Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant I honour him ; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ; honour for his valour ; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

ACT iii. SCENE ii.

A POACHING ACTOR.

A poor itinerant player, caught performing the part of a poacher, and being taken before the magistrates assembled at a quarter sessions for examination, one of them asked him what right he had to kill a hare ? when he replied in the following parody on Brutus' speech to the Romans in defence of the death of Cæsar :—

"Britons, hungrymen, and epicures ! hear me for my cause ; and be silent—that you may hear ; believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of this hare, to him I say, that a player's love for hare is no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why a player rose against a hare, this is my answer—not that I loved hare less, but that I loved eating more. Had you rather this hare were living, and I had died starving—than that this hare were dead, that I might live a jolly fellow ? As this hare was pretty, I weep for him ; as he was nimble, I rejoice at it ; as he was plump, I honour him ; but, as he was eatable, I slew him. There are tears for his beauty ; honour for his condition ; joy for his speed ; and death for his toothsomeness. Who is here so cruel would see a starved man ? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so silly that would not take a tit-bit ? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so sleek that does not love his belly ? If any, speak, for him have I offended."

"You have offended justice, sirrah," cried one of the magistrates, out of all patience at this long and strange harangue.

"Then," cried the culprit, guessing at the hungry feelings of the bench, "since justice is dissatisfied, it must needs have something to devour ; heaven forbid I should keep any gentleman from his dinner—so, if you please, I'll wish your worships a good day, and a good appetite."

——:o:——

Marc Antony.—

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him ?
O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ;
My heart is in the Coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

Act III., Sc. II.

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This oration was recently selected as the original for a parody competition in *The Weekly Dispatch*, the subject treated being the political situation on the resignation of Mr. Gladstone.

The Prize was awarded to Mr. T. Alderson Wilson, 3, Church Terrace, Queen's Road, South Lambeth, S.W., for the following:—

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT (LOQ.);

WHIGS, Lib'rals, Radicals, lend me your ears;
I cannot speak of Gladstone and not praise him,
The work that statesmen do lives after them,
Though it is oft imperilled by their fall.
So will it be with Gladstone. The noble marquis
Hath told you Gladstone was ambitious.
If it were so, now by the late default
Of his supporters he hath answered it.
Here, under leave of Cecil and the rest
(For Cecil is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men),
Come I to speak on Gladstone's overthrow.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Cecil says he was ambitious;
And Cecil is an honourable man.
He hath brought many markets to our trade,
Whose commerce doth the general coffers fill.
Did this in Gladstone seem ambitious?
When "Tax the Corn!" they cried, Gladstone hath kept
Taxation from the tables of the poor,
Yet Cecil says he was ambitious;
And Cecil is an honourable man.
You all did see that in her audience-room
The Queen did offer him a coronet,
The which he did refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Cecil says he was ambitious;
And Cecil is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Cecil spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did rally round him and his cause,
What cause withholds you now to vote for him?
O Judgment, thou hast passed from Radicals,
And Whigs have lost their reason! Bear with me;
My heart is on the benches Ministerial,
And I must sigh till I get back to them!

The following were highly commended:—

JOHN BRIGHT (LOQ.):

FRIENDS, Britons, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to speak of Gladstone, not to praise him.
The evil that men do is loudly bruited;
The good should live to answer in their praise.
So let it be with Gladstone. The noble Churchill
Hath told you Gladstone is disloyal:
If he be so, it is a grievous fault,
And grievously shall Gladstone answer it.
Here under leave of Churchill and the rest
(For Churchill is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men),
Come I to speak of Gladstone my free mind.
He is my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Churchill says he is disloyal;
And Churchill is an honourable man.
He hath in many a Budget swept away
The taxes that oppressed your daily wants.
Did this in Gladstone seem disloyal?
When that the poor were dumb he gave them voice—
Disloyalty's not made of trustful stuff:
Yet Churchill says he is disloyal;
And Churchill is an honourable man.
You all do know that when he sought repose
You, trumpet-tongued, did call him from his rest
To remedy your wrongs. Was this disloyal?
Yet Churchill says he is disloyal;
And sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Churchill spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once—not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to vote for him?
O Judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart's in Opposition there with Gladstone,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

H. L. BRICKEL.

FRIENDS, voters, countrymen, lend me your ears;
'Tis yours to judge of Gladstone, not to jeer him.
The evil statesmen do, lives after them,
The good is oft forgotten when they go.
So let it be with Gladstone. The noble Churchill
Hath told you Gladstone was a traitor:
If he were so, his was a grievous fault,
And at the polls will Gladstone answer it.
Here, begging leave of Randolph and the rest
(For Randolph is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men),
Come I to speak of Gladstone's recent deeds.
He was our friend, faithful and just to us:
But Churchill says he was a traitor;
And Churchill is an honourable man.
He hath to twice a million given votes,
Who, ransomed, now the land with gladness fill.
Did this in Gladstone seem as trait'rous?
When that the Irish groaned, Gladstone hath risked
His reputation to remove their woes:
Yet Churchill says he was a traitor;
And Churchill is an honourable man.
You all did see that ere he office left
The Queen presented him a fossil's crown,
Which humbly he refused. Perhaps this was trait'rous?
For Churchill says he was a traitor;
And sure the bauble he'd have grasped himself.
I speak not to disprove what Churchill spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause,
What cause withholds you all to love him now?
O Office, thou art gone to Brag and Bung!
But voters still have reason. And this mark—
Their hearts are in the good cause, and with Gladstone;
And he will work till reeling Jingo's crushed.

GEORGE MALLINSON.

The Weekly Dispatch, June 28, 1885.

CYMBELINE.

SONG.

Guiderius. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task has done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

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Arviragus. Fear no more, the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guiderius. Fear no more the lightning flash.

Arviragus. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

Guiderius. Fear not slander, censure rash;

Arviragus. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guiderius. No exorciser harm thee!

Arviragus. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Guiderius. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arviragus. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Act IV. Scene II.

—:o:—

TO L. P. ON TAKING HIS DEGREE.

FEAR no more the voice of the don,
Nor the oft-cut tutor's rages,
Thou thy Oxford course hast run,
And art numbered with the sages.
All Oxford men, its my belief,
Must graduate or come to grief.

Fear no more the snarl of the sub*,
Thou art past that tyrant's stroke.
No more buttery beer, and grub,
No more rows with sported oak!
Even X.—— himself, its my belief,
Must graduate or come to grief!

Fear no more the bull-dog's dash,
Nor pursuing proctor's tone.
Fear not rustication rash,
Thou art now a graduate grown!
All we, like thee, its my belief,
Must do the same or come to grief!
No dun's accountant harm thee!
No ugly woman charm thee!
Tick unpaid forbear thee!
Never bill come near thee!
Prosper, flourish, gain renown,
Ere you take the master's gown!

Odd Echoes from Oxford, by A. Merion, B.A. (London, J. C. Hotten, 1872).



AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT II. SCENE VII. *The Forest.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, *and* Lords *like* outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms and yet a motley fool.
"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune;"
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags.
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

A COLD RENDERING.

The open-air performances of *As You Like it* at Combe are all very well, but under the influences of an east wind and damp ground, colds in the head come on very rapidly, just imagine the melancholy Jaques speaking thus:—

A FOOL, a fool!—I bet a fool i' the forest,
A botley fool;—a biserable world!
As I do live by—attishu—food, I bet a fool;
Who laid hib dowd ad bask'd hib id the sud,
Ad rail'd od Lady Fortude id good terbs,
Id good set terbs—attishu—ad yet a botley fool.
"Good borrow, fool," quoth I, "Dough, sir," quoth he.
"Call be dot fool till heaved has sed be fortude."
Ad—attishu—thed he drew a dial frob his poke,
Ad lookid od it with lack lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It's ted o'clock;
Thus we bay see" quoth he, "how the world wags,
Tis but ad hour ago sidce it was dide;
Ad after ad—attishu—hour bore, 'twill be eleved;
Ad so frob hour to hour, we ripe ad ripe,
Ad thed frob hour to hour we rot ad rot,
Ad thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear,
The botley fool thus boral od the tibe,
My lugs begad to crow like chadticleer,
That fools should be so deep-codtebplative;
Ad I did laugh, sads idterbissiod,
Ad—attishu—hour by his dial. O doble fool!
A worthy fool! Botley's the odly wear—attishu!

Funny Folks, 1885.

* Sub-Warden, Sub-Rectors, &c.

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Melancholy Jaques on the Dude.

A DUDE—a dude! I met a dude i' the avenue;
A silly dude;—a most conceited blockhead!—
As I do live by toil, I met a dude,
Who sucked his cane, and basked him in the sun,
And ogled all the ladies with his grin;
With good broad grin, and yet a silly dude.
"Good morrow, dude," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he.
"Call me not dude till I have put on corsets;"
And then he drew an eye-glass from his poke,
And looking through it with lack-lustre eye,
Said, very softly, "She's the proper soot!
Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
The last that passed was ugly as my cane;
The next that comes may be a very angel.
And, so from hour to hour, we bloom and bloom,
And then, from hour to hour, we fade and fade,
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The silly dude thus comment on the girls,
My toes began to itch like chilblain toes,
That dudes should be so deep-nonsensical;
And I did kick, sans intermission,
That dude for half an hour. Oh, noble dude!
A worthy dude!—skin-tight's the only wear.

—:o:—

ALL the world's a Newspaper!
And all our men and women merely *readers*:
They have their tastes and their hobby horses,
And each one in his turn receives a part,
The number being *seven*—First the Poet,
Fond of the jingling line and tinsel smile,
Enjoying tortur'd sense and strangling art,
But if the line flows smoothly to its end,
For ever bathing in the Aonean font;
Him nought but sonnets, stanzas, odes, delight,
And so he reads his part. Next comes in view
The sober, softly-s ghing Sentimentalist,
Seeking for rapture in the—dashy—line,
The Shandean tale, ill told compar'd with Sterne's,
They fragments choose, and tales and anecdotes.
Next the Wit, relishing the fun obscene
If but the point be gross—Him repartees,
Bon mots and gummy epigrams must please.
And then the Politician, full of strange whims;
Seeking essays, strictures, observations,
With solemn phiz, talking of revolutions,
Patriot armies, sieges, and leagues of despots;
Of neutral powers and of neutral rights, cabals,
Of foreign interference, suability of states,
And all the mazes of the court police.
He marks each signature—what Brutus writes he reads,
And turns his eye from Cassius—sees in some men
The wish to bond us to a foreign yoke;
In others, sees the wish for nature's state,
And have the curbed bit of law destroy'd,
That like the savage all might rove at will,
Free as the air they breathe; while some he sees,
Who wish the government of purest source
And subordination, might secure
Our fair inheritance—These form the general mass.
Next comes the Economist, hunting for recipes,
Receipts, experiments.—With up turn'd nose
He runs o'er prose and verse, and like to Hotspur
Had rather be a Kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad loves.
The grade of Moralist next advance to view!
Fond of the maxim sage, and sober precept:
They once a week expect their frugal fare,
To mend the manners and instruct the mind,
Last comes the pale and slipper'd Wonder Hun'er,
Intent on dying speeches,—hurricanes,
Malignant fevers, pestilence and want.—
Of thousands butcher'd on the bloody field,
And thousands starving in the wasted land,
They thunder storms delight in, and seek
With earnest eye for deaths and murders,
Of people drown'd. or burnt, or suffocated,
Learn whom the Knot of Hymen has fast tied,
And whom the Knot of Justice faster noos'd;
With the long list of every human ill.
These all must have their part. The printer, else,
Is but the standing mark of censure loud,
These tastes *not* gratified, they will all growl,
And cry the papers barren, empty, dull,
Sans news, sans sense, sans art, sans everything.

From *The British Minstrel*, a collection of Songs, Recitations, &c.

September 25, 1824.

———

Bud, Blossom, and Decay.

"ALL the world's a stage" in several stages;
Great Shakespeare says our acts are seven ages,
"And all the men and women players merely."
See "As you like it," which informs us clearly
We have our entrances and exits here,
And many of us no great shakes appear.
"King John," "Macbeth," and others of his plays,
Confirm our wickedness in many ways;
First, the Infant in its nurse's arms, it
'Mewles and pukes," and as it cries she calms it.
Next there's the Schoolboy constantly declining
The verb "to work," and with his satchel whining,
As on he creeps, like snail, at *slug*-gard's pace—
A *sun* not always "with a shining face:"
Until he learns 'tis easier to be good,
His master being in th' imperative mood;
And if the youth is backward in the school,
He has his knuckles reddened with the rule.
The rule of three he does not deem much fun,
While he is flinching at the rule of one,
Who makes him only ten times more perplexed;
The lover, *à la* Vilikin comes next,
And who, like Vilikin, trolls out a ballad
As neatly garnished as a lobster salad;
"Made to his mistress' eyebrow;" to some air,
Which howsome'er she says she cannot bear.
Sometimes this age betokens noisy gent
Not coming home till midnight is far spent
Who cannot from the knockers quite abstain,
Of which the quiet inmates will complain.
Sometimes these fast young men after the play,
At Cyder Cellars turn night into day,
This they call "Killing time," until they learn
Old Time may, perhaps the compliment return.
Then come the Soldiers and the Volunteers—
In other words the prime of life appears—
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, zealous when on guard;
Seeking without the least intimidation,
What Shakespeare calls "the bubble reputation."
'Tis strange they are not *bored* with so much *drilling*,
While practising the noble art of killing!
Next is the Justice, and he just is fat,
Living on law—not always justice that!
Proving beyond all doubt, by frequent panting,

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The law he lives on is not that of Banting;
His body (outside) like a water butt
But not within! His beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws (such as are seldom seen
Excepting at a carpenter's I ween)
And modern instances; and so he plays
His part, until he sees declining days
Announce another age, when enters soon
The sixth, "the lean and slippered Pantaloon,"
"With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
"His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
"For his shrunk shank;" his voice begins to fail,
And whistles up and down the vocal scale.
Last scene of all this history that ends,
Is mere oblivion of those trusty friends
Who gather round us, and who thus endeavour
To cheer and comfort 'ere we leave for ever
This busy, meddling, moneymaking world;
Sans teeth, as into it we once were hurled
Indeed, for time can no more changes ring,
"Sans sight, sans taste, sans smell, sans everything.
And so the curtain falls, thus ends the play
Which might be named "Bud, Blossom and Decay"!
The time is short between each act, and we
Should note the changes, and our errors see
And thus a wholesome lesson may be gained,
The proper sentiment being yet retained
Without a jest against the reader's will,
Though slightly altered, "As you like it" still.

T. F. DILLON-CROKER.

From *The Ladies' Companion*, March, 1865.

"ALL the world is but a stage," Shakespeare told us long ago,
Had he graced the present age, still the Bard had found it so;
All that from existence springs, in a theatre's compass lies,
Happy moments find the "wings" time itself takes those and "flies,"
Hopes that light us on the way may be called of life "the floats,"
Turning gloomy night to day, as the prompter Fate denotes;
Fortune gives the glare of gas, and oft causing sad mishaps,
With unsteady hand, alas! speculation work "the traps,"
Fate gives out the parts to play, various "lengths" assigned to each,
Happy who their "tag" can say, in a good concluding speech;
Every act applause will get, if the action be correct,
Ending with a kind of "set" most productive of effect.
Suppers should take place in both—cheering signs of lively chats;
Some too often show "a cloth" closed in by a "pair of flats."
Help our brethren, worn with age—Shakespeare was of truth a sayer
"All the world is but a stage," you and I alike—a player.

E. L. BLANCHARD.

From *The Royal Dramatic College Annual*, July, 1866.

LIFE AT OXFORD.

——OXFORD is a stage,
And all the men in residence are players:
They have their exeats and examinations;
And one man in his time plays many parts.
His acts being seven ages. At first the Freshman,
Stumbling and stuttering in his tutor's rooms.
And then the aspiring Classman, with his white tie
And shy desponding face creeping along
Unwilling to the schools. Then, at the Union,
Spouting like fury, with some woeful twaddle
Upon the "Crisis." Then a Billiard-player,
Full of strange oaths, a keen and cunning card
Clever in cannons, sudden and quick in hazards,
Seeking a billiard reputation
E'en in the pocket's mouth. And then the Fellow,
His fair round forehead with hard furrows lined,
With weakened eyes and beard of doubtful growth,
Crammed with old lore of useless application,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and study-worn Professor,
With spectacles on nose and class at side;
His youthful nose has grown a world too large
For his shrunk face; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is utter donnishness and mere nonentity,
Without respect, or tact, or taste, or anything.

The Oxford Spectator, May 19, 1868.

——:o:——

A SHAKESPEARIAN RECITATION AFTER DINNER.

——ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad,
In his sound childish treble: then the lean
And slipper'd schoolboy, whistles, with side on
Pouch and pipes, and his big manly voice
Full of wise oaths; and then the whining lover,
With spectacles on nose, and eyes severe,
Seeking his well-saved mistress' eyebrow
Even in his satchel: Then a soldier,
His youthful hose, of formal cut, sans taste,
Made to his shank, and full of modern saws,
Creeping like snail, sans everything, to school:
And then the justice, full of strange instances,
Jealous in honor, like the 'pard bearded
In quarrel, turning again, sudden and quick,
Towards childishness, with shining morning face
A world too wide for his shrunk nurses arms,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts,
Unwillingly, the bubble reputation,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, into the cannon's mouth,
Mewling and puking: Then, last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second pantaloon, and mere oblivion.

FREDERIC UPTON, 1885.

——:o:——

SONG.

Amiens. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

"As you like it."—Act II. Scene V.

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THE LAMBETH CATCH.

(Written after the revelations of the "Amateur Casual.")

Under the Greenwood shed
Who loves to go to bed,
And tune his husky note
To paupers' coughing throat?
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall he see
Such thin Skillèe
Keep body and soul together.

SHIRLEY BROOKS, 1866.



A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.—A MIDSUMMER NIGHTMARE.

SCENE,—*The Marquis of Salisbury's House, Arlington Street.*

NORTHCOTE. Are we all met?

SALISBURY. Pat, pat; and this is a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This stuffed settee shall be our Speaker's chair, these tongs the Mace, and we will do it in action as we will do it before the House.

NORTHCOTE. Salisbury——

SALISBURY. What say'st thou, bully Stafford?

NORTHCOTE. There are things in this comedy of *Jingo and Whisky* that will never please. First, Jingo must draw his sword, which Radicals can never abide.

LORD JOHN MANNERS. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

HICKS-BEACH. I believe we must leave the killing out when all is done.

SALISBURY. Not a whit. I have a desire to make all well. Write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to say we will do no harm with our swords, and for the more better assurance tell them that I, Jingo the Foreign Secretary, am not Jingo, but Salisbury, who barks more than he bites. This will put them out of fear.

GIFFARD. Well, we shall have such a prologue, and it shall be written for six and eight.

LORD JOHN MANNERS. Will not the ladies be afeard of the tea tax?

SIR R. CROSS. I fear it, I promise you.

NORTHCOTE. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves. To bring in—God shield us!—a tea tax among ladies, is a dreadful thing, for there is not a more fearful wild fowl living than your tea tax, and we ought to look to it.

LORD JOHN MANNERS. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a tax.

NORTHCOTE. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen in the teapot, and he himself must speak, saying thus, or to the same defect: "Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble. If you think I have come hither as a tax, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing; I am an indirect impost, as others are"—and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Hicks-Beach, the member for Gloucestershire.

SALISBURY. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is to bring Coercion into Ireland.

HICKS-BEACH. Have we a majority that night we play our play?

SALISBURY. 'Tis doubtful. One must come in with a rifle and a Bobby's lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Coercion. Then there is another thing; we must have a Protection Bill in the great Chamber.

HICKS-BEACH. You can never bring in Protection What say you, Northcote?

NORTHCOTE. Some man or other—Lowther, say—must present Protection; and let him have some false statistics to signify its benefits. Or let him hold his finger to his nose, and through that sign let "buncombe" thus be known.

SALISBURY. If that may be, then all is well. Come sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts.

Funny Folks, June 27, 1885.

ACT II.—THE CASTING OF THE CABINET.

SCENE—*Room in Arlington House.*

Enter Members of the Conservative Party.

SALISBURY. Is all our company here?

CHURCHILL. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to *my* list.

SALISBURY. Here is the scroll of every man's name which is thought fit by Churchill and myself to play in our interlude before the Houses of Parliament, and all England.

CHURCHILL. First, good Salisbury, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

SALISBURY. Marry, our play is the most lamentable comedy and laughable tragedy—*A Conservative Government.*

CHURCHILL. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Salisbury, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

SALISBURY. Answer as I call you: Randolph Churchill, the "Woodstock Wonder" and "Champion of the Universe."

CHURCHILL. Ready! Name the part I set myself down for, and proceed.

SALISBURY. You, Randolph Churchill, are set down as Secretary for India.

CHURCHILL. What is Secretary for India?—a statesman or a fool?

SALISBURY. A statesman that spends himself most loyally for the State.

CHURCHILL. That will require some brains in the true performance of it. If I do it, let the country look to't. I will move storms; I will be wise in *some* measure. To the rest—Yet my chief humour is for a fool. I could play a fool rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging Rads
Are blackguardly cads,
With lots of fads,
About men's rights.

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But Churchill's star
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
All lesser lights.

This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players.

SALISBURY. Stafford Northcote, the Antiquated.

STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. Here, my lord.

SALISBURY. You must take what Churchill and I choose to give you. We will attend to you when the others are all served. Hicks-Beach, the Tea-Taxer, you must play at being Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. But disobey Churchill at your peril. Richard Cross, the Waterman

CROSS. Here, sir.

SALISBURY. You can take the Home Office. Smith, the Stallkeeper, you must take the lion's part—the Secretary for War. And I hope here is a Cabinet fitted.

SMITH. Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

SALISBURY. You may do it extempore, as I do, for it is nothing but roaring.

CHURCHILL. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that it will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the Tories say, "*Let him roar again! Let him roar again!*"

SALISBURY. An' you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Liberals, that they would shriek; and that would turn us all out.

ALL. That would turn us all out, every mother's son.

CHURCHILL: I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the Liberals out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to turn us out; but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any Liberal, I will roar you an 'twere any Radical.

SALISBURY. You can play no part but Secretary for India; for you took a Cook's tour there, wear an indigo-dyed suit, use India tea for breakfast—therefore, who knows India as you do?

CHURCHILL. Well, I will undertake it. What way had I best to play it?

SALISBURY. Why, what you will.

CHURCHILL. I will discharge it in either your Tory way, your Whig manner, your Liberal-Conservative manner, your Democrat, Republican, Socialist, Communist manner, or no manner at all.

SALISBURY. Play it as you have your former parts—bare-faced. But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you to con them by to-morrow night. In the meantime, I will draw a bill of taxes such as Tories usually want.

CHURCHILL. We will meet again—and rehearse our parts most obscenely and courageously. Adieu!

[*Exeunt.*

THE NEW MINISTRY'S STATEMENT TO THE COUNTRY.

If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider, then, we come not in despite,
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The Cabinet is formed; and by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know.

THE PUBLIC.

Their speech is like a tangled chain.
Truly this is hot ice, and wondrous strange snow.
Where shall we find the concord of this discord?

Funny Folks, July 4, 1885.

——:o:——

Oberon.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

ACT II.,—SCENE I.

——:o:——

A MONODY ON MONEY.

DEDICATED TO OUR "VERY" PARTICULAR BANKERS.

"I know a bank" where busy men are daily seen to pore
Over their books with earnest zeal from ten o'clock till four,
From whose retreat are issued forth more rich and treasured *notes*
Than ever have been known to come from sweetest song-birds' throats.
Where *crowns* abound, and *sov'reigns* rule the place with despot sway,
For no one there will *check* their power, so well belov'd are they.
There seems a *money mania* for everything that's dear,
And, strange as it may seem, I've heard that far-things here are near.
Cleopatra drank pearls, they say, but here she is outvied,
If pork they wish, they've *guinea* pigs; if beef, the *silver* side.
Their drink is pure *aqua d'ora*, and I have heard it's true
Their servant men are *Bills* and *Franks*, their housemaid is a *Sou*.
And now, before I end my lay, I ought to make it known
That though this bank is always thronged, each one may get *a-loan;*
And though these bankers care for gold, it never can be said
Matter-o'-Money it will be if ever they are wed.

Fun, 1879.

——:o:——

SHAKESPEARE AT PADDINGTON.

I know a bank whereon foul road-slush flows,
Where passing one hath need to hold one's nose;
Where the familiar slop-carts do combine
To store malodorous muck in fetid line.

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There drowses heavy BUMBLE day and night,
Lulled into stupor to his soul's delight.
He, with his pompous Paddingtonian kin,
With well-plumped pocket and with well-filled skin,
Allows the fetid foul fermenting mass
To nauseate the souls of all who pass.

Addendum by Mr. Punch

BUMBLE'S *our* "*Bottom*"!—written down an Ass!

Punch, October 27, 1883.

—:o:—

Shakespeare, who knew everything, was aware of the coming of Lord Randolph Churchill when he wrote—

"I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Salisbury and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed squire beguile,
Speaking in likeness of a Tory *rôle*.
And sometimes lurk I in the Lib'ral's bowl,
In very likeness of a Democrat;
And when he speaks, against his lips I bob,
And contradict him with my Tory tale."

Funny Folks, May 5, 1884.



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

As long ago as November, 1883, my valued friend Mr. T. F. Dillon-Croker, hearing that I contemplated publishing a collection of "Parodies and Burlesques," wrote a characteristic letter, generously placing his accumulated stores of materials at my disposal. How fully and frankly I have availed myself of that kind offer may be judged from the fact that scarcely a single part of "Parodies" has appeared which has not contained one, or more, contributions furnished by Mr. Dillon-Croker.

In the letter above-mentioned, he remarked:—"You may not be aware that the late Mr. Gilbert A' Beckett wrote a burlesque on *King John* (with the benefit of the Act,) 1837, so that irreverence in this direction is no novelty. Hubert was acted by Edward Wright, afterwards so popular at the Adelphi, and who, though often inclined to be coarse, made me as a boy laugh more than I have ever done since, and Madame Sala (the mother of the genial and accomplished G. A. Sala,) was Lady Constance.

Faulconbridge remarks:

We are two brothers of the same Mama,
But there are reasons for suspecting rather,
By some mistake there was an extra father.

Arthur, instead of losing his eyes, is condemned to have a tooth out, and Hubert enters with a large pair of pinchers:

"And you'll take out my tooth—If you will, come,
I'll not resist, here is my tooth by gum!"

This, at the present day sounds very insipid, if not, irreverent fooling. A' Beckett also turned Manfred into a burlesque ballet opera in 1834. These pieces were considered worth publishing, and are curious, as shewing the style of composition that amused an audience nearly 50 years ago."

Following up the clue given in this letter, it appears that this burlesque was first produced at the St. James's Theatre October 29, 1837, when the cast was as follows:—

NATIVES.

King John the first. (Successor to Richard the Second)	Mr. H. Hall.
Hubert. (Dentist and Cupper to the Court)	Mr. Wright.
Ruffian. (Attached to Hubert, but a member of the Animal's Friend Society)	Mr. Hart.
Faulconbridge. (Illegitimate & bar Sinister)	Mr. Gardner
Robert. (His brother, bar Illegitimate, but Sinister)	Mr. Long.
Prince Arthur. (A royal duodecimo, a pledge of affection taken in by his uncle)	Miss C. Booth
Herald. (In accordance with the Times)	Mr. Post.
Lady Constance. (Wife to her son Arthur's father, and mother to Arthur's father's son)	Madam Sala.
Lady Elinor. (John's father's widow, and Arthur's uncle's mother	Mrs. Pensor

FOREIGNERS.

King Philip of France (Successor to his predecessor)	Mr. Sidney.
Lewis. (Suspected of being the Dauphin)	Mr. Moore,
Chatillon. (Upon speaking and singing terms with Philip)	Mr. Burnett
Duke of Austria. (Founder of the Skinner's Company, bound in calf, but unlettered)	Mr. Halford
Cardinal Pandulph. (Full of point)	Mr. Brooks.

Mr. Hall, who impersonated King John, wore a chimney cowl as a helmet, surmounted by a weather cock, of which the letters N. E. W. S., translated, burlesque fashion, became "Naughty English Wrongful Sovereign." Undoubtedly the best scene in the burlesque is that which treats of Hubert and Prince Arthur, the first scene of the fourth act in the original. This approaches more nearly to a parody of the language of Shakespeare, than is usual in most burlesques of his tragedies.

SCENE V.—*A Room in a Castle.*

Enter HUBERT, *with a large pair of pinchers, followed by a Ruffian.*

Hubert. Just hold the pinchers, I've got here a youth,
And I've got orders to take out his tooth.

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So when I stamp my foot come in and bind him—
His legs together and his arms behind him.

Ruffian. I hope there arn't no gammon in the matter?

Hubert. That's my look out. What right have you to chatter?
Vanish! [*Exit* Ruffian.

SONG.—HUBERT.

Air.—"*There's light in her laughing eye.*"

There's a tooth in his little gum,
'Tis a pearl a garnet broach within,
And they say that it out must come,
'Tis a job, I know, is quite a sin.
There's a tongue in his little head,
A tongue that always wags away;
Like a clock at the back of a bed,
Which keeps on tick tick night and day.

There's a tooth, &c.

Hubert. Young lad come forth, I've got a word to say.

Enter Arthur.

Arthur. Hubert, good Hubert, how are you to-day?

Hubert. I must not listen to his childish chatter,
For if I do he'll melt my heart like batter.
Look here, young Arthur

(*Gives warrant.*)

Can you understand
This paper written in a large text hand?

Arthur. Oh, can I read it. Oh, unhappy youth!
Must you with pinchers then take out my tooth?

Hubert. Young boy I must.

Arthur. And will you?

Hubert. Yes I will.

Arthur. Oh, it's too bad—When you were taken ill
Who was it to the chemist's ran full gallop,
To get a penny dose of salts and jalap?
And when I've seen you, after dining out,
When you've made free at some hot drinking bout,
Have I not always been extremely willing
To give for soda-water my last shilling?
And you'll take out my tooth? If you will, come,
I'll not resist, here is my tooth, by gum!

Hubert. Young boy, I've sworn to do it—do not flinch,
These instruments must help me at a pinch.
Come forth. (*Stamps.*)

Enter Ruffian *with a pewter basin, towel, &c.*

(*To Ruffian*) Do as I bid you.

Arthur, Hubert stay
My tooth is out, do send that man away.

(Ruffian *seizes* Arthur.)

Hubert. Now for the pinchers—now for one bold tug.

Arthur. Why be so boisterous I will hold my mug?
For Heaven's sake Hubert send that man away,
And not a word against it I will say.
Hubert, your word indeed shall be my law
My tooth is out, see I will hold my jaw!

Hubert. (*To* Ruffian.) Go stand without, I by myself will do it.

Ruffian. Indeed 'twould make me ill were I to view it.

[*Exit* Ruffian.

Hubert. Come, now prepare yourself my gentle youth.

Arthur, Is there no plan?

Hubert. None but to lose your tooth,

Arthur, Oh, would that your's good Hubert did but ache,
That I to stop your pain, great pains might take.

Hubert. Is this your promise? Hold your tongue, sir, do.

Arthur. Oh, take my tongue, I want my tooth to chew,
Leave only that, e'en if it be to eat,
With you good Hubert, some delicious meat,
Which I have ordered for a little treat.

Hubert. Boy, you have touched me hard, as I'm a sinner,
I'll leave your tooth at least till after dinner,
Your uncle's heard that dentists who ain't clever
Will sometimes lock a person's jaw for ever.

Arthur. Hubert, I thank thee.

Hubert. Mind you ne'er unfold it.
Your jaw is safe—be good enough to hold it.

A WINTER'S TALE.

A burlesque of this play was produced at the Lyceum Theatre on September 15, 1856, entitled "*Perdita, or the Royal Milkmaid*, being the legend upon which Shakespeare is supposed to have founded his *Winter's Tale*," a new and original burlesque by William Brough. A reproduction of the cast on that occasion will interest old playgoers:—

LEONTES (*King of Sicilia; a King who, in spite of the belief to the contrary*, could *do wrong*) . . . MR. S. CALHAEM.

POLIXENES (*King of Bithynia*). MR. WILLIAM BROUGH. (*His first appearance on any stage*).

FLORIZEL (*his Son and Heir—disobedient as usual, but charming as ever*) . MRS. ALFRED MELLON (late MISS WOOLGAR).

AUTOLYCUS (*a Rogue, and it is hardly necessary to add, a Vagabond*) MR. J. L. TOOLE.

CAMILLO (*a Sicilian Lord*) . . MR. J. G. SHORE.

ANTIGONUS (*a Nurse*) . . MR. BARRETT.

THE BEAR (*an Ursa*) . . . MR. H. MARSHALL.

BLOCUS (*an old Shepherd, supposed—by everybody but the Audience, who know better—to be Perdita's Father*). MR. HOLSTON.

TIME, as CHORUS (*up to everything, including, of course, the time of day*) . . . . . MISS HARRIET GORDON.

HERMIONE (*Leontes' Queen, always elegant, and finally quite Statuesque*) MRS. BUCKINGHAM WHITE,

PERDITA (*the Royal Milkmaid*) MISS MARIE WILTON.

PAULINA (*a strong-minded Matron; considerably the better-half of Antigonus*) . . . . . MRS. WESTON.

In 1817 Samuel Taylor Coleridge wrote a dramatic poem, entitled "*Zapolya*, a Christmas Tale," to which he prefixed the remark, "The form

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of the following dramatic poem is in humble imitation of the Winter's Tale of Shakespeare."

Beyond the mere form, however, *Zapolya* has little or no resemblance to Shakespeare's play.

KING HENRY V.

ACT IV.

PROLOGUE.

Chorus.

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each others watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.

—·o·—

LORD MAYOR'S DAY (1827).

Now countless turbots and unnumbered soles
Fill the wide kitchens of each livery hall:
From pot to spit, to kettle, stew, and pan,
The busy hum of greasy scullions sounds,
That the fixed beadles do almost perceive
The secret dainties of each others watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each table sees the other's bill of fare:
Cook threatens cook in high and saucy vaunt
Of rare and new-made dishes; confectioners,
Both pastrycooks and fruiterers in league,
With candied art their rivets closing up,
Give pleasing notice of a rich dessert.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

On November 21, 1866, an Extravaganza, founded on the above tragedy, was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, then under the management of Mr. J. B. Buckstone. This burlesque was entitled "Antony and Cleopatra; or, His-tory and Her-story in a modern nilo-metre," by F. C. Burnand, and the principal parts were played by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews, Mr. Compton, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Clark. The best parody it contained was that of the well-known passage descriptive of the meeting of Antony and Cleopatra on the river of Cydnus, commencing thus:—

"THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did."

In the Burlesque *Lepidus* enquires:—

TELL me how they met!

Eros. I will: And first then you must know that Marc
Met Cleopatra driving in the park.
The trap she sat in, like the Sun-God's car,
Shone in the drive, the seats were damask white,
Tawny the rugs, and all so scented, that
The swells sniffed curiously. Her whip of silver,
Half parasol, which dared the sun; and flicked
The ponies, which she beat to trot the faster,
As amorous of her lash. For her own person
It beggared all description; she reclined
Upon those cushions I've described before,
And high in front, and round, rose dangerous waves
Of foaming frothy muslin petticoats,
Art's fancy outworks: in the seat behind her
Sat two quick natty boys, like perky Cupids,
With white pip'd breeches and pale salmon tops,
To guard whose knees a pretty oilskin apron
They both undid and did.

Lepi. O rare for Anthony!

Eros. And when she'd pass'd, young Egypt at the rails
Look'd in each other's eyes, then after *her*,
Then gazed about at—well, they knew not what,
As dazed as is the poor unlatch-key'd husband
After a late carousal, when his spouse,
Candle in hand, unchains the guardian door;
So they: so Anthony: who whipped and spurred
Up to her side, and *whip-spered* in her ear
Soft nothings, which, though nothing in themselves,
Lead oft—

Lepi. Sir, I'm the father of a family.
Never could Tony pretty woman's lip shun,
No wonder he was caught by this Egyptian.

In the end, Cleopatra, instead of being stung by an asp, as in the tragedy, pretends to commit suicide by the use of a Pharoah's serpent.

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HAMLET.

Benjamin Cæsar Redivivus.

(On the happy recovery of Lord Beaconsfield from an attack of gout.)

Ben Dizzy patch'd and mended for to-day,
Not like old Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Will still go on in his corrupting play,
Nor "stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Fiz, January 18, 1879.

——:o:——

The Spaniard's Soliloquy.

To fight or not to fight, that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind
To bear a patient drubbing by the French
Or take up arms against old Louis
And by opposing end him
And exterminate the Bourbons?
To fight—to beat—no more;
And by our beating end a thousand ills
Which we were born to.
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.
To fight—to beat—perchance to be beat
Ah! there's the rub.
For by our being beat what ills may come;
There's the respect that makes our liberty so dear,
For who would bear the sneers and scoffs of tyrants,
The oppressor's wrong, the insolence of office
When we can still our liberty maintain
With the bare rapier?
Who would mind our constitution being altered
But that a dread of something more
(That *Alliance* from whose unholy laws
No state is free) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear these ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.

The Mirror, April 5, 1823.

——:o:——

A Fisherman's Soliloquy.

To sniggle or to dibble, that's the question!
Whether to bait a hook with worm or bumble,
Or to take up arms of any sea, some trouble
To fish, and then home send them. To fly, to whip—
To moor and tie my boat up by the end
To any wooden post, or natural rock
We may be near to, on a Preservation
Devoutly to be fished. To fly—to whip—
To whip! perchance two bream; and there's the chub!
* * * * * *

F. C. Burnand.

As a singular instance of the popularity of Hamlet's famous Soliloquy, it may be mentioned that a Hebrew version of it was printed in 1880, in *Kottabos*, a College journal published in Dublin.

——:o:——

The Danish War.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Elsinore, May 20, 1848.

The army under General Fortinbras remains inactive. The Crown Prince Hamlet has been appointed to the command, but he is in a state of doubt as to whether he ought to accept it. A good many intrigues are believed to exist at the Danish Court, and two noblemen named Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are suspected of being employed on a delicate and dangerous mission. Gertrude, the Queen, does not appear to enjoy good health, and rumours are rife of violent scenes between her and Hamlet. The death of the the late Lord Chamberlain does not seem to have been at all satisfactorily accounted for; and the consequent derangement of his daughter, who it appears has been going about singing very improper songs, has occasioned a great deal of scandal. The King, however, swills his draught of Rhenish down as usual, and even had some private theatricals lately. The monarch, however, could not sit out the first piece, and no wonder, for *entre nous* being legitimate it was awfully slow. Meantime Hamlet's conduct is quite unaccountable: some people hint that he is mad; and the fact of his having got up a cock-and-bull story of a ghost, which he says is always walking about with a certain Marshall Stalk, supposed to be a Prussian from the name, would seem to countenance the theory. For my own part, whether he be mad or no, I think his proceedings very stupid and tiresome.

The Man in the Moon.—Vol. III, 1848.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Song.

Balthasar,—Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leafy:
Then sigh not so, &c.

———

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

Rail no more, Tories, rail no more;
Whigs are but asses ever,
On land, on wave, on sea, on shore,
All rascals of white liver.
Then rail not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting sounds of wrath and woe
Into hey Ninny! nonny,

Sing merry ditties, and no mo
Of lumps so dull and heavy;
The heads of Whigs were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then rail not so, &c.

Blackwood's Magazine, July, 1823.

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING IN THE CITY.

SIGH no more, dealers, sigh no more,
Shares were unstable ever,
They often have been down before,
At high rates constant never.
Then sigh not so,
Soon up they'll go,
And you'll be blithe and funny,
Converting all your notes of woe
Into hey, money, money.

Write no more letters, write no mo
On stocks so dull and heavy.
At times on 'Change 'tis always so,
When bears a tribute levy.
Then sigh not so,
And don't be low,
In sunshine you'll make honey,
Converting all your notes of woe
Into hey money, money.

Punch, September 28, 1867.



THE TEMPEST.

"THE ENCHANTED ISLE; or Raising the Wind on the most approved principles; a Drama without the smallest claim to Legitimacy, Consistency, Probability, or anything else but absurdity; in which will be found much that is unaccountably coincident with Shakespeare's '*Tempest.*'" This burlesque, written by the Brothers R. B. and W. Brough, was first performed at the Adelphi Theatre, London, on Monday, November 26, 1848. Beyond the general foundation of the plot, it contains no parodies of Shakespeare, but is full of allusions to the political revolutions and events of 1848, and has many parodies of songs which were then popular, but which are now, for the most part, obsolete. It was no doubt a very amusing burlesque, having a good deal of lively music, songs, and dances, and the cast was a powerful one, including Paul Bedford, Miss Woolgar, Madame Celeste, and O. Smith. It was afterwards revived at the Haymarket Theatre, when Miss P. Horton, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Clark performed the leading parts. The following amusing parody of the Ghost-scene in "Hamlet" was spoken as a

PROLOGUE.

SCENE—*representing various illustrations of the life of Shakespeare.*

Enter the GHOST *of* SHAKESPEARE, *followed by the* POPULAR COMEDIAN. *The* GHOST *paces round the stage.*

P. Com. Whither wilt thou lead me?
Speak— I'll go no farther.

Ghost. Mark me!

P. Com. I will.

Ghost. I am old Shakespeare's spirit,
Doomed for a certain term to walk the earth,
And on the stage draw tolerable houses,—
Till by the *taste* of a *discerning* age,
For monster drums and Ethiopian bards
Driven to make a way; but that I am forbid
To charm the public is not what has caused
My troubled spirit to revisit earth:
I can a tale unfold of recent wrongs,
Whose lightest word would harrow up a soul
Of gutta-percha toughness—freeze thy blood—
Make thy two eyes like cabs start from their stands—
And each particular orb to roll and stretch
Like pictures of the fretful hippopotamus
At the Zoological! List! List! oh, list!
If e'er thou did'st old Stratford William love—

P. Com. Good gracious!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

P. Com. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul I've been accustomed to—
And in the ordinary way don't mind it—
But this most foul, strange and unnatural—

P. Com. Haste me to know it, that I,
With wings as swift as carrier pigeon on the Derby Day,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;—
And duller shouldst thou be than the dead cats
That rot in countless shoals on Thames's banks,
Did'st thou not stir in this?—You've seen my "TEMPEST?"

P. Com. Some time ago.

Ghost. Ah—well—'twas given out that—(pardon me,
A ghost must have his feelings)—rumour reached me,
That the whole ear of London
Was by a forged process of my "TEMPEST"
Rankly abus'd—and know, thou noble youth—
With serpents and trombones disguised, my piece
Now scares the town.

P. Com. O, my prophetic soul! the opera!

Ghost. Aye, that most queer and het'rogeneous dish,—
With witchcraft and old fairy tales dress'd up,—
(Singular taste! that could on Shakespeare graft
Old "Mother Bunch") bringing to "Tom Thumb's" level
The plot of my most seeming perfect play.
Oh, gracious! what a dreadful sight was there
For me, or any other anxious parent!
My tricksy *Ariel* in a ballet skirt—
The fairy of a Christmas pantomime!
My *Caliban*—a melodrama villain—
Bearing *Miranda* off—(stol'n incident
From *Grindoff* in the "Miller and his Men!")
And then resorting to an ancient scheme
From "Harlequin and the Three Wishes" borrowed
Oh horrible! oh horrible!—most horrible!—
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not—
Do something, please—I'm not particular what—
But soft—an odour wafts along the wall—
Methinks I scent an early breakfast stall.
I must get home—I'm not allowed a key—
Adieu! adieu! adieu! remember me?

[*Exit.*

P. Com. Remember thee! Aye, thou poor Ghost! e'en while

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Memory holds seat 'neath this distracted tile,
I will avenge thee for this outrage vile,
But how? Stop! yes—"THE ENCHANTED ISLE."
Beat them on their own ground, the play's the thing.
We'll out-burlesque them!—Ho! there! Prompter, ring!

From this it will be seen that something in the nature of an apology was deemed necessary for this burlesque on "*The Tempest*," and more recently when Mr. Burnand produced his "*Ariel*," there was an angry discussion in the press, in which many maintained that it was not in good taste, nor was it advisable for the credit of our stage, that this beautiful play (supposed to have been the last written by Shakespeare), should be thus irreverently treated. On page 144 of "Parodies" will be found extracts from this correspondence. "*Ariel*" was produced at the Gaiety Theatre, in October, 1883, and though a very harmless burlesque in itself, and in far better taste than the Broughs, "*Enchanted Isle*," it was received with many signs of disapprobation, and had but a short run. There was nothing very original, nor very comical, in the conception of Prospero as a magician, entirely dependent upon his conjuring apparatus without which he was absolutely powerless, whilst as to the plot, it was that of the "*Tempest*" with modern variations cut to a comic pattern, and represented by a clever company, among whom were Miss Phyllis Broughton as Ferdinand, Miss Farren as Ariel, Miss Harcourt as the Captain, Mr. Wyatt as Sebastian, and Mr. Elton as Caliban. The burlesque teemed with popular allusions, and the Fisheries Exhibition, naturally, was not in high favour; there were some lively songs, and, of course, plenty of dances for Miss E. Farren, and Miss Connie Gilchrist.

——:o:——

ARIEL *sings*—

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bats back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Parody sung by J. P. Harley in Planché's *Sleeping Beauty*, Covent Garden, April 20, 1840.

WHO would be Great Grand Lord High?
All the blame on him must lie;
Everywhere for him they cry
Up and down stairs he must fly—
After all folks verily!—
Verily! Verily!—Few could live now
Under the honours beneath which I bow!

——:o:——

Prospero

OUR revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

It is possible that this passage was suggested to Shakespeare by some lines in Lord Stirling's *Tragedie of Darius*, 1604:—

THOSE golden pallaces, those gorgeous halles,
With fourniture superfluouslie faire;
Those statelie courts, those sky encountring walles,
Evanish all like vapours in the aire.

END OF THE PARODIES.

OUR parodies are ended. These our authors,
As we foretold you, were all Spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air.
And, like the baseless fabric of these verses,
The Critic's puff, the Trade's advertisement,
The Patron's promise, and the World's applause,
Yea, all the hopes of poets,—shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial fable fated,
Leave not a groat behind!

***Posthumous Parodies*, 1814.**

A FEW PARODIES OF DETACHED PASSAGES.

"FLIRTING."

(After *Portia*.)

THE quality of flirting is not strained;
It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the favoured ones. It is twice blest:
It blesses her that flirts, and him that's flirted with.
It profiteth the husband better than
His deeds; and he becomes in truth renowned
The time his wife doth gad about and flirt
With men. It's mightiest in the ugliest. Oh!
It is the attribute of love itself;
And wives do think themselves most loved when they
Do drive or walk with other man than they
Who are their lawful husbands. But, O wife!
Though loving be thy plea, remember this,
That flirting doth beget unto the pair
A reputation far from enviable.

***Scraps*, July, 1885.**

——:o:——

SONG from J. R. Planché's extravaganza, "Fortunio" (1843), sung by Miss P. Horton as *Fortunio*:—

TELL me, tell me
Tell me, tell me
New, d'ye fancy bread?
Smoking hot from oven red
Or prefer you stale instead?
Reply, reply, reply.

——:o:——

LINES spoken by F. Robson as *Prince Richcraft* in J. R. Planché's extravaganza, "The Discreet Princess," produced at the Olympic Theatre, December 26, 1855:—

HA! I remember a low sort of shop
Where they sold peppermint and lollipop,

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And lozenges in boxes by the score
With the inscription o'er them "cough no more."
I gazed upon the things red—green—and blue,
And others of a still more sickly hue;
And thought if one for poison had a whim
There lived a seedy chap would sell it him,
And prove the truth that brief inscription bore
For in his coffin he would "cough no more!"

——:o:——

DREARY SONG FOR DREARY SUMMER.

MR. PUNCH SINGS WITH ACCOMPANIMENT OF A PIPE AND TOBACCO.

WELL, don't cry, my little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Amuse yourself, and break some toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Alas, for the grass on papa's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
He'll have to buy hay at an awful rate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Mamma, she can't go out for a drive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
How cross she gets about four or five,
For the rain it raineth every day.

If I were you I'd be off to bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Or the damp will give you a cold in the head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago this song was done,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
And I, for one, cannot see it's fun,
But the Dyces and the Colliers* can—they say.*

1860. SHIRLEY BROOKS.

——:o:——

SHAKESPOKE'S EPIGRAM.

YOUNG friend, for Cyclus's sake forbear
To bite the dust that's ever near.
Blest is the man avoids the stones,
And curst is he that breaks his bones.

Lyra Bicyclica, by Joseph G. Dalton. (Boston. E. C. Hodges and Co. 1885.)

The same volume contains several imitations of Shakespeare's sonnets in praise of the pleasures of bicycle riding.

——:o:——

"THE FIRST SITTING of the Committee on the Proposed Monument to Shakspeare, carefully taken in shorthand by ZACHARY CRAFT, amanuensis to the Chairman."

"Come in shadows—so depart."—MACBETH.

Cheltenham. Printed for G. A. Williams, 1823. This little volume of 88 pages contains the supposed remarks of the following individuals:—The Chairman, a member of the Committee, and the *shades* of Aristotle, Longinus, Æschylus, Euripides, Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, Lope de Vega Del Carpio, Molière, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert, La Harpe, Gray, Garrick, Mademoiselle Claison, Warburton, Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Susanna Shakespeare, John-a-Combe, Alfieri, R. B. Sheridan, Porson, and a number of other less distinguished persons. Very few of the remarks are either witty or clever, nor have they many of the characteristics of the personages to whom they are ascribed.

——:o:——

Coriolanus Travestie, by J. Morgan, was produced in Liverpool in 1846, and a burlesque of King Lear, entitled, *King Queer and his Daughters Three*, was played at the Strand Theatre, London, in 1855. It will therefore be seen that travesties have been written upon nearly every one of William Shakespeare's Tragedies, and that not even his comedies, or historical plays, have quite escaped burlesque. The enumeration here given is probably incomplete, as many burlesques which have been produced in provincial towns, and some which have been played in London, enjoyed too short a run to obtain the advantage of being printed.

Before closing this chapter on the burlesques of Shakespeare, the following remarks on the subject which appeared in *The Daily News*, of October 25, 1884, may be quoted:—

Few more striking proofs could be given of the great and growing popularity of the theatre than the most recent fluctuations of stage humour. The experience of the present thus far confirms the judgment formed during the two preceding seasons, that the comic element in stage representation has undergone an important mutation both in motive and in method. Fun is aimed at, and probably achieved, as frequently as of yore; but the kind of fun and the means employed to produce it are entirely different, and possible only under the new conditions of the theatre. Only a few years ago, when London had comparatively few theatres, and supported, after a fashion, two opera-houses, the theatrical world filled a ludicrously small space in English life.

Only when the public are so keenly interested in the dramatic world as they are at present could success attend the profuse introduction of personal parody or caricature into the lightest of stage plays. It would be poor fun to present an elaborate caricature of a serious actor to a spectator who knew little, and cared less about him, and probably had not seen him in the part more especially selected for ridicule. Recent burlesque or travesty depends almost entirely for success upon such caricature, and assumes perfect knowledge of all the mannerisms of prominent actors and actresses. The art of inverting a noble story so that it may appear grotesque occupies quite a secondary position in the category of effects. It would not, for instance, be considered funny at this present juncture to travesty the Venetian Senate into policemen drinking pots of porter, and Othello himself into a negro, with plantation songs, dances and accent. Nor would it be thought amusing to dress Shylock with three hats upon his head, and make him in the intervals of the Trial Scene try to sell cigars to the young Venetians present in court. Yet this is precisely what

* The well-known Shakespearian commentators.

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Frank Talfourd, the great master of the word torturing school, and the inventor of the agglutinate system of punning, did. Henry J. Byron, too, made perhaps his greatest burlesque hit in *The Lady of Lyons* by making up Beauseant as Napoleon III. and Claude Melnotte as Napoleon I. Again, Talfourd in *The Merchant of Venice Preserved* wrote amazingly funny dialogue and songs for Robson, but depended in no kind of way upon imitations of Charles Kean and Phelps, which Robson could have done to perfection. What would now be required in *Othello* would be a low-comedy imitation of Signor Salvini with an Iago made up like Mr. Irving, and a Desdemona who could at least give a general impression of Miss Elleh Terry. We are not propounding that the words should be witless and senseless, all that we maintain is that the caricaturists would in theatrical parlance "get all the laughs." An instance in point is that the song of the hermit in *Paw Clawdian* neatly written by Mr. Burnand, and capitally sung by Mr. E. D. Ward, although received with hearty merriment, by no means threw the audience into the convulsions provoked by Mr. Toole's appearance as Mr. Wilson Barrett. It is not the perversion of motive and character, not the curious piling of pun upon pun, which makes the success of modern travesty. What is looked for is a clever presentment of the surface peculiarities of the serious artist, such as those of the Misses Linden in *Silver Guilt*, *Stage Dora*, and *Paw Clawdian*, in which by turns Miss Eastlake, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and Mrs. Bernard Beere were parodied with exceeding cleverness. It is only a few nights since Miss Farren "brought down the house" by her brilliant caricature of Mr. Kyrle Bellew, as Gilbert Vaughan in *Called Back*.

The amusement to be obtained from putting counterfeit presentments of statesmen, lawyers, and soldiers upon the stage has been forbidden in theatres properly so-called, and is only endured in music halls in a modified shape. Plenty of fun in the worst possible taste could be produced by this ancient expedient, but as public opinion and police reasons forbid it, recourse is had to the device of hoisting the histrion with his own petard. All the clever devices of his own art, all his mysteries of "make-up," and his talent for characterization, are devoted to the object, not of parodying either Shakespeare or Sardou, but the aspect of their creations embodied by the foremost artists at present on the stage.

Isaac Watts, D.D.,

Born at Southampton in 1674. *Died November* 25, 1748.

Against Idleness and Mischief.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.

How skillfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads the wax,
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past;
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

Dr. Watts.

The Flea.

The flea, so called because it always "flees" the foe, is an industrious insect, and has been immortalized by Dr. What's-his-name in those beautiful lines commencing:

How doth the busy little flea
Improve each starry night,
And gather food from you and me
With all his little might.
How skilfully it hops away,
When it we try to squeeze;
And waits until the close of day
Its hunger to appease

The flea may be said to come under the denomination of "game," being eagerly hunted by various animals, and especially by woman. To see a woman flea-hunting is a never-to-be-forgotten sight. What ardour glistens in her eyes! what determination is shown in her mouth! It is probably the only time in a woman's life when she doesn't

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know, or doesn't care, whether her back-hair is up or down; and if she *does* catch the flea, the pride of the successful fox-hunter is small in comparison with hers.

The flea's favourite song is "Put me in *your* little bed.

Hymns for Children.

How doth the ever busy wasp
Improve the shining hour;
His object ever is to grasp
The sweets of fruit and flower.

To dip his beak into the peach,
To pierce the ripen'd plum;
To suck whatever is in reach,
To sting whoe'er may come.

So, children, you should ne'er forget
This insect's happy toil;
Before you his example set,
And what you can't eat, spoil.

Punch, September 25, 1852.

The Northern Bee.

How doth the busy Russian Bee
Improve the darkened hour,
And kindly hope it will *not* see
The fall of England's power.

How skillfully it frames the "sell,"
Forgives Crimean whacks,
And owns John Bull does pretty well
Whate'er he undertakes.

So now, let Russia, with a will,
The works of peace pursue;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For soldier-States to do.

In laying down the Iron Way,
Be her next century passed,
And then, who knows, the world may say—
"She's civilised at last."

Punch, October 10, 1857.

Convivial Song.

To be sung Sloughly, and with expression.

How doth the dizzy Disraeli
Improve the dining hour,
And draw the long bow fearlessly
To show his elbows power.

How neatly he prepares the sell,
How deftly cooks the facts!
And for what others have done well,
Himself the credit takes.

What perils with what art and skill
He's pulled the country through!
What wonders will his India Bill,
If we believe him, do!

So with the farmers he makes hay
Ere yet his Sun be past;
For though e'en Dizzies have their day,
Not long that day can last.

Punch, June 19, 1858.

[This appeared shortly after Mr. Disraeli had been addressing the electors of Slough.]

On a Bee I've Bee(n) to.

How doth the lively Spelling Bee
Delight the evening hour,
And bother folks of each degree—
Sweet maids and spinsters sour.

Hard names that few have ever heard
Are bandied round pell-mell;
And Nuttall finds some crack-jaw words
That *not all* folks can spell.

With Butter, Mavor, Vyse, each day,
Let my spare time he pass'd;
So at the Spelling Bee I may
Win some nice prize at last.

Judy, March 15, 1876.

[Published when the mania for Spelling Bees was at its height.

Chap. I.—On Industry.

With what singular persistency of purpose does that diminutive and laborious creature, the Bee, turn to account every minute of sunshine! The construction of her cell is a marvel of insect architecture; and if you were to attempt to spread wax with the same neatness and regularity, you would no doubt fail in the most ignominious manner. At least, I know *I* should; for I was only the other day sealing a letter when I burned my fingers dreadfully. I am aware that bee's-wax is not sealing-wax; but still if I had used bee's-wax to fasten my envelope, I daresay I should have made just as bad a mess of it, or worse. Then again, look how the Bee labours to store those octagonal chambers with the saccharine food she is all the day gathering from roses, tulips, candytuft, pelargoniums, pansies, pinks, hollyhocks, fuchsias, heliotropes, marigolds, dahlias, begonias, lupines, lilies, daffydowndillies, and, in short, every opening flower. I can't help thinking that if the whole of one's time was passed in books or work, or even healthy athletic pastimes, such, for example, as hop-scotch, dominoes, tossing the caber, knurr and spell, coddams, cricket, rounders, peg-top, prisoner's-base, noughts-and-crosses, Aunt Sally, cribbage, nine-pins, Indian clubs, fly-the-garter, boxing, balancing tobacco-pipes on the tip of one's nose, skimming half-pence at cats or attic windows, turning catharine wheels in the road, or putting the stone, we might haply give as good an account of every day as our little friend the Bee could do, if so required. (Since the foregoing was committed to manuscript, I have met with some similar ideas in verse, by a Dr. What's-his-name. I do not, however, think it necessary or desirable to cancel my own original reflections on a subject which, after all, is quite open to anybody.)

Punch.

Dr. Watts on Asthma.

(*Vide Advertisement.*)

How doth the little busy wheeze
Augment from hour to hour,
And gather "stuffiness" all day,
With forty "bad-cold" power!

How skilfully it clogs each cell,
How strongly it attacks!
And labours hard both cad and swell
To lay upon their backs.

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It calls for all the doctor's skill—
Apothecary's too—
And Satan finds decoctions still
For 'prentice hands to brew.

Funny Folks, July 21, 1877.

A Simple Rhyme for the 5th December.

How doth the busy Parliament
Improve each shining hour,
By talking, talking, night and day,
With twenty-magpie power.

How doth the savage Gladstone rise,
Ambition to pursue,
And rave of Russia, India, and
Of Afghanistan too.

How doth the angry Radical
Delight to bark and shriek;
How oft he tries a lion's roar,
And only makes a squeak.

How doth the loyal Englishman
All snarling curs deride,
And in the present Government
Implicitly confide.

Judy, Jan. 4, 1879.

Watts' Humourous Poems.

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll, (London Macmillan and Co.)

The Little Mosquito.

How doth the little Mosquito
Delight to buzz and bite,
And make the terrors of the day
Ten times as bad at night.

How buzzily (busily) it flits on wing,
And 'lighting on your nose,
It makes you feel its quick, sharp sting
When you're trying for to doze.

How skilfully it dodges round;
And when you try to "bust" it,
Flies away and likes to see
And hear how you have cuss'd it.

But thank the Lord the time will come
When they'll have no work to do,
And you will find they're "busted some,"
And Mosquitoes will be few.

So go your way and rest content,
That they away have "flew,"
But mind that by this time next year
They'll find somework to do.

Toby.

Icycle, The Wheel World Annual, 1880.

An Old Friend with a New Face.

(*After* Doctor Watts.)

By an Enthusiastic Land-Leaguer, *specially gifted in teaching the young idea how to* shoot.

How doth the honest Land-League man
Improve each shining hour,
An' gather money all the day
Wid all his might an' power!
How carefully he guards his *sell*,
How neatly showers his *whacks*,
An' labours hard to please Parnell,
An' dodge the law's attacks!

No works of labour tax our skill,
Yet we'll be busy too,
The Land-League has some mischief still
Our idle hands can do.
In Boycotting an' suchlike play,
Let all our days be past.
Begorra! we may have to pay
A long account at last!!

Judy, March 9, 1881.

The Coal-hole Top.

How doth the little coal-hole top
Its slipperiness disguise,
And feet on bootless errands send
So often to the skies!

The little schoolgirl steps on it
With an elastic gait;
But ere she can step off again
She sits upon her slate.

The little boy with pail of milk,
Treads on it "just in play."
He sees some stars. The passers-by
Gaze on the "milky way."

The belle, with rich embellishment,
Comes up with mincing tread,
Her shoes are made of best French kid;
Her stockings clocked with red.

The big policeman, proud, erect,
With gum shoes on his feet,
Disguises it with confidence,
How quick he's off his beat!

The granger with his cowhide boots:
"By thunder! Did you see
How spry that little iron thing
Got out from under me."

No matter what the size of feet,
Nor with what they are shod,
The coal-hole top has never yet
With uprightness been trod.

Free Press Flashes, 1882.

"Doctor Watts" Improved.

(*From a Sea-side Lodger.*)

How doth the little busy Flea,
Disturb each silent hour,
And all night long, most wickedly
Our wearied limbs devour.

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How cruelly he breaks our rest,
How wroth he makes us wax,
When, jumping from his hidden nest,
He bites our tender backs.

Now, had it been in works like these
That my first years were past,
I must have come, like little Fleas,
To no good end at last.

For so, the little cruel Flea,
By those who would have slept,
Will—drowned, or burnt, or headless be,
Unpitied and unwept.

Punch, October 18, 1884.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

How doth the very Bizzy B.*
Improve each shining hour,
Annexing isles in every sea
To cripple England's power

How skilfully he plans his schemes,
How well he times each blow,
While in his chair Lord Derby dreams
That all is *comme il faut!*

Possessed of such a dauntless will
Would we'd one Bizzy too,
Or Satan find less mischief still
For Liberals hands to do.

Moonshine, January 1885.

THE BEE.

How doth the gorging greedy Bee,
Destructive little brute,
Hum all day long from tree to tree,
And spoil the choicest fruit!

Behold how deep she scoops a cell,
When peaches she attacks,
In nectarines and pears as well,
How big a hole she makes!

Likewise to eat and drink my fill,
I should be happy too;
For Nature has disposed me still
But little else to do.

In prog and grub, by turns with play,
Might all my life be past,
Till I, perhaps, should come to weigh
Good fourteen score at last.

Punch, October 9, 1875.

THE WOPS.

How doth the wobbling, wily wops
Improve each shining hour!
Within the peach he slyly stops,
And stings with all his power!

How skilfully he wheels around,
And maidens makes afraid;
He loves to clear the pic-nic ground,
And roll in marmalade!

The whispered charm of lover's talk
He'll stop without ado;
The Vicar's sermon he will balk,
And sting the Vicar too!

On cake or fruit or window pane,
On pie or mutton chops,
He'll sharply sting and come again—
The wobbling, wily wops!

Punch, September 15, 1883.

*Prince Bismarck.

THE VARIATION HUMBUG.

There is perhaps more Humbug talked, printed, and practised in reference to Music than to anything else in the world, except Politics. And of all the musical humbugs extant it occurs to *Mr. Punch* that the Variation Humbug is the greatest. This party has not even the sense to invent a tune for himself, but takes somebody else's, and starting therefrom as an acrobat leaps from a spring board, jumps himself into a musical reputation on the strength of the other party's ideas. *Mr. Punch* wonders what would be thought of a poet who should try to make himself renown by this kind of thing—taking a well-known poem of a predecessor's, and doing Variations on it after this fashion:—

BUGGINS'S VARIATIONS OF THE BUSY BEE.

How doth the Little Busy Bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower,
From every opening flower, flower, flower,
That sparkles in a breezy bower,
And gives its sweetness to the shower,
Exhaling scent of gentle power,
That lasts on kerchief many an hour,
And is a lady's graceful dower,
Endeared alike to cot and tower,
Round which the little Busy Bee
Improves each shining hour,
And gathers honey all the day
From every opening flower,
From every opening flower, flower, flower,
From every opening flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads her whacks,
And labours hard to store it well.
With the sweet food she makes,
With the sweet food she makes,
With the sweet food she makes, makes, makes,
When rising just as morning breaks,
The dew-drop from the leaf she shakes,
And oft the sleeping moth she wakes,
And diving through the flower she takes,
The honey with her fairy rakes,
And in her cell the same she cakes,
Or sports across the silver lakes,
Besides her children, for whose sakes,
How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads her wax,
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes,

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In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,
For idle hands to do,
For idle hands to do, do, do,
Things which thereafter they will rue,
When Justice fiercely doth pursue,
Or conscience raises Cry and Hue,
And evil-doers look quite blue,
When Peelers run with loud halloo,
And Magistrates put on the screw,
And then the wretch exclaims, Boo-hoo,
In works of labour or of skill
I wish I'd busied too,
For Satan's found much mischief still
For my two hands to do.

There! Would a Poet get much reputation for these Variations, which are much better in their way than most of those built upon tunes. Would the poetical critics come out, as the musical critics do, with "Upon WATTS's marble foundation BUGGINS has raised a sparkling alabaster palace;" or, "The old-fashioned WATTS has been brought into new honour by the *étincellant* BUGGINS;" or "We love the old tune, but we have room in our hearts for the fairy-like fountains of bird-song which BUGGINS has bid start from it." *Mr. Punch* has an idea that BUGGINS would have no such luck; the moral to be deduced from which fact is, that a Musical Prig is luckier than a Poetical Prig.

Punch, February 2, 1861.

—:o:—

AGAINST QUARRELLING AND FIGHTING.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so,
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Dr. WATTS.

ADDRESS TO THE QUARRELSOME BOYS OF SWITZERLAND.

LET canine animals delight in mutual barkings, and in reciprocating injuries with their fangs; for it is their natural disposition in this manner to gratify their ferocity.

Let creatures of the ursine and feline tribes employ themselves in growling and contention: since they are so constituted as to take pleasure in these occupations. But you, who, among the great European family may be called children—should never allow your irascible propensities to be thus aroused. Those diminutive organs of prehension which you possess were never constructed for the laceration of one another's instruments of vision.

Punch, December 11, 1847.

TO A ROEBUCK* AT BAY.

WHIGS in their cozy berths agree
And 'tis a sorry sight
When independent men we see
Fall out and fume and fight.

Let BROOM* delight to bark and bite
For CAMPBELL riles him so;
Let Irish members bounce and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

But ROEBUCK, you should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never meant
To tear out GRATTAN'S eyes.

Punch, June, 1849.

A REMONSTRANCE FROM THE NURSERY.

LET Austria delight to bark and bite,
And snap off Kossuth's nose;
Let Prussia's King, against all right,
Tread hard on Freedom's toes;
But Nicholas should never let
A love of conquest rise;
His gory hands were never made
To tear out the Sultan's eyes.

Diogenes, 1854.

RATIONAL REMONSTRANCE.

LET peaceful BRIGHT in speech delight
That charms the Cotton crew:
Let COBDEN rather trade than fight,
For 'tis his business to.

But when our Premier, duped before,
Still trusts to Russian lies.
Such weakness but disgusts JOHN BULL,
And makes his monkey rise.

Punch, July 29, 1854.

WATT'S THE MATTER.

LET Lords delight to bark and bite,
They've nothing else to do;
Let Whigs and Tories growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

But Liberals, you should never let
Escape your passions dire,
Your little wits were never meant
To set the Thames on fire.

Kings on their gilded thrones agree,†
But 'tis a shocking sight,
When all St. Stephen's family
Fall out with Lowe and Bright.

Then keep your tempers if you can,
On Tories wreak your hate,
And dance a Radical cancan
O'er prostrate Church and State.

Will-o'-the-Wisp, May 22, 1869.

---

* John Arthur Roebuck, M.P. for Sheffield.

* Lord Brougham.

† This is quite as true to fact as the *Bird* harmony of the original.

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BIRDS in their little nests agree
'Tis true. But what about?
They all agree in trying hard
To turn each other out.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to;
Then don't complain if some fine day
They bark and bite at you.

When shines the sun, and rain is past,
Make hay, get in your crops;
But what the Dickens must one do,
Suppose it never stops?

The early bird, the proverb says,
The early worm devours;
Then lest you'd be that early worm,
Abandon early hours.

Alas for childhood's early faiths!
Comparing old with new;
I like the latter quite as well,
And think them just as true.

The Tonbridgian, April, 1873. H. M.

"In my opinion there's only one policy worth a ducat!"

"And that, Benjamin," I ask in my captivating way, "is———?"

"Pointedly expressed in the following lines of the poet:—

"LET Rads delight to bark and bite,
For God has made 'em so;
Let Butts and Biggars growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to;
But Hardy, you must never let
The landed gentry rise
To see the games that I am at
Beneath their nose and eyes."

BENJAMIN D——*His Little Dinner*, 1876.

WATTS THE MATTER?

(Lord Marcus Beresford.)

Oh, Marcus! you should never let
Your angry passions rise,
Nor at a money-lender get,
And try to black his eyes,
One hundred pounds may not be dear
For joys so simply gay;
Yet still to most it will appear
A tidy sum to pay!

Yorick, 1877.

GIBES AND "GERMS."

(*A respectful Remonstrance addressed to* PROFESSOR TINDALL, *and* DR. H. C. B.)

LET bigots write with sneers of spite,
And dogmas argue so,
Let priests and parsons, differing, fight,
As 'tis their nature to.

But, Sages, you should never let
Such female passions rise;
Your thinking minds were never made
To bandy taunts unwise.

Let calm through all your questions run,
All your debates be mild;
Keep your discussions, every one
By rancour undefiled.

With patience gentle as a lamb
Your arguments pursue;
Call not each other's theories "flam,"
But prove the sounder view.

Look up to Truth all ends above;
Seek that and that alone:
Nor squabble, out of mere self love
O'er crochets of your own.

Punch, July 7, 1877.

A FORTOU—ITOUS EVENT.

Addressed, with all earnestness, to M. Gambetta.

LET fools and bullies brawl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to;
Let brainless apes in duels delight,
But not such men as you.

No! Statesmen they should never let
Their passions get such sway.
Just think of France's keen regret,
Had you been shot that day!

Twas true there was small chance of this,
Thanks to the seconds' care;
But though both pistols scored a miss,
The folly still was there.

* * * * *

Then why conform to such a rule
As that which you obey'd;
The laws that bind the fop and fool
For you were never made.

To France a wise example show
When next you're asked to fight;
And let these moral cowards know
You dare to do what's right.

Truth, November 28, 1878.

ON A LATE FRACAS AT NEWMARKET.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to,
Let sculptors in the law courts fight
And raise a great to-do.

But, race-horse trainers, pray don't let
Your angry passions rise;
Your stable-forks weren't made, you bet
To gouge each other's eyes.

If you go in for law you'll be
Awarded just a farden;
So henceforth, when you disagree,
Beg one another's pardon.

Judy, February 14, 1883.

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To a Policeman.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
  Or howl the whole night through ;
Let roosters hail the morning light
  With "cock-a-doodle do:"

Let bawling costers all the day
  Make hideous the street ;
And organs grind, and niggers play
  And bands discordant meet :

But, Bobby, you must never try
  To stifle torturing sounds,
Nor murmur placidly "Oh, fie !"
  But meekly—go your rounds.

Funny Folks.

Watt's Up Again.

*(On a Recent Fracas. *)*

Let cads delight with fists to fight,
  To them 'tis nothing new,
Which if our Swells consider right,
  Why—let 'em do it, too.
When well-bred Englishmen now let
  Their angry passions rise,
The fashion has been lately set—
  They black each other's eyes.

Hyde Park.

Notice.—To Noblemen and Gentlemen frequenting the Row, all Rows forbidden, except Rows of Chairs. No Rowing in which punching of heads is included, will be permitted, though Rowing on the Serpentine is allowed, but the Rowers will have to pay for any damage done to the sculls.

No objection to pistols and coffee, but fighting like coal-heavers I will not have in my Park, I swear I won't, by

George.

Punch, August 8, 1885.

The Sluggard.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard ; I heard him complain,
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber ;"
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number!
And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle, grow broader and higher ;
The clothes that hung on him are turning to rags ;
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
That he took better care for improving his mind ;
He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking ;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

* Alluding to a disgraceful fight which took place in Rotten Row, between Lord Lonsdale and Sir George Chetwynd.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me,
This man's but a picture of what I might be ;
But, thanks to my friends, for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading."

Dr. Watts.

The French Sluggard.

'Tis the moan of old Louis, * I hear him complain ;
"I've deluded my people to warfare with Spain ;"
As the priests are at mass, so is *he* on his throne,
An imbecile monarch, an indolent drone.

A little more craft, and a little more ruling,
Thus his days and his hours have been wasted in fooling
And when he snores up, for his *capon* and crown,
His lethargy sinks him again on his *down*,

I passed by his *palace*,—I saw the *disguise*,—
His Jesuits caressed him, his Ultras were *spies* ;
The robes that hung on him were ragged and poor
And his life, like a beggar's, dependent once *more*.

Said I—"Ye Allies ! !—'tis a lesson for *you* ;
This King is a picture that soon you will *view* ;
And thanks to the nations who freedom have cherish'd,
That knowledge hath conquer'd, and despots have perish'd."

The Spirit of the Public Journals, 1823.

The Sluggard.

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."
And I'm not much surprised, for 'tis surely some *loss*,
Who won't let the poor fellow have his sleep out.
It's all very well for some fidgety elf,
Who can't get a wink of sound sleep for himself,
To call others "sluggards"—as worthy as he—
Because they don't quite with *his* theory agree.
They think it high time, if to dress they're prepared,
When the sun is up first, and the day is well aired,
If the body needs rest, 'tis but reason to sleep,
And thus all its functions in order to keep.
If the birds (little fools !) rise so early, I beg
You'll remember they usually sleep on one leg :
And its wearisome, doubtless, standing so long,
So they wake up and shake off the cramp with a song.
If *they* had, as *I* have, a nice cosy bed,
My impression is *they* would sleep later instead,
And as for the "worm-catching" proverb, in terms,
It can't affect me—I'm not partial to worms.

Funny Folks.

'Tis the voice of the lobster ; I heard him declare,
"You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair."
As a duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose
Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. (Macmillan and Co., London.)

* Louis XVIII, who was replaced on the throne of his ancestors, after the deposition of Napoleon Buonaparte. But for the support of the Allied Powers, the French people would probably have soon deposed this indolent and bigoted representative of the Divine Right, who, at the instigation of the priests, had just landed them in an unjust war with Spain. He had for several years previously been suffering from the effects of his indolent habits, and his constant over eating, and over drinking, and he died in the following year, September 16, 1824.

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The Wise One, and the Foolish.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again,"
As a door on its hinges, so in his bed he
Turn'd and drowsily muttered, "A Soda and B!"

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain,
"I fancy that last night I drank too much champagne;
But no," he exclaim'd, as he loll'd at his ease,
"It was not the champagne, 'twas the salmon and peas."

I look'd once again, as he lay on the bed,
His eyes they were blood shot, his nose it was red,
And I said to myself, as I turn'd from the sight,
"It is clear he was up till a late hour of night."

Then I said to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me!
That man's but a picture of what I might be.
But no, I am cautious in all that I eat;
I mix not my liquors, but take each one neat."

Judy, September 23, 1874.

The "Special."

(*After "Watts" his name.*)

'Twas the voice of the "Special," they heard him complain,
"Oh, bother the telegram! Copy again?"
His fingers were cramped, and his eyelids were red,
And he yawned, for the "Special" had not been in bed.

He had written "atrocity" scenes without number
On a cannon or drum, or some odd pile of lumber;
Had reeled off adventures, romances, realities—
All a Special considers his own Specialities.

Then he dashed down his pen, took a whiff at a "briar,"
And glanced at his costume all covered with mire;
For the clothes that hung on him were turning to rags,
And Poole would have fainted to witness such "bags."

But he screwed up his courage, still hoping to find
New horrors for British consumption designed;
And he wrote of his dreams, of his eating and drinking
(Too much of the latter some readers are thinking).

But they scan with delight that escape from a shell,
That leap from a mountain, that fall in a well;
And when brought as a spy to some captain or colonel,
'Twas an excellent scene to write up for his journal.

But I said as I read, "Here's a lesson for me;
This man's but a picture of what I might be.
Were it not for the care of my friends in my breeding,
I might have to make 'Specials' for newspaper reading."

Funny Folks.

The Czar he Leads a Jolly Life.

'Tis the voice of the Czar, don't you hear him complain?
"They've been trying to blow up my palace again!
Now matters are really getting too bad;
For years not a moment of peace have I had."

This is the first verse of a long and curiously prophetic poem which appeared in *Truth*, December 18, 1879. The remaining verses are not given as they do not parody Dr. Watts.

The Rinker.

'Tis the voice of the rinker, I heard her complain,
You have stopped me too soon, I'll go skating again,
As the door on its hinges, so she on her skates,
Turns gracefully, and expectantly waits.

A little more skating, a little more rinking, [thinking
Thus she wastes half her days, and her hours without
And when she's at home, she but lolls in a chair,
And wonders how soon she again will go there.

On her way to the rink I once chanced to be nigh her,
And I thought that she held her head higher and higher,
So fine was the dress she wore, I quite shuddered to think
Of the money she wastes on the terrible rink.

I made her a visit, still hoping to find
She took some little care for improving her mind;
She told me her feats, talked of dressing and rinking,
But scarce reads a book, and never loves thinking.

Then I said to myself, "Here's a lesson to me,
This woman's a pattern of what I might be,"
But I'm proud to confess, and I can without blinking,
I much prefer reading and writing to rinking.

Idyls of the Rink. Judd & Co., London, 1876

A Moral Song for Election Time.

'Tis the voice of Britannia, I heard her explain
"I'm wide awake now; I wont slumber again;
As Materfamilias, once out of bed,
I must sack my late servants, and turn off their head.

"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber,
And my wars, big and little, had grown out of number;
Over vanishing trade I'd have had to fold hands,
Perplexed not with orders, but debtor's demands.

"I passed Jingo's Music Hall, lit with blue fire,
That on Russia's big bogey blazed higher and higher,
I heard "*Rule Britannia*," saw waving of flags,
With a great deal by way of bounce, bunkum, and brags.

"I called upon Jingo, as hoping to find,
Common sense had found access, at length, to his mind,
But he told me his dreams, talked as if he'd been drinking,
For he reads the *D. T.*, and has long given up thinking.

"Then, said *Punch* to John Bull, 'you take warning, J. B.,'
This Jingo's a picture of what *we* might be.
But thanks to our friends for the care of our breeding,
Who warned us, betimes, the *D. T.* against reading.

Punch, 1880.

'Tis the voice of the glutton,
I hear him complain,
My waistcoat unbutton,
I'll eat once again.

Punch, May 1864.

The Moan of the "Native."

"Of all the inanimate objects which are inimical to the oyster, there is nothing so fatal as sand."

Land and Water, Oct. 23, 1880.

'Tis the voice of the oyster I hear him complain;
"I can't live in this place, here's the sandstorm again.

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I was settling to rest 'mid the rocks and the tiles
They had made for a home, but this sand how it riles.
It gets into my shell, and the delicate fringe
That I use when I breathe; and I can't shut my hinge
When the grit lodges there; so the crabs come at will,
Since my poor mouth is open they feed, and they kill,
I've complained to Frank Buckland, who quite understands,
But he cant undertake to abolish the sands."
Thus the "Native" made moan, then I took up the brown
Bread-and-butter and lemon, and swallowed him down!

Punch, 1880.



PRAISE FOR MERCIES SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more:
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold!
While I am clothed from head to feet
And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

Dr. WATTS.

LONDON STREETS.

A Moral Song, after an Obvious Original.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad
How many things I see
Which make me wish that Colonel Henderson were there with me.

Not more than others I observe,
But things impress me more—
The noise, the filth, the area-sneaks
Who beg from door to door.

What borrowed children in the street
Half-naked I behold!
What sturdy hawkers howl and cheat,
And how the poor are "sold!"

Horses in 'bus and cab I see
O'erworked and underfed,
And overladen creatures fall
Upon the roadway—dead!

Teutonic bands disturb the street
Remote from noise and strife,
And organs grinding discord make
A misery of life.

On crowded pavements, two abreast,
Perambulators run,
To drive the folks into the road—
The nursemaids' daily fun.

The *gamins* early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Too fleet of foot for him to race—
The bobby, named of Peel.

Such things as these are day by day
A scandal and a pest;
But Scotland Yard, with folded arms,
Snores on and takes its rest.

THE IRISH LANDLORD S SONG.

"WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad
My tenantry I see,
And each has got a blunderbuss,
A looking out for me."

Judy.

PRAISE FOR MERCIES SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.

I CANNOT take my walks abroad,
I'm under lock and key,
And much the public I applaud,
For all their care of me.

Not more than others I deserve,
In fact much less, than more;
Yet I have food while others starve
Or beg from door to door.

The honest pauper in the street,
Half-naked I behold;
While I am clad from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.

Thousands there are who scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
While I've a warm and well air'd cell,
A bath, good books, good bed.

While they are fed on workhouse fare
And grudged their scanty food:
Three times a day my meals I get,
Sufficient, wholesome, good.

Then to the British public health,
Who all our care relieves;
And while they treat us as they do,
They'll never want for thieves.

This parody was ascribed to the pen of one Stephen Bills, a convict, and some twenty years ago his photograph could be obtained, with the parody printed at the back. Mr. Bills was there represented in the costume peculiar to gentlemen who are enjoying state hospitality. It is a curious circumstance that a very similar parody was included in the volume entitled "Wit and humour,

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by Shirley Brooks," edited by his son, and published by Bradbury, Agnew & Co., London.

It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Shirley Brooks was the actual author, or whether he obtained the poem in the manner stated below:

SONG BY A CAGED BIRD.

The following lines were found in the cell of a discharged convict, who made his way into a Chaplain's heart by piety, and, subsequently, into a jeweller's shop by burglary.

The spirit that dictated such an irreverence with Dr. Watts is worthy of the Author.

I CANNOT take my walks abroad,
I'm under lock and key,
And much the public I applaud,
For all their care of me.

Not more than Paupers I deserve,
In fact, much less than more,
Yet I have food while Paupers starve
And beg from door to door.

The honest Pauper in the street
Half naked you behold,
While I am clothed from head to feet
And covered from the cold.

While honest Paupers scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a warm and well-aired cell,
With bath-room, gas, and bed.

While Paupers live on workhouse fare,
A grudged and scanty meal,
My table's spead with bread and beer,
And beef, or pork, or veal.

Then since to honest folks, I say,
They put the Workhouse Test,
Why nix my doll palls, fake away,
You'll like the jug the best.

THE MODEL PRISON.

[This originally appeared in *Punch*, April 4, 1857.]

COVENT GARDEN.

A HYMN OF HUMILITY.

[Over and over again has the Duke of Bedford been implored adjured, entreated, and admonished to set Covent Garden Market and its approaches in order; but as yet he has practically turned a deaf ear to all the appeals made to him.—Daily Paper.]

WHENE'ER abroad we take our walks,
And choose the Covent Garden route,
We ask, "Do dukes like cabbage-stalks?
And are they fond of rotten fruit?"

We see the garbage piled on high,
We sniff an air whose odour tells
Of rank corruption; and we sigh,
"No doubt the duke approves of smells!"

We pick our way through filth and slime,
And, musing on the noisome flood,
The thought occurs to us in time,
"In politics dukes fling much mud!"

We watch the traffic raging round,
And filling every hole and nook.
Then say, "Of course this muddle's found
To gratify his grace the duke."

The grimy avenue we pace,
About the ugly sheds we pry;
"It's hard," we think, "to like the place,—
But then one lacks the ducal eye."

We mark the slums that fester near,
And dirt and squalor still we find;
But reason whispers in our ear,
"It's not so bad, or dukes would mind."

Oh, fie on agitating elves
Who say the market is a blot!
They ought to murmur to themselves,
"The duke's contented with the spot."

He draws his rents, he hoards his gold;
What cares he for the vulgar throng!
They might just recollect, when told,
That dukes, like kings, can do no wrong.

The Weekly Dispatch, June, 1882.

MORAL SONGS FOR ELECTION-TIME.

(*After Dr. Watts*).

I.—PLAY (INNOCENT AND OTHERWISE).

ABROAD in the Boroughs to see the Blue Lambs,
And the Red Lions rather too free of their dams,
Standing up for what both call their rights:
Or a knot of young roughs, whose right place were the cage,
Of their hustling and horse-play well-earning the wage,
Are not pleasant election-time sights.

If we'd been born Ducks, we *might* dabble in mud;
Or Dogs, we might snarl till it ended in blood;
But *we* claim to be rational creatures;
And DIZZY and GLADSTONE, and such pretty names,
We ought to know better than fling, to our shames,
Like mud, in each other's flushed features.

Not a harsh thing Blues do, or a hard thing Buffs say,
But with Blue and Buff bills should be wiped clean away?
They are fools who let foolish words hurt.
Not so rough's rude horseplay, who fight and throw mire,
Or, still worse, penmen's frolic's, who fling about fire
In Jingo Drawcansir disport.

II.—LOVE BETWEEN REDS AND BLUES.

LET Frenchmen fight with kick and bite—
They can't use fists, we know—
Let Turk and Russ take wrong for right,
It is their nature to.

But, Britons, you should never let
Such Party-passions rise,
As, even at Election times,
To—blank—each other's eyes!

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Afghans, Zulus howe'er we treat,
Let's keep the peace at home;
Where Rads and Jingoes share the street,
To cuffs they should not come.

Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a painful sight,
When fools, though of one family,
Fall out and chide and fight.

Hard hustings-names, hot platform-words,
And blatant leaders' breath,
Take shape in Clubs, Lies' two-edged swords,
And mob-war to the death.

He's wise who tongue and temper schools
Through the election fight,
Nor holdeth all his foes for fools,
Himself still in the right.

Punch, April 17, 1880.

——:o:——

WATTS'S INCOME TAX LOGIC.

WHEN Bishops, who in wealth abound,
Return their incomes wrong,
And pocket several thousand pound
To them that don't belong.

Oh, how can Government expect
A struggling chap like me
Should put his earnings down correct,
To fill up Schedule D?

Punch, April 16, 1853.

HYMN BY A MEMBER OF THE PEACE CONGRESS.

How sweet a thing it is to dwell
In blessed u-ni-ty,
With envious passions ne'er to swell,
But cherish a-mi-ty.

How very sweet it is to take
Your little brother's gold,
And make a snug pro-vi-sion
Against when we get old.

How very sweet it is—"Oh dear!"
Who hit me in the eye?
"Who kicked me then? Get out you brute!
Ah do—just only try—"

"I'll tear your clothes clean off your back,
I'll smash your ugly head;"
Its done—three cheers for blessed peace!
My en-e my is dead.

The Tomahawk, September 21, 1867.

THE THIEF.

WHY should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder, or to steal.

DR. WATTS.

WHY should I relieve my neighbour
With my goods against my will?
Can't he live by honest labour
Can't he borrow, can't he steal?

A PARAPHRASE.

[On the Rev. Dr. Watts's Celebrated Distich, on the *Study of Languages.*]

Addressed to the young gentlemen of the English Grammar Schools, by one of their School-fellows.

"LET every foreign tongue alone
Till you can spell and read your own"
With equal justice, sense and truth,
So says the guide and friend of youth:
For ignorant in that, 'tis plain,
Your boast of literature is vain;
But make your own your first concern,
All others you may quickly learn:
And thus with minds prepar'd and free,
Their beauties taste, their idioms see.

Pedants may flout and keep a pother
About this language, and the other,
And swear that none can write or speak
Who have not Latin learn'd and Greek:
'He of all judgement is depriv'd
'Who knows not whence a word's derived
'And every Briton willy nilly,
'Must dig good English out of Lilly:
These are vague notions foster'd long
Crude in their birth, in practice wrong;
Like many more of ancient date,
Wisely reformed or obsolete.

Thousands 'tis true the course have run,
Which reason would have bid them shun:
'Tis common sense and good in law,
To furnish brick we should have straw.
But by the mystic code of schools
There's neither straw allowed nor tools;
And years of pain, and learning's stock,
Begin and end in *Hic, haec, hoc!*
What charms are there, in sense or sound
Of such intrinsic merit found,
That not thro' prejudice to err,
Terms of our own we mayn't prefer?
And just as well the purpose fit,
With Oxford writing,—he, she, it?
Or do they more in Church or State
Improve discourse, or point debate?

Poor boys in training, it appears,
Condemn'd to waste their tender years
On exercises which conduce
To little or no real use,
Seem to perpetuate Britain's doom,
To groan beneath the yoke of Rome.
Rome that abandon'd us in need
Still o'er our judgment takes the lead;
We scout her eagles with disdain
The fasces still usurp domain;
Still, of court influence tho' bereft,
In schools the badge of slavery's left,
And interest still, or affectation,
Warps the free spirit of the nation;
Tho' richer prospects grace our view
Than ever Greek or Roman knew,—
All must be through the classics led,
Before the horn-book well they've read;
A more oppressive task in fact
Than Egypt's tyrant could exact
Which genius in the cradle cramps,
And all her generous efforts damps;
But in your native language skill'd
You on a sure foundation build;
The edifice will rise sublime,
In perfect order, place, and time.

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There, and there only should commence
The path to knowledge, wit and sense,
For there the young ingenious mind,
The road to excellence will find,
And in the flowery walks of science,
May bid disgraceful birch defiance;
But who, a novice there, aspires,
Must work his way through thorns and briars,
And when the craggy steeps are past,
May skulk a useless drone at last;
Nay, though he get A. B. at College,
Be stopt of his degree in knowledge.

Then cultivate your native soil,
The harvest will repay your toil;
And be it every parent's care,
To plant the seeds of goodness there.

*** The petty ambition of pretending to superior skill, in other languages, seems pleasantly and aptly ridiculed in the following anecdote :—

One of our modern modishly-bred ladies, boasting of her proficiency in the FRENCH tongue, asserted she understood and spoke it better than she did English; and for the truth, appealed to a French lady in company. The adroit Parisian very candidly and sensibly replied, "I am not, my dear "madam, sufficiently acquainted with the English language "to determine; but I should be ashamed and sorry to say, "I spoke any language half so well as my own!"

From *A Collection of Poems*, by Samuel Whyte, Dublin, 1792.

John Milton,

Born 1608. *Died in Bunhill Fields, London, November* 8, 1674.

PARODIES of Milton's Poems are neither numerous, nor particularly amusing; the best known, and most admired, is undoubtedly "The Splendid Shilling," written (in blank verse) about 1700, by John Philips. A biography of this author is included in Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." He was born at Bampton in Oxfordshire, on December 30, 1676. Being of a delicate constitution his chief amusement was reading, and as Milton was his favorite author, he chose his style for a parody, whilst he found a subject in the character of an impecunious college friend, who knew not how to keep a shilling in his pocket. "The Splendid Shilling" has one great charm, rare in such works, it is a burlesque in which nobody is ridiculed. John Philips died on February 15, 1708, and was buried in Hereford Cathedral. There is a tablet to his memory in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, which chronicles in high flown Latin phrases, his achievements in poetry. Of these the principal were "Blenheim," and "Cider," the latter being founded upon the model of Virgil's *Georgics*.

The following is an exact reprint of a very early edition of

THE

SPLENDID SHILLING.

IN

IMITATION OF MILTON.

——Sing Heavenly Muse,
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's dire

HAppy the Man, who void of Cares and Strife,
In Silken or in Leathern Purfe retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New Oyfters cry'd, nor fighs for cheerful Ale;

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But with his Friends, when nightly Mifts arife,
To *Juniper's*, or *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall** repairs;
Where mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton Eye,
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Amorous flames,
Chloe or *Phillis*; he each Circling Glass
Wifheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
Mean while he Smoaks, and Laughs at Merry Tale,
Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
But I whom griping Penury furrounds,
And Hunger, fure Attendant upon Want,
With fcanty Offals, and fmall acid Tiff
(Wretched Repast) my meagre Corps sustain:
Then Solitary walk, or doze at home
In Garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd Fingers, or from Tube as black
As Winter's Chimney, or well-polifh'd Jett,
Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Smoak.
Not blacker Tube, nor of a fhorter Size
Smoaks *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, ancient Kings,
Full famous in Romantick tale) when he
O're many a craggy Hill, and fruitlefs Cliff,
Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Ceftrian* Cheese,
High over-fhadowing rides, with a defign
To vend his Wares, or at the *Arvonian* Mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town
Hight *Morgannumia*, or where *Vaga's* Stream
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruithful Soil,
Whence flow Nectareous Wines, that well may vye
With *Maffic*, *Setian*, or Renown'd *Falern*.
Thus while my joylefs Hours I lingring spend,
With Looks demure, and filent pace a *Dunn*,
Horrible Monfter! hated by Gods and Men,
To my aerial Citadel ascends;
With Vocal Heel thrice Thund'ring at my Gates,
With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know
The Voice ill boding, and the solemn Sound;
What should I do, or whither turn? amaz'd
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of Woodhole; ftreight my briftling Hairs erect
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech,
So horrible he seems; his faded Brow
Entrench'd with many a Frown, and *conic* Beard,
And fpreading Band admir'd by Modern Saint
Difaftrous acts forebode; in his Right hand
Long Scrolls of Paper folemnly he waves,
With Characters and Figures dire infcribed
Grievous to mortal Eye, (ye Gods avert
Such plagues from righteous men) behind him ftalks
Another Monfter, not unlike himfelf,
Of Afpect fullen, by the Vulgar called
A *Catchpole*, whofe polluted hands the Gods
With Force incredible, and Magic Charms
Erft have indu'd, if he his ample Palm
Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, ftreight his Body to the touch
Obfequious (as Whilom Knights were wont)
To fome enchanted Caftle is convey'd,
Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Charms
In durance vile detain him, till in form
Of Money, *Pallas* fet the Captive free.
Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
Be circumfpect; oft with infidious Ken,
This Caitiff eyes your fteps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a Creek or gloomy Cave,
Prompt to enchant fome inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets fing)
Grimalkin to Domeftick Vermin fworn
An everlafting Foe, with watchful eye,

* Celebrated Oxford Ale-houses.

Lyes nightly brooding ore a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtlefs Mice
Sure ruin. So her difembowell'd Web
The *Spider* in a Hall or Kitchin fpreads,
Obvious to vagrant Flies; fhe fecret ftands,
Within her woven Cell; the Humming Prey
Regardlefs of their Fate, rufh on the toils
Inextricable, nor will ought avail
Their Arts nor Arms, nor Shapes of lovely Hue,
The Wafp infidious, and the buzzing Drone,
And Butterfly proud of expanded wings
Diftinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
Ufelefs refiftance make: with eager ftrides
She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;
Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
Their bulky Carcaffes triumphant drags.

So pafs my days. But when Nocturnal Shades
This World invelop, and th'inclement Air
Perfwades Men to repel benumming Frofts,
With pleafant Wines, and crackling blaze of Wood;
Me lonely fitting, nor the glimmering Light
Of make-weight Candle, nor the joyous talk
Of lovely friends delights; diftrefs'd, forlorn,
Amidft the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I figh, and feed with difmal Thoughts
My anxious Mind; or fometimes mournful Verfe
Indite, and fing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
Or defperate Lady near a purling stream,
Or Lover pendant on a Willow-tree;
Mean while I labour with eternal drought,
And reftlefs wifh, in vain, my parched Throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repofe;
But if a Slumber haply do's invade
My weary Limbs, my Fancy ftill awake,
Longing for Drink, and eager in my Dream,
Tipples imaginary Pots of Ale.
Awake, I find the fetled Thirft—
Still gnawing, and the pleafant Phantom curfe.

Thus do I live from Pleafure quitte debarr d,
Nor taft the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
Mature, John-apple nor the Downy Peach,
Nor Walnut in rough-furrow'd Coat fecure,
Nor Medlar Fruit delicious in decay;
Afflictions great, yet greater ftill remain,
My *Galligaskings* that have long withftood
The Winter's Fury, and encroaching Frofts
By time subdu'd, (what will not time fubdue!)
A horrid Chafm difclofe, with Orifice
Wide difcontinuous; at which the Winds
Eurus and *Auftar*, and the dreadful force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blafts,
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
Long fail'd fecure, or through the *Egean* Deep,
Or the *Ionian*, till Crufing near
The *Lilybean* Shoar, with hideous Crufh
On *Scylla* or *Charibdis* dangerous Rocks
She ftrikes rebounding, whence the fhatter'd Oak,
So fierce a Shock unable to withftand,
Admits the Sea, in at the gaping Side,
The crouding Waves gufh with impetuous Rage,
Refiftlefs overwhelming; Horrors feize
The Mariners, Death in their eyes appears,
They ftare, they lave, they pump, they fwear, they pray.
Vain Efforts, ftill the battering Waves rufh in
Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,
The Ship finks found'ring in the vaft Abyfs.

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SIR RICHARD STEELE, in "The Tatler," pronounced "The Splendid Shilling" to be the finest Burlesque Poem in the English language, and DR. JOHNSON praised it as an admirable imitation of the stately movement of Milton's blank verse, whilst OLIVER GOLDSMITH, in his Criticisms, says "This is reckoned the best parody of Milton in our language; it has been an hundred times imitated without success."

It is a pity that Dr. Goldsmith did not more particularly describe these imitations, as after much searching only about half a dozen have come to light, all of them somewhat old fashioned in subject and manner of treatment.

One of the best, written by Mr. Bramston (author of The Man of Taste, The Art of Politics etc.) was entitled *The Crooked Sixpence*, and may be found occasionally in old books of Comic Recitations, and Elegant Extracts. Unfortunately no "Elegant Extracts" can be taken from it suitable for the chaste pages of *Parodies*, for the poem relates to such a topic as might have afforded excellent material to Rabelais. or Chaucer, but which cannot be alluded to in our more refined times.

A few years after the publication of *The Splendid Shilling*, a small pamphlet appeared, entitled "WINE, A POEM. To which is added, *Old* ENGLAND'S *New Triumph; or, the Battle of* AUDENARD, A SONG." London: Printed and sold by H. Hills in Black-fryars, near the Water-Side, 1709. No author's name is given; the poem certainly deserves to be preserved, as an early and interesting imitation of Milton's blank verse. The song of the "Battle of Audenard" is not a parody.

WINE, A POEM.

Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ Scribuntur aquæ portoribus.

Epist 19, Lib. 1, Hor.

OF Happiness Terrestrial, and the Source
Whence human Pleasure flow, sing *Heavenly* Muse,
Of sparkling juices, of the enliv'ning Grape,
Whose quickning Taste adds Vigour to the Soul,
Whose Sov'raign pow'r revives decaying Nature,
And thaws the frozen Blood of Hoary Age
A kindly Warmth diffusing, Youthful fires
Gild his dim Eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
His Wrizzled Visage, ghastly wan before:
Cordial restorative to mortal Man
With copious Hand by bounteous Gods bestow'd.

Bacchus Divine, aid my advent'rous Song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar.
Inspir'd, Sublime on *Pegaseon* Wing
By thee upborn, I draw *Miltonic* Air

When fumy Vapour clog our loaded Brows
With furrow'd Frowns, when stupid downcast Eyes
Th' external Symptoms of remorse within,
Our Grief express, or when in sullen Dumps
With Head Incumbent on Expanded Palm,
Moaping we sit, in silent sorrow drown'd:
Whether inviegling *Hymen* has trapan'd
Th' unwary Youth, and ty'd the *Gordian* Knot
Of jangling Wedlock *Indissoluble*;
Worried all Day by loud *Zantippes* Din,
And when the gentle dew of sleep inclines,
With slumb'rous Weight his Eye-lids She inflam'd
With Uncloyed Lust, and Itch Insatiable,
His stock exhausted, still yells on for more;
Nor fail She to exalt him to the Stars,
And fixt him there among the Branched Crew
(*Taurus*, and *Aries*, and *Capricorn*,)
The greatest Monster of the *Zodiac*;
Or for the loss of Anxious Worldly Pelf
Or *Celia's* scornful flights, and cold disdain
Had check'd his Am'rous flame with coy repulse,
The worst Events that mortals can befal;
By cares depress'd in pensive *Hypoish* mood,
With slowest pace, the tedious minutes Roll.

Thy charming sight, but much more charming Gust
New Life incites, and warms our chilly Blood,
Strait with pert Looks, we raise our drooping Fronts,
And pour in chrystal pure, thy purer Juice,
With cheerful Countenance and steady Hand
Raise it Lip-high, then fix the spacious Rim
Th' expecting Mouth, and now with grateful Tast,
The ebbing Wine glides swiftly o're the Tongue,
The circling Blood with quicker motion flies;
Such is thy pow'rful influence, thou strait
Dispell'dst those Clouds that lowring dark eclips'd
To whilom Glories of our gladsom Face
And dimpled Cheeks, and sparkling rolling Eyes,
Thy cheering Virtues, and thy worth proclaim.
So *Mists* and *Exhalations* that arise
From Hills or streamy Lake, Dusky or Gray
Prevail, till *Phœbus* sheds *Titanian* Rays,
And paints their Fleecy Skirts with shining Gold,
Unable to resist the Foggy Damps
That veild the Surface of the verdant Fields,
At the God's penetrating Beams disperse:
The Earth again in former Beauty smiles,
In gaudiest Livery drest, all Gay and Clear.

When disappointed *Strephon* meets Repulse,
Scoff'd at, despised, in melancholick mood
Joyless he wasts in sighs the lazy Hours,
Till Reinforc't by thy Almighty Aid,
He Storms the Breach, and wins the Beauteous Fort.

To pay thee Homage, and receive thy Blessings,
The *British* Mariner quits native shore,
And ventures through the tractless vast Abyss,
Ploughing the Ocean, whilst the *Upheav'd* Oak
With beaked Prow, Rides tilting o're the Waves;
Shockt by Tempestuous jarring Winds she Rolls
In Dangers Imminent, till she arrives
At those blest *Climes*, thou favour'st with thy presence.

Whether, at *Lusitanian* sultry Coasts,
Or Lofty *Teneriff*, *Palma*, *Ferro*,
Provence or at the *Celtiberian* Shores;
With gazing Pleasure and Astonishment
At *Paradice*, (Seat of our ancient sire,)
He thinks himself arriv'd, the Purple *Grape*
In largest Clusters Pendant, grace the *Vines*
Innumerous, in Fields *Grotesque* and *Wild*
They with Implicit Curles the *Oak* entwine,
And load with Fruit Divine her spreading Boughs;
Sight most delicious, not an Irksom Thought,

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Or of left native *Isle*, or absent Friends,
Or dearest Wife, or tender sucking Babe,
His kindly treach'rous mem'ry now presents
The Jovial *God* has left no room for Cares.

Celestial Liquor, thou that didst inspire
Maro and *Flaccus*, and the *Grecian* Bard,
With lofty Numbers, and Heroic strains
Unparalell'd, with Eloquence profound,
And Arguments Convincive didst enforce
Fam'd *Tully*, and *Demosthenes* Renown'd
Ennius first fam'd in *Latin* Song, in vain
Drew *Heliconian* Streams, Ungrateful whet
To Jaded Muse, and oft' with vain attempt
Heroic Acts in Flagging Numbers dull
With pains essay'd but abject still and low,
His *Unrecruited* Muse could never reach
The mighty Theme, till from the Purple Font
Of bright *Lenæan* fire, Her barren drought
He quench'd, and with inspiring Nect'rous Juice,
Her drooping spirits chear'd, aloft she towres
Born on stiff *Pennons*, and of Wars alarms,
And *Trophies* won, in loftiest Numbers sings:
'Tis thou the Hero's breast to Martial Acts,
And resolution bold, and ardour brave
Excit'st, thou check'st Inglorious lolling ease,
And sluggish minds with *gen'rous* fires inflam'st,
O *thou*, that first my quickned Soul engaged,
Still with thy Aid assist me, What is *dark*
Illumin, What is low raise and support
That to the height of this great Argument,
Thy Universal Sway o'er all the World,
In everlasting Numbers, like the Theme
I may record, and sing thy matchless Worth.

Had the *Oxonion* Bard thy Praise rehears'd,
His Muse had yet retain'd her wonted height;
Such as of late o'er *Blenheim* Field she soar'd
Aerial, now in *Ariconian* Bogs
She lies Inglorious floundring like her Theme
Languid and Faint, and on damp Wing emerg'd
In acid Juice, in vain attempts to rise.

With what sublimest Joy from noisy Town,
At Rural Seat, *Lucretelus* retir'd,
Flaccus, untained by perplexing Cares,
Where the white *Poplar*, and the lofty *Pine*
Join Neighbouring Boughs, sweet Hospitable shade
Creating from *Phœbean* Rays secure,
A cool Retreat, with few well chosen Friends
On flowry Mead Recumbent, spent the Hours
In Mirth Innocuous, and Alternate Verse!
With Roses Interwoven, Poplar Wreaths
Their Temples bind, dress of *Sylvestrian* Gods;
Choicest *Nectarian* Juice Crown'd largest Bowls,
And over look'd the lid, alluring sight,
Of fragrant Scent, attractive, tast Divine!
Whether from *Formain* Grape depress'd, *Falern*
Or *Setin*, *Massic*, *Gauran*, or *Sabine*,
Lesbian or *Cæcuban* the chearing Bowl
Mov'd briskly round, and spur'd their heightened wit
To sing *Mecœna* praise their Patron kind.

But *we*, not as our Pristrin sires repair
T' *umbrageous* Grot or Vale, but when the Sun
Faintly from Western Skies his Rays oblique
Darts flopping, and to *Thetis* watry Lap
Hastens in prone Career, with Friends Select
Swiftly we hie to Devil Young or old
Jocund and Boon, where at the entrance stands
A Stripling, who with Scrapes and *Humil* Cringe,
Greets us in winning Speech, and Accent Bland;
With lightest bound, and safe unerring step
He skips before, and nimbly climbs the Stairs
Melampus thus, panting with lolling Tongue,
And wagging's Tail, Gamboles, and frisks before
His sequel Lord from pensive Walk return'd,
Whether in Shady Wood or Pasture Green,
And waits his coming at the well known Gate.
Nigh to the Stairs ascent, in regal Port
Sits a *Majestick* Dame, whose looks denounce
Command and *Sov'reignty*, with haughty Air,
And *Studied* Mien, in *Semicirc'lar* Throne
Enclos'd, she deals around her dread Commands:
Behind her (*Dazling sight*) in order Rang'd,
Pile above Pile *Christallin* Vessels shine;
Attendant Slaves with eager stride advance,
And after Homage paid, baul out aloud
Words unintelligible, noise confus'd:
She knows the *Jargon* Sounds, and strait describes
In Characters Mysterious Words obscure;
More legible are *Algebraic* Signs,
Or *Mystic* Figures by *Magicians* drawn,
When they Invoke aid *Diabolical*.

Drive hence the Rude and Barb'rous Dissonance
Of Savage *Thracians*, and *Croatian* Boors;
The loud *Centaurean* Broil's with *Lapithæ*
Sound Harsh, and grating to *Lenæan* God;
Chase brutal Feuds of *Bælian* skippers hence,
(Amid their Cups, whose Innate Tempers shown)
In clumsy Fist wielding *Scymetrian* Knife,
Who slash each others Eyes, and Blubber'd Face,
Prophaning *Bacchanalian* solemn Rites:
Musicks Harmonius Numbers better suit
His Festivals, from Instrument or Voice,
Or *Gasperim's* Hand the trembling string
Should touch, or from the *Tuscan* Dames
Or warbling *Tosts* more soft Melodious Tongue
Sweet Symphonies should flow, the *Delian* God
For Airy *Bacchus* is Associate meet.

The Stairs Ascent now gain'd our Guide unbars
The door of Spacious Room, and creeking Chairs
(To ear offensive) round the Table sets,
We sit, when thus his Florid Speech begins:
Name, Sirs, the WINE that most invites you, Tast,
Champaign or *Burgundy*, or *Florence* pure,
Or *Hoc* Antique, or *Lisbon* New or Old,
Bourdeaux, or neat *French* White, or *Alicant*:
For *Bordeaux* we with Voice Unanimous
Declare, (such Sympathy's in Boon *Conpeers*.)
He quits the Room *Alert*, but soon returns,
One hand Capacious glist'ring Vessels bore
Resplendant, th' other with a grasp secure,
A Bottle (mighty charge) upstaid, full Fraught
With goodly Wine, *He* with extended Hand
Rais'd High, pours forth the Sanguin frothy Juice,
O'erspread with Bubbles, dissipated soon:
We strait t'our Arms repair, experienced Chiefs;
Now Glasses clash with Glasses, (Charming Sound,)
And Glorious ANNA's Health the first the best
Crowns the full Glass, at Her inspiring Name
The sprightly Wine Results, and seem to smile,
With hearty Zeal, and wish unanimous
The Health we drink, and in her Health our own.

A Pause ensues, and now with grateful Chat
W' improve the Interval, and Joyous Mirth
Engages our rais'd Souls, Pat Repartee,
Or Witty Joke our airy Senses moves
To pleasant Laughter, strait the Echoing Room
With Universal Peals and Shouts resounds.

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The *Royal Dane*, blest Consort of the blest QUEEN,
Next Crowns the Rubied Nectar, all whose Bliss
In ANNA's plac't with Sympathetic Flame,
And Mutual Endearments, all her Joys,
Like the kind Turtles pure untainted Love,
Center in Him, who shares the grateful Hearts
Of Loyal Subjects, with his Sov'reign QUEEN,
For by his Prudent Care, united shores
Were sav'd from Hostile Fleets Invasion dire.

The Hero *Malbro* next, whose vast Exploits
Fame's Clarion sounds, fresh Laurels, Triumphs new
We wish, like those he won at *Hockstet's* Field.

Next *Devonshire* Illustrious, who from Race
Of Noblest Patriots sprung, whose Soul's endow'd,
And is with ev'ry Vertuous gift Adorn'd
That shon in his most worthy Ancestors,
For then distinct in sep'rate Breast were seen
Virtues distinct, but all in him unite.

Prudent *Godolphin*, of the Nations weal
Frugal, but free and gen'rous of his own.
Next Crowns the Bowl, with Faithful *Sunderland*.
And *Halifax*, the Muses darling Song,
In whom Conspicuous, with full Lustre shine
The surest Judgment, and the brightest Wit,
Himself *Mecænas* and a *Flaccus* too,
And all the worthies of the *British* Realm
In order rang'd succeeded, Healths that ting'd
The *Dulcet* Wine with a more charming Gust.

Now each their Mistress by whose scorching Eyes
Fir'd, tost *Cosmelia* Fair, or *Dulcibella*,
Or *Silvia* Comely Black with jetty Eyes
Piercing, or Airy *Celia* sprightly Maid.
Insensibly thus flow *Unnumber'd* Hours;
Glass succeeds Glass, till the *Dircean God*
Shines in our Eyes, and with his Fulgent Rays
Enlightens our glad Looks with lovely Die;
All Blithe and Jolly that like *Arthur's* Knights
Of Rotund Table, Fam'd in Pristin Records,
Now most we seem'd, such is the Power of Wine.

Thus we the winged Hours in harmless Mirth,
And Joys Unsull'd pass, till Humid Night
Has half her Race perform'd, now all abroad
Is hush'd and silent, nor the Rumbling Noise
Of Coach or Cart, or Smoaky Link-Boys call
Is heard; but Universal Silence Reigns:
When we in Merry Plight, Airy and Gay,
Surpriz'd to find the Hour so swiftly flie,
With hasty knock, or Twang of Pendant Cord
Alarm the Drowsy Youth from slumb'ring Nod;
Startled he flies, and stumbles o'er the Stairs
Erroneous, and with busie Knuckles plies
His yet clung Eyelids, and with stagg'ring Reel
Enters Confus'd, and Mutt'ring asks our Wills;
When we with Lib'ral Hand the Score discharge,
And Homeward each his Course with steady step
Unerring steer'd of Cares and Coin bereft.

—:o:—

A Panegyric on Oxford Ale.

By a Gentleman of Oxford.

Mea nec Falernae
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles.
Horace.

Balm of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
Hail Juice benignant! O'er the costly cups
Of riot-stirring wine, unwholesome draught,
Let Pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night;
My sober ev'ning let the tankard bless,
With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg fraught
While the rich draught with oft-repeated whiffs
Tobacco mild improves. Divine repast!
Where no crude surfeit or intemperate joys
Of lawless Bacchus reign; but o'er my soul
A calm lethean creeps, in drowsy trance
Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps
My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod
Of magic morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
Its opiate influence. What though sore ills
Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals
Or cheerful candle (save the make-weight's gleam
Haply remaining) heart rejoicing ale
Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.
Meantime, not mindless of the daily task
Of tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
Of deep Smiglecius much I meditate,
While ale inspires, and lends its kindred aid
The thought-perplexing labour to pursue
Sweet helicon of logic! but if friends
Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
To pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt,
Where ale thy votaries in full resort
Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
Of monumental oak and antique mould,
That long has stood the rage of conqu'ring years
Inviolate, (nor in more ample chair
Smokes rosy justice, when th'important cause,
Whether of hen-roost, or of mirthful rape,
In all the majesty of paunch he tries)
Studious of ease, and provident, I place
My gladsome limbs; while in repeated round
Returns replenish'd the successive cup,
And the brisk fire conspires to genial joy:
While haply, to relieve the ling'ring hours
In innocent delight, amusive *putt*
On smooth joint-stool in emblematic play,
The vain vicissitudes of fortune shews.
Nor reckoning, name tremendous, me disturbs
Nor, call'd for, chills my breast with sudden fear
While on the wonted door, expressive mark,
The frequent penny stands describ'd to view,
In snowy characters and graceful row.

Hail, Ticking! surest guardian of distress
Beneath thy shelter, pennyless I quaff
The cheerful cup, nor hear with hopeless heart
New oysters cry'd: Though much the poet's friend,
Ne'er yet attempted in poetic strain,
Accept this tribute of poetic praise!

Nor proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly roof
Of pot-house, snug to visit; wiser he
The splendid tavern haunts, or coffee house
Of James or Juggins, where the grateful breath
Of loathed tobacco ne'er diffus'd its balm;
But the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,
While steams around the fragrant Indian bowl
Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler ale:
In vain—the proctor's voice arrests their joys;
Just fate of wanton pride and loose excess!

Nor less by day delightful is thy draught,
All-powerful ale! whose sorrow-soothing sweet
Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,
When tatter'd stockings crave my mending hand
Not unexperienc'd; while the tedious toil
Slides unregarded. Let the tender swain

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Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea,
Companion meet of languor loving nymph:
Be mine each morn with eager appetite
And hunger undissembled, to repair
To friendly buttery; there on smoaking crust
And foaming ALE to banquet unrestrain'd,
Material breakfast! Thus in ancient days
Our ancestors robust, with lib'ral cups
Usher'd the morn, unlike the squeamish sons
Of modern times: nor ever had the might
Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
With British ALE improving British worth.

With ALE irriguous undismay'd I hear
The frequent dun ascend my lofty dome
Importunate: whether the plaintive voice
Of laundress shrill awake my startled ear;
Or barber spruce with supple look intrude;
Or tailor with obsequious bow advance;
Or groom invade me with defying front
And stern demeanour, whose emaciate steeds
(Whene'er or Phœbus shone with kindlier beams,
Or luckier chance the borrow'd boots supply'd)
Had panted oft beneath my goring steel
In vain they plead or threat: all-powerful ALE
Excuses new supplies, and each descends
With joyless pace, and debt-despairing looks:
E'en SPACEY with indignant brow retires,
Fiercest of duns! and conquered quits the field.

Why did the Gods such various blessings pour
On hapless mortals, from their grateful hands
So soon the short-liv'd bounty to recall?
Thus, while improvident of future ill,
I quaff the luscious tankard uncontroul'd,
And thoughtless riot in unlicens'd bliss;
Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent!)
The unpitying bursar's cross-affixing hand
Blasts all my joys, and stops my glad career.
Nor now the friendly pot-house longer yields
A sure retreat when night o'ershades the skies;
Nor SHEPPARD, barb'rous matron, longer gives
The wonted trust, and WINTER ticks no more.

Thus ADAM, exil'd from the beauteous scene
Of EDEN griev'd, no more in fragrant bower
On fruits divine to feast, fresh shade and vale
No more to visit, or vine-mantled grot;
But, all forlorn, the dreary wilderness
And unrejoicing solitudes to trace;
Thus too the matchless bard, whose lay resounds
The SPLENDID SHILLING's praise in nightly gloom
Of lonesome garret, pin'd for cheerful ALE;
Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue,
Mean follower: like him with honest love
Of ALE divine inspir'd, and love of song.
But long may bounteous heav'n with watchful care
Avert his hapless lot! enough for me,
That burning with cogenial flame, I dar'd
His guiding steps a distance to pursue,
And sing his favourite theme in kindred strains.

ANONYMOUS.

The Oxford Sausage. Cambridge, 1822.

—:o:—

THE SUET DUMPLING.

HAPPY the man who in his pot contains
A suet dumpling; he nor feels the pains
Of going dinnerless, nor griping hunger;
But cheerful blows the fire with merry heart,
Often revolving when the happy minute
That brings it to his homely board will come.
Sometimes with longing eyes he gazes hard,
And views it boiling in the frothy waves;
Then, with his fork or spoon applied, he feels,
And turns it o'er and o'er. Now time moves slowly on;
The hour-glass, which in yon old corner stands,
Is often view'd; for now his stomach keen,
Gnawing with greedy expectation,
Almost persuades him that the sands are stopp'd.
Now is his table placed near the fire,
His cloth of dingy hue is spread thereon;
His large clasp knife from out his pocket pull'd.
(A knife which oft has dealt destruction dire
To many a pudding, beef, or whate'er else
Came in its way; for none it spar'd;)
The earthen plate which graces his old shelf,
(Which late grimalkin, taking her nightly walks
In search of prey, by dire mishap
Threw down; but, by good care of fortune,
A piece from out the brim is only broke,)
Is straight in order plac'd and all's compleat.
As when the mariner, who, long from home,
Far from his native land, through seas and storms
And dangerous perils, homeward does return;
Sudden he sees the wish'd for port appear,
Joy fills his dancing heart, and now he feeds
His fancy with the pleasing expectation
Of mirth and joy, and heart delighting scenes.
Behold the pot has yielded up its store,
And reeking hot, is placed upon the plate!
The three-legg'd stool is drawn, and down he sits,
Elated with the goodly prospect: sudden
His knife, well plung'd, dreadful incision makes;
And fork, aptly applied, his joys compleat.
Now direful devastation does ensue;
And half the delicious morsel is destroy'd
Ere he can make a pause; which having done,
He smacks his lips, and liking well the sport,
Proceeds again with more deliberation,
Till of the luscious cates he's made an end.
Thus happy he, envying not sumptuous feasts,
Nor courtly entertainments; but well pleas'd,
Feasts on his homely viands; far happier than a king,
He enjoys as full content, without his cares.

ANONYMOUS.

—:o:—

THE COPPER FARTHING.

HAPPY the boy, who dwells remote from School,
Whose pocket, or whose rattling-box, contains
A Copper Farthing! He nor grieving hears
Hot cheese-cakes cried, nor savoury mutton-pies;
But with his play mates, in the dusk of eve.
To well-known blacksmith's shop, or church-yard hies;
Where, mindful of the sport that joys his heart,
Marbles, or chuck, he instantly begins,
With undissembled pleasure in his face,
To draw the circle, or to pitch the dump:
While I, confin'd within the hated walls
Of school, resounding with a clamorous din,
By still more hated books environ'd, I,
With tedious lessons and long task to get,
My dismal thoughts employ; or wield my pen
To mark dire characters on paper white:
Not blunter pen or stronger character

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Uses the sage, a chiromancer hight,
Sprung from Egyptian king, and swarthy race,
Amenophis, or Ptolemy, when he,
In search of stolen calf, or money lost,
For wondering plowman does his art employ!
Or for the wish'd return of sweet-heart dear,
Or apron fine, purloin'd from hawthorn hedge,
For country-maid consults directing stars,
Gemini, Taurus, or chill Capricorn.

Thus while my lingering hours I joyless spend,
With magisterial look, and solemn step,
Appears my school-master, tremendous wight!
Dreaded by truant boys; how can I 'scape
The expected punishment for task ungot,
Aghast I stand, nor fly to covert bench,
Or corner dark, to hide my hapless head;
So great my terror, that is quite bereaves,
My limbs the power to fly, slow he ascends
The appointed seat, and on his right-hand lies
The bushy rod compos'd of numerous twigs,
Torn from the birchen tree, or bending willow;
Which to the flesh of idle boys portends,
For the neglected task, a poignant smart;
And with him comes another mighty elf,
Yclep'd an usher, ah, terrific name
To lesser wights! who, if they hapless place
In station wrong pronoun or participle,
Straight, by the magic of his voice, are rais'd
In attitude above their lov'd compeers,
Where they, reluctant, various torments bear,
Till, by their dolorous plaints, that pierce the skies,
They draw kind Pity, moist-eyed goddess, down,
To heal, with balm of sympathy, their woe.
Ye urchins, take, ah! take peculiar care,
Or, when ye wot not, much he marks your ways
And in his mind revolves disastrous deeds
Against th' unwary wretch. So story tells,
That chanticleer, on dunghill's top elate,
With haughty step, and watchful eye askance,
Each tiny prominence he views, where haply he
May find conceal'd delicious grub or worm,
To which his maw insatiate forebodes
Certain destruction, while, behind or bush,
Or pale encompassing the farmer's yard,
Skulks Reynard, fraught with many a crafty wile
T'ensnare the feather'd race, who, if they stray
Beyond the precincts of their mother's ken,
He straight purloins them from her careful wing,
With his sharp teeth torments their tender frame,
And with the crimson gore distains their sides,
Relentless; nor can all the piercing cries
Of duckling, chick, or turkey, yet unfledg'd,
His heart obdurate move; instant he tears
Each trembling limb, devours the quivering flesh,
Nor leaves a remnant of the bloody feast,
Save a few fluttering feathers scatter'd round
(That, with their varied plumage, whilom deck'd
The slaughter'd prey), to tell the hapless tale,

Thus joyless do I spend those hours the un
Illuminates; and, when the silver moon
Her gentle ray dispenses, and invites
The swains and maids to mix in jovial dance,
Around the towering may-poles of the green,
Where each gay plowman does his partner choose
As love or fate directs; or o'er the lawn
The needle thread, or toss the bounding ball;
All cheerless I, nor dance, nor pleasing sport,
Nor social mirth, nor bowl of nappy ale,
Partake: but, on her drooping raven wing,
Sad Melancholy hovers o'er my head,
Pale Envy rankles deep within my breast,
And baneful venom sheds. Grim Horror too
Attends my thoughts, and fills my gloomy mind
With tales of gliding sprites, in milk-white shrouds
Array'd, and rattling chains, and yelling ghosts
Irascible! or Fancy, mimic queen,
To swift imagination's eye presents
A group of tiny elves, in circling dance,
Or luscious feast employ'd; such elves as danc'd
When Oberon did fair Titania wed;
While I, in wishes impotent and vain,
For Liberty. dear object of my hopes,
The tedious moments spend; or if, perchance,
Morpheus invok'd, my heavy eye-lids close,
Dear Liberty still haunts my sleeping thoughts,
And in a short-liv'd dream those joys I taste,
Which waking are denied; and beat the hoop
With dextrous hand, or run with feet as swift
As feather'd arrow flies from archer's bow:
Till, from my slumber wak'd, too soon I find
It was illusion all, and mockery vain.
Thus, comfortless, appall'd, forlorn, I pass
The tardy hours, nor of those viands taste,
Which are on other boys full oft bestow'd
In plenteous manner, by the liberal hand
Of friend indulgent; apple-pye, or tart
Or trembling custard of delicious goût,
Or frothy syllabub in copious bowl.
Hard fate for me! Yet harder still betides
Me, hapless youth! My faithful top, that oft
Has cheer'd my drooping spirits, and reviv'd
My saddening thoughts, when o'er the pavement smooth
It spins, and sleeps, and to its master's hand
Does ample justice, now, alas! become
To all the rude inclemencies of weather,
To time and destiny's relentless doom
A miserable victim, quite decay'd
With many services, and cleft throughout
All useless lies; ah! sight of saddest woe
To wretched me! of every hope bereft,
Of every gleam of comfort. So the wretch,
Who near or Ætna or Vesuvius, dwells,
Beholds the sulphurous flames, the molten rocks,
And feels the ground trembling beneath his feet;
Till with a horrid yawn it opens wide
Before his eyes, all glaring with affright;
Swallows his cultur'd vines, his gardens, house,
With all his soul held dear, his lovely wife,
And prattling babes, the hopes of years to come;
All, all are lost, in ruin-terrible!

By Miss Pennington who died in the year 1759, aged 25. The following character of her, by Mr. Duncombe, is extracted from that Gentleman's Poem "The Feminead,"

"Nor shall thy much-lov'd Pennington remain
"Unsung, unhonour'd in my votive strain.
"See where the soft enchantress, wandering o'er
"The fairy ground that Philips trod before,
"Exalts her chemic wand, and swift behold
"The basest metals ripen into gold:
"Beneath her magic touch, with wondering eye,
"We view vile copper with pure sterling vie;
"Nor shall the Farthing, sung by her, forbear
"To claim the praises of the smiling fair;
"Till chuck and marble shall no more employ
"The thoughtless leisure of the truant boy."

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The School Boy.

By the Rev. Mr. Maurice, Author of the Indian Antiquities.

Multa tulit, fecitque Puer. Hor.

Thrice happy he, whose hours the cheering smiles
Of freedom bless; who wantons uncontroul'd
Where Ease invites, or Pleasure's syren voice;
Him the stern tyrant with his iron scourge
Annoys not, nor the dire oppressive weight
Of galling chain; but, when the blushing morn
Purples the East, with eager transport wild
O'er hill, o'er valley, on his panting steed
He bounds exulting, as in full career
With horns, and hounds, and thund'ring shouts, he drives
The flying stag; or when the dusky shades
Of eve, advancing, veil the darken'd sky,
To neighbouring tavern, blithsome, he resorts
With boon companion, where they drown their cares
In sprightly bumpers, and the mantling bowl.

Far otherwise within these darksome walls,
Whose gates, with rows of triple steel secur'd,
And many a bolt, prohibit all egress,
I spend my joyless days; ere dawn appears,
Rous'd from my peaceful slumbers by the sound
Of awe-inspiring bell, whose every stroke
Chills my heart-blood, all trembling. I descend
From dreary garret, round whose ancient roof,
Gaping with hideous chinks, the whistling blast
Perpetual raves, and fierce-descending rains
Discharge their fury—dire, lethargic dews
Oppress my drowsy sense; still fancy teems
With fond ideal joys, and, fir'd with what
Or poets sing, or fabled tale records,
Presents transporting visions; goblets crown'd
With juice of nectar, or the food divine
Of rich ambrosia, tempting to the sight!
While, in the shade of some embowering grove,
I lie reclin'd, or through Elysian plains
Enraptur'd stray; where every plant and flower
Send forth an odorous smell, and all the air
With songs of love and melody resounds.
Meanwhile benumbing cold invades my joints,
As with slow faltering footsteps I resort
To where, of antique mold, a lofty dome
Rears its tremendous front; here all at once
From thousand different tongues a mighty hum
Assaults my ear; loud as the distant roar
Of tumbling torrents; or as in some mart
Of public note, for traffic far renown'd,
Where Jew with Grecian, Turk with African,
Assembled, in one general peal unite
Of dreadful jargon.—Straight on wooden bench
I take my seat, and con with studious care
Th' appointed tasks; o'er many a puzzling page
Poring intent, and sage Athenian bard,
With dialect, and mood, and tense perplex'd;
And conjugations varied without end.
When lo! with haughty stride (in size like him
Who erst, extended on the burning lake,
Lay floating many a rood) his sullen brow,
With lowering frowns and fearful glooms o'ercast,
Enters the pedagogue; terrific sight!
An ample ninefold peruke, spread immense,
Luxuriant waving down his shoulders plays;
His right-hand fiercely grasps an oaken staff,
His left a bunch of limber twigs sustains,
Call'd by the vulgar birch, Tartarean root,
Whose rankling points, in blackest poison dipt,
Inflict a mortal pain; and, where they light,
A ghastly furrow leave.—A solemn pause ensues:
As when, of old, the monarch of the floods,
'Midst raging hurricanes and battling waves,
Shaking the dreadful trident, rear'd aloft
His awful brow.—Sudden the furious winds
Were hush'd in peace, the billows ceas'd their rage:
Or when (if mighty themes like these allow
An humble metaphor) the sportive race
Of nibbling heroes, bent on wanton play,
Beneath the shelter of some well-stor'd barn,
In many an airy circle wheel around;
Some eye, perchance, in private nook conceal'd,
Beholds Grimalkin; instant they disperse,
In headlong flight, each to his secret cell;
If haply he may 'scape impending fate.
Thus ceas'd the general clamour; all remain
In silent terror wrapt, and thought profound.

Meanwhile, the pedagogue throughout the dome
His fiery eye-balls, like two blazing stars,
Portentous rolls, on some unthinking wretch
To shed their baleful influence; whilst his voice,
Like thunder, or the cannon's sudden burst,
Three times is heard, and thrice the roofs resound!
A sudden paleness gathers in my face;
Through all my limbs a stiffening horror spreads,
Cold as the dews of death; nor heed my eyes
Their wonted function, but in stupid gaze
Ken the fell monster; from my trembling hands
The time-worn volume drops; oh, dire presage
Of instant woe! for now the mighty sound,
Pregnant with dismal tidings, once again
Strikes my astonished ears: transfix'd with awe,
And senseless for a time, I stand; but soon
By friendly jog or neighbouring whisper rous'd,
Obey the dire injunction; straight I loose
Depending brogues, and mount the lofty throne
Indignant, or the black oblique ascend
Of sorrowful compeer; nor long delays
The monarch, from his palace stalking down,
With visage all inflam'd; his sable robe
Sweeping in lengthening folds along the ground:
He shakes his sceptre, and th' impending scourge
Brandishes high; nor tears nor shrieks avail;
But with impetuous fury it descends,
Imprinting horrid wounds with fatal flow
Of blood attended, and convulsive pangs.

Curst be the wretch, for ever doom'd to bear
Infernal whippings; he, whose savage hands
First grasp'd these barbarous weapons, bitter cause
Of foul disgrace, and many a dolorous groan,
To hapless school-boy!—Could it not suffice
I groaned and toil'd beneath the merciless weight
By stern relentless tyranny impos'd;
But scourges too, and cudgels, were reserv'd
To goad my harrow'd sides: this wretched life
Loading with heavier ills! a life expos'd
To all the woes of hunger, toil, distress;
Cut off from every genial source of bliss;
From every bland amusement, wont to sooth
The youthful breast; except when father Time,
In joyful change, rolls round the festive hour,
That gives this meagre, pining figure back
To parent fondness, and its native roofs!
Fir'd with the thought, then, then, my towering soul
Rises superior to its load, and spurns
Its proud oppressors; frantic with delight,
My fancy riots in successive scenes

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Of bliss and pleasures: plans and schemes are laid
How best the fleeting moments to improve,
Nor lose one portion of so rare a boon.
But soon, too soon, the glorious scenes are fled,
Scarce one short moon enjoy'd; (oh! transient state
Of sublunary bliss!) by bitter change,
And other scenes succeeded, what fierce pangs
Then rack my soul! what ceaseless floods of grief
Rush down my cheeks, while strong convulsive throbs
Heave all my frame, and choak the power of speech!
Forlorn I sigh, nor heed the gentle voice
Of friend or stranger, who, with soothing words
And slender gift, would fain beguile my woes:
In vain; for what can aught avail to sooth
Such raging anguish? Oft with sudden glance
Before my eyes in all its horror glares
That well-known form, and oft I seem to hear
The thundering scourge—ah me! e'en now I feel
Its deadly venom, raging as the pangs
That tore Alcides, when the burning vest
Prey'd on his wasted sides,—At length return'd
Within these hated walls, again I mourn
A sullen prisoner, till the wish'd approach
Of joyous holiday or festive play
Releases me: ah! freedom that must end
With thee, declining Sol! All hail, ye sires
For sanctity renown'd, whose glorious names,
In large conspicuous characters pourtray'd,
Adorn the annual chronologic page
Of Wing or Partridge; oft, when sore opprest
With dire calamities, the glad return
Of your triumphant festivals hath cheer'd
My drooping soul. Nor be thy name forgot,
Illustrious George: for much to thee I owe
Of heart-felt rapture, as with loyal zeal
Glowing, I pile the crackling bonfire high,
Or hurl the mounting rocket through the air,
Or fiery whizzing serpent; thus thy name
Shall still be honour'd, as through future years
The circling Seasons roll their festive round.
Sometimes, by dire compulsive hunger press'd,
I spring the neighbouring fence, and scale the trunk
Of apple-tree; or wide, o'er flowery lawns,
By hedge or thicket, bend my hasty steps,
Intent, with secret ambush, to surprise,
The straw-built nest, and unsuspecting brood
Of thrush or bull-finch; oft with watchful ken
Eyeing the backward lawns, lest hostile glance
Observe my footsteps, while each rustling leaf,
Stirr'd by the gentle gale, alarms my fears:
Then, parched beneath the burning heats of noon,
I plunge into the limpid stream, that laves
The silent vale; or, on its grassy banks,
Beneath some oak's majestic shade recline,
Envying the vagrant fishes, as they pass,
Their boon of freedom; till the distant sound
Of tolling curfew warns me to depart.
Thus under tyrant-pow'r I groan, oppress'd
With worse than slavery; yet my free-born soul
Her native warmth forgets not, nor will brook
Menace, or taunt, from proud insulting peer;
But summons to the field the doughty foe
In single combat, 'midst th' impartial throng,
There to decide our fate: oft too, inflam'd
With mutual rage, two rival armies meet
Of youthful warriors; kindling at the sight,
My soul is filled with vast heroic thoughts,
Trusting, in martial glory, to surpass
Roman or Grecian chief; instant, with shouts,
The mingling squadrons join the horrid fray;
No need of cannon, or the murderous steel,
Wide wasting nature: rage our arms supplies.
Fragments of rock are hurl'd, and showers of stones
Obscure the day; nor less the brawny arm,
Or knotted club, avail; high in the midst
Are seen the mighty chiefs, through hosts of foes
Mowing their way; and now, with tenfold rage
The combat burns, full many a sanguine stream
Distains the field, and many a veteran brave
Lies prostrate; loud triumphant shouts ascend
By turns from either host; each claims the palm
Of glorious conquest; nor till night's dun shades
Involve the sky, the doubtful conflict ends.
Thus, when rebellion shook the thrones of heaven,
And all th' eternal powers in battle met,
High o'er the rest, with vast gigantic strides,
The god-like leaders, on th' embattled plain,
Came towering, breathing forth revenge and fate:
Nor less terrific joined the inferior hosts
Of angel-warriors, when encountering hills
Tore the rent concave—flashing with the blaze
Of fiery arms, and lightnings, not of Jove;
All heaven resounded, and the astonish'd deep
Of chaos bellow'd with the monstrous roar.

——:o:——

In 1880 the Editor of *The World* offered two prizes for the best poems in the style of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book II., on "The Opening of Parliament." The following were the successful compositions:—

FIRST PRIZE.

THUS pondering how they best might frame reply,
Unto their Sovereign's speech, mute and perplexed
Sat all the Peers, awaiting who appeared
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt, till Onslow, raised
Alike by merit and the Premier's choice
To that bad eminence, in glib-set speech
Began: "Since silent all, great powers, ye wait
Counsel and guidance, I myself have framed
A loyal Address of dutiful assent,
Declaring confidence in this our State
And those whose prudence guides it,—fit reply!"
He spoke, and from the other side uprose
Granville, in act most graceful and humane
Of all who fell from office, breathing forth
Hatred implacable, and straight denounced
Revenge, and dissolution dangerous
To less than Peers. Louder applause was heard
As Granville ended, and his sentence pleased,
Counselling revolt, which, when the Premier saw,
Lord Beaconsfield, than whom of all the powers,
Save the Lord Chancellor, none higher sat,
With grave aspect he rose. High on his front
The curl of Vivian clung, though thinned with years,
Majestic still in ruin; and with knee
Somewhat advanced, as if perchance to show
Its mystic circlet, thus imperious spoke:
"Peers of the Empire, still ye look to me,
Your chief, for still to me the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing Empire, so with Freedom joined;
Receive my words, nor heed inferior tongues,
False to their Sovereign and to our State,
Counselling ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,
Not peace. Well have ye judged of old, and still

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Ye shall judge well, discerning to avoid,
By me advised, shameful dismemberment
Of this great realm." He ceased, and straight the powers
Their session ended, voted the Address,
Momentous issue of prolonged debate.

THE BABY.

(Mr. John Foote, Kensington.)

SECOND PRIZE.

HIGH on a throne of Royal state which well
Beseemed the rule of Britain, and of Ind,
In sable vested, save for lustrous star
And circlet bright of gleaming gem and gold,
Victoria proudly sat by lineage raised
To that fair eminence, and by desert
Thus high enthronèd in her people's hearts.
Meanwhile the Black-Rod usher by command
Acquaints the Commons, who, their summons called
From Government and Opposition ranks,
Came trooping to the bar, and thronged the floor.
Behold a wonder! They, who in their place
Were pompous in their port as any peer,
Now fight and jostle for a standing-room;
Their self-importance breathless and collapsed
As Æsop's fabled frog. But far above,
And at their own convenience, like their wont,
The noble lords—dukes, earls, and smaller fry—
In *otium cum dignitate* sat,
Quaint demi-gods, in crimson robes and hats
Shiny and tall. After short silence then,
The MS. tendered, Cairns the Royal thoughts
And Beaconsfield's concoctions thus disclosed:
'My Lords and Gentlemen, once more well met,
Or classically, "Here we are again!"
The firmest friendship knits us to all Powers
(Save tiffs with holy Russia and the Turk,
Which every week or so must needs occur).
Triumphant o'er the Afghans are our arms;
For since no downfall in its grip can hold
All-conquering England, though repulsed awhile,
I hold it victory. Despite our loss
In Zululand, and Chelmsford's blundering,
Imperium et Libertas will appear
More glorious to the Jingoes than no war,
With what beside in Parliament or field
Hath been involved in failure. To this, then,
Our policy of old we now return—
How best we can contrive, by force or guile,
To filch our neighbours' lands, and keep our own.'

BRIAN BORU.

(Mr. H Hamilton, Holloway.)

The World, February 18, 1880.

——:o:——

"PRAE EXISTENCE, a Poem in imitation of Milton." London: Printed for John Clark, at the Bible and Crown in the Old Change, near St. Paul's, 1714. This work was published anonymously, but it had a long Publisher's Preface, signed J.B., under which initials it may be traced in the catalogue of the British Museum Library (Press Mark 11,631, b.b.b. 39). The Preface states that the structure of the Poem is founded on the opinion "*That all human souls had an existence antecedent to the Mosaic Creation,*" and is intended as an account of the events that occurred in the interval between the battle of *Michael* and *Lucifer*, and the creation of the World.

In Book I. *Paradise Lost*, Milton thus alludes to Lucifer's discomfiture:—

> "Nine times the space that measures Day and Night
> To mortal men, he with his horrid crew,
> Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,"

and the Author of "Prae Existence" commences his poem with the Archangels sounding a retreat from the pursuit of the Rebel Angels condemned to Hell, and the closing of Hell Gates.

With such a text it may be easily imagined that the Poem is not of a very light or cheerful description. It opens thus ominously:—

> Now had th' Archangel Trumpet, raised sublime
> Above the walls of Heav'n, begun to sound;
> All Æther took the Blast, and Hell beneath
> Spoke with Celestial Noise; th' Almighty Host
> Hot with pursuit, and reaking with the Blood
> Of guilty Cherubs smear'd in sulphurous Dust,
> Pause at the known command of sounding Gold;
> And first they close the wide Tartarian Gates,
> Th' impenetrable Folds on Brazen Hinge
> Rowl creaking horrible; the Din beneath
> O'ercomes the Roar of Flames, and deafens Hell.
>
> * * * * *

The remainder of the Poem is too heavy to be quoted, but the curious in such matters may easily refer to it in the British Museum Library.

——:o:——

In Isaac D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* there is a chapter entitled "Critical Sagacity and Happy Conjecture;" or, Bentley's Milton. Dr. Bentley had, by his injudicious corrections and prosaic interpolations, much disfigured his edition of *Paradise Lost*, and D'Israeli, in his article exposes Dr. Bentley's errors and want of taste.

> "——BENTLEY, long to wrangling schools confined,
> And but by books acquainted with mankind—
> To MILTON lending sense, to HORACE wit,
> He makes them write, what never poet writ."



"SALMAGUNDI: a miscellaneous combination of original Poetry; consisting of Illusions of Fancy, Amatory, Elegiac, Lyrical, Epigrammatical, and other Palateable Ingredients. Third Edition, London. E. Hodson, Bell Yard, Temple Bar,

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1793." This volume was written by the Rev. George Huddersford, M.A., Vicar of Loxley, Warwickshire, who died November 10, 1809. It contains the two following poems in imitation of *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*.

WHITSUNTIDE.

Written at Winchester College on the immediate approach of the Holidays.

HENCE, Thou Fur-clad Winter, fly;
Sire of shivering Poverty!
Who, as thou creep'st with chilblains lame
To the crowded charcoal flame,
With chattering teeth and ague cold,
Scarce thy shaking sides canst hold
While thou draw'st the deep cough out:
God of Football's noisy rout,
Tumult loud and boist'rous play,
The dangerous slide, the snow-ball fray.

But come, thou genial Son of Spring,
WHITSUNTIDE! and with thee bring
Cricket, nimble boy and light,
In slippers red and drawers white,
Who o'er the nicely-measur'd land
Ranges around his comely band,
Alert to intercept each blow,
Each motion of the wary Foe.

Or patient take thy quiet stand,
The angle trembling in thy hand,
And mark, with penetrative eye,
Kissing the wave the frequent fly,
Where the trout with eager spring
Forms the many-circled ring,
And, leaping from the silver tide,
Turns to the sun his speckled side.

Or lead where Health or Naiad fair
With rosy cheek and dripping hair,
From the sultry noon-tide beam,
Dives in Itchin's crystal stream.

Thy votaries, ranged in order due,
To-morrow's wish'd-for dawn shall view,
Greeting the radiant Star of Light
With Matin Hymn and early kite:
E'en now, these hallow'd haunts among,
To thee we raise the choral song *
And swell with echoing minstrelsy
The strain of joy and liberty.

If pleasures such as these await
Thy genial reign, with heart elate
For Thee I throw my gown aside,
And hail thy coming. WHITSUNTIDE.

CHRISTMAS.

HENCE, Summer, indolently laid
To sleep beneath the cooling shade!
Panting quick with sultry heat,
Thirst and faint Fatigue retreat!

Come, CHRISTMAS, father Thou of Mirth,
Patron of the festive hearth,
Around whose social ev'ning flame
The jovial song, the winter game,
The chase renewed in merry tale,
The season's carols never fail.
Who, tho' winter chill the skies
Canst catch the glow of exercise,
Following swift the football's course;
Or with unresisted force,
Where Frost arrests the harden'd tide,
Shooting along the rapid slide.

Who, ere the misty morn is grey,
To some high covert hark'st away;
While Sport, on lofty courser borne,
In concert winds his echoing horn
With the deeply thund'ring hounds,
Whose clangour wild, and joyful sounds.
While echo swells the doubting cry,
Shake the woods with harmony.
How does my eager bosom glow
To give the well-known TALLY-HO!
Or show, with cap inverted, where
Stole away the cautious hare!

Or if the blast of Winter keen
Spangles o'er the silvery green,
Booted high thou lov'st to tread
Marking through the sedgy mead,
Where the creeping moor-hen lies,
Or snipes with sudden twittering rise.
Or joy'st the early walk to take
Where, through the pheasant-haunted brake,
Oft as the well-aim'd gun resounds,
The eager dashing spaniel bounds.

For thee of Buck my breeches tight,
Clanging whip and rowels bright,
The hunter's cap my brows to guard,
And suit of sportive green's prepar'd:
For since these delights are thine,
CHRISTMAS with thy bands I join.

In 1776 another parody on Milton's *L'Allegro* was published, entitled "The Garrulous Man," a poem addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Bath; but this the Editor has not succeeded in finding.

L'ALLEGRO; OR FUN, A PARODY.

OFF, blubbering Melancholy!
Of the blue devils and book-learning born,
In dusty schools forlorn;
Amongst black-gowns, square caps, and books unjolly,
Hunt out some college cell,
Where muzzing quizzes mutter monkish schemes,
And the old proctor dreams;
There, in thy smutty walls, o'errun with dock,
As ragged as thy smock,
With rusty, fusty fellows ever dwell.
But come, thou baggage fat and free,
By gentles called Festivity,
And by us rolling kiddies, *Fun*,
Whom Mother Shipton, one by one,

* A Latin song called "Domum," sung with instrumental accompaniment, on the day before the commencement of their Whitsuntide Vacation, by the scholars of Winchester College.

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With two Wapping wenches more,
To skipping Harlequino bore:
Or whether, as some deeper say,
Jack Pudding on a holiday
Along with Jenny Diver romping,
As he met her once a pumping.

* * * *

Hip! here, jade, and bring with thee
Jokes and sniggering jollity,
Christmas gambols, waggish tricks,
Winks, wry faces, licks and kicks,
Such as fall from Moggy's knuckles,
And love to live about her buckles;
Game, that hobbling watchmen boxes,
And Horse-laugh hugging both his doxies;
Come, and kick it as you go,
On the stumping hornpipe-toe:
And in thy right hand haul with thee
The *Mountain* brim French liberty.
And if I give puffing due,
Fun, admit me of thy crew,
To pig with her, and pig with thee,
In everlasting frolicks free:
To hear the sweep begin his beat,
And squalling startle the dull street,
From his watch-box in the alley
Till the watch at six doth sally;
Then to go, in spite of sleep,
And at the window cry, "Sweep! sweep!"
Through the street-door, or the area,
Or, in the country, through the dairy;
While the dustman, with his din,
Bawls and rings to be let in,
And at the fore, or the back-door,
Slowly plods his jades before.
Oft hearing the sow-gelder's horn
Harshly rouse the snoring morn,
From the side of a large square,
Through the long street grunting far.
Sometimes walking I'll be seen
By Tower-hill, or Moorfields green,
Right against Old Bedlam-gate,
Where the mock king begins his state,
Crown'd with straw, and rob'd with rags,
Cover'd o'er with jags and tags,
While the keeper near at hand
Bullies those who leave their stand;
And milk-maid's screams go through your ears,
And grinders sharpen rusty sheers,
And every crier squalls his cry
Under each window he goes by.

Straight mine eye hath caught new gambols,
While round and round this town it rambles;
Sloppy streets and foggy day,
Where the blundering folks do stray!
Pavements, on whose slippery flags
Swearing coach-men drive their nags;
Barbers jostled 'gainst your side,
Narrow streets, and gutters wide.

Grub-street garrets now it sees,
To the muse open and the breeze,
Where perhaps some scribbler hungers,
The hack of neighbouring newsmongers,
Hard by, a tinker's furnace smokes,
From betwixt two pastry-cooks,
Where dingy Dick and Peggy, met,
Are at their scurvy dinner set,
Of cow-heel, and such cellar messes,
Which the splay-foot Rachael dresses;
And then in haste the shop she leaves,
And with the boy the bellows heaves;
Or if 'tis late, and shop is shut,
Scrubs at the pump her face from smut,
Sometimes, all for sights agog,
To t'other end of the town I jog.
When St. James's bells ring round,
And the royal fiddles sound,
And young and old dance down the tune,
In honour of the forth of June;
Till candles fail and eyes are sore,
Then home we hie to talk it o'er,
With stories told of many a treat,
How Lady Swab the sweetmeats eat;
She was pinch'd and something worse,
And she was fobb'd and lost her purse,
Tell how the drudging Weltjee sweat,
To bake his custards duly set,
When in one night, ere clock went seven,
His 'prentice-lad had robb'd the oven
Of more than twenty hands had put in;
Then lies him down, a little glutton,
Stretch'd lumbering 'fore the fire, they tell ye,
And bakes the custards in his belly;
Then crop-sick down the stairs he flings
Before his master's bell yet rings,
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep
By hoofs and wheels soon lull'd to sleep.

But the city takes me then,
And the *hums* of busy men,
Where throngs of train-band captains bold
In time of peace fierce meetings hold,
With stores of stock-jobbers, whose lies
Work change of stocks and bankruptcies;
Where bulls and bears alike contend
To get the cash they dare not spend.
Then let aldermen appear,
In scarlet robes, with chandelier,
And city feasts and gluttony,
With balls upon the lord mayor's day;
Sights that young 'prentices remember,
Sleeping or waking, all November.

Then to the play-houses anon,
If Quick or Bannister be one;
Or drollest Parsons, child of Drury,
Bawls out his damns with comic fury,
And ever, against hum-drum cares,
Sing me some of Dibdin's airs,
Married to his own queer wit,
Such as my shaking sides may split,
In notes, with many a jolly bout,
Near Beaufort Buildings oft roar'd out,
With Wagging curls and smirk so cunning,
His rig on many a booby running,
Exposing all the ways and phizzes
Of "wags, and oddities and quizzes,"
That Shuter's self might heave his head
From drunken snoozes, on a bed
Of pot-house benches sprawl'd, and hear
Such laughing songs as won the ear
Of all the town, his slip to cover,
Whene'er he met 'em half-seas over.

Freaks like these if thou canst give,
Fun, with thee I wish to live.

ANONYMOUS.

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The Hare Hunter.

A Burlesque imitation of various parts of Milton's L'Allegro and Il Penseroso.

Lo I, who erst, at break of day,
To Nelston Wiggs * betook my way,
Alarming all the country round
With barbarous shout and yelping hound;
And many a fox in vain pursued
To Bardon Hill † or Button Wood;
And oft returned in evening dark
With empty hands from Horsely Park; ‡
And thought myself a clever lad,
While all the neighbours thought me mad;
Now condescend with nicest care
To hunt the hedge-row for a hare.
Hence, Fox-hunting! thou fiend forlorn,
Of Uproar wild and Tumult born:
No more expect me on the hill,
Obedient to thy summons shrill,
Where late with joy I saw thee stand,
The whip new corded in thine hand,
In boots thy legs entrenched strong,
Thy heels well arm'd with rowels long,
The cap close fitted to thy head,
The blue plush coat, the waistcoat red;
Thy person trim, succinct, and light
Breechee'd high in buckskin tight;
Mounted on a courser fleet,
With ardent eyes and pawing feet;
Hence, with thy tall tail-curling hound,
Of tongue so shrill and ears so round.

No more I listen to the noise
Of "wind him, rogues," and "to him boys,"
The "touch," the "drag," and "tallihoe,"
And "gone away," and "there they go;"
And how we earth'd him at Crick Chase,
Or lost him at some cursed place;
From all such ills that did attend us,
Henceforth, good Jupiter, defend us!

But come, thou genius of "Loo Whoore,"
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
Clad in a coat of clumsy size,
Of double drab or knotted frieze,
O'er which is drawn the warm surtout
With flourish'd girdle bound about;
Thy vacant forehead broad and fat,
Shadow'd beneath the round-cropp'd hat.
Sweet power of Thistle-whipping, hail!
Whom in a solitary vale
To prone-eyed Dulness long of yore
The moping nymph Tantarra bore.
Come, but keep your wonted state
On a horse of sluggish gait;
Your looks commencing with the ground,
Where the close-crouching hare is found;
And as across the lands you creep,
Forget yourself and fall asleep
Till the dull steed shall break your nap,
Stumbling through the accustom'd gap.
And first the waddling beagle bring,
That looks as just escaped the string,
With sneaking tail and heavy head,
Such as by neighbour Dash are bred;
And join sharp Cold with Ache severe,
And Patience, that can bear to hear
The pack with melancholy tone
Around the scented hillock moan,
And with such discord as they keep,
Tempt pitying travellers to weep.

Me, Genius, shalt thou often find
On some hill side beneath the wind,
On fallows rough or stubbles dry,
Where the lone leveret loves to lie,
While such mean merriment invites,
Doing thy sadly-pleasing rites.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I see the fat pack puzzling round,
Where the game went long before,
Sounding sad with sullen roar;
With slow-paced heed, and tedious cunning,
Through all her artful mazes running,
Untwisting every knotty wile
Both of the double and the foil;
In notes with many a winding bout
Of drowsy murmurings long-drawn out,
Bewailing their dull master's folly,
Most pitiful, most melancholy,
But chiefly let the Southern's tongue
Drag its deep dismal tone along,
In bellowings loud, and utterance hoarse,
Such as its mournful way may force
Through all my hearing's cavities,
And bring the tears into my eyes.

But let my due sight never fail,
Where beaten paths divide the vale,
With anxious skill and cunning care,
To prick the footsteps of the hare,
While I cheer the beagle's toil,
With "hoo the way," and "hark the foil!"
And when at last old age and gout
Prevent my longer going out,
O may I from my easy chair
The wonders of my youth declare,
Extol at large myself and steed,
And talk of hounds of my old breed,
Till I become through neighbouring shires
The oracle of country squires.
These pleasures, Hare Hunting, impart,
And I am thine with all my heart.

MUNDY.

Elegant Extracts from the British Poets, 1824.

* Fox-covers.

—:o:—

Fashion.

A Paraphrase of L'Allegro.

Hence, loath'd vulgarity,
Of Ignorance and native Dullness bred,
In low unwholesome shed,
'Mongst thieves and drabs, and street sweeps, asking charity:
Find some suburban haunt,
Where the spruce 'prentice treats his flashy mate,
And smoking cits debate:
Or at a dowdy rout, or ticket ball,
Giv'n at Freemason's hall,
With tawdry clothes and liveries ever flaunt.
But come, thou nymph of slender waist,
Known early by the name of Taste.
And now denominated Fashion,
Whom erst, by no unlawful passion,

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Pleasure's fair nymph, on Britain's shore,
To radiant ey'd Apollo bore :
Or Hermes (so the grave dispute is)
The frolic god of chemist beauties,
Found Lady Someone in the dark
As once they met at — — Park,
There, on a couch of damask blue,
And squabs, and cushions, damask too,
Fill'd her with thee, thou white-arm'd fair,
So delicate and *de bon air*.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Steed, and light hung Tilbury,
Undiscoverable rouge,
Polish'd boots, and neckcloth huge,
(Such as might deck a Dandy's cheek,
And draw the gazers for a week.)
Mackintosh's racy phrase,
And wit, that peerless Ward might praise.
Come, and let your steps be bent
With a lively measurement,
And bring the proper airs and graces,
That make their way in certain places :
And, if I give thee honour due
Fashion, enroll me with the few,
With Spencer, Sidney Smith, and thee,
In a select society :
To ride when many a lady fair, in
Her morning veil begins her airing,
And with the nurse and children stow'd,
Drives down the Park, or Chelsea Road :
Then to stop in spite of sorrow,
And through the window bid good morrow
Of vis-a-vis, or barouchette,
Or half-open landaulet :
While little Burke, with lively din,
Scatters his stock of trifles thin,
And at the Bridge, or Grosvenor Gate,
Briskly bids his horses wait ;
Oft listening how the Catalani
Rouses at night the applauding many,
In some opera of Mozart,
Winning the eye, the ear, the heart.
Then in the round room not unseen,*
Attending dames of noble mien,
Right to the door in Market Lane,
Where chairmen range their jostling train,
And footmen stand with torch alight,
In their thousand liveries dight,
While the doorkeeper on the stairs,
Bawls for the Marchionesses' chairs,
And young dragoons enjoy the crowd,
And dowagers inveigh aloud,
And lovers write a hasty scrawl,
Upon the ticket of a shawl.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
As the circling crowd it measures ;
Virgins old with tresses gray,
That in corkscrew curls do stray ;
Ladies, on whose softer breast,
Gallants receive a hope of rest ;
Little feet with sandals tied,
Shallow heads and shoulders wide ;
Necks and throats of lovely form,
Bosom'd high in tippet warm,
Where some beauty spreads her snare,
The envy of surrounding fair.

* The ante-room at the Opera, where the audience assemble, and flirt, and catch cold, under the pretence of waiting for their carriages,

Hard by, the Op'ra being past,
To some small supper let me haste,
Where ladies, wits, and poets met,
Are at their various banquet set,
Of fifty little tempting messes,
Which the neat-handed Gunter dresses :
And there with satisfaction see
The pullet and the early pea,
Or, if the sultry dog-star reign,
The melon, ice, and cool champagne.
Sometimes, to a late delight
Argyll advertisements invite,
Where the wreathed waltz goes round,
Or English tunes more briskly sound,
To twice a hundred feet or more,
Dancing on the chalky floor :
And wise mama, well pleased to see
Her daughter paired with high degree,
Stays till the daylight glares amain :
Then in the carriage home again,
With stories told, of many a bow,
And civil speech from so-and-so.
She was asked to dance, she said,
But scarcely down the middle led,
Because his Lordship only thought,
How soonest to find out a spot,
Where, seated by her side, unheard,
He whispered many a pretty word,
Such as no poet could excel !
Then, having paid his court so well,
Most manifestly meaning marriage,
He fetch'd the shawls and call'd the carriage,
Handed her from the crowded door,
And watched till she was seen no more.

Thus done the tales, the flutt'ring fair
Go up to bed, and curl their hair.
Country houses please me too,
And the jocund Christmas crew,
Where chiefs of adverse politics
Awhile in social circle mix,
And tenants come, whose country franchise
Connects them with the higher branches,
Since all the great alike contend
For votes, on which they all depend.
Let affability be there,
With cordial hand and friendly air.
And private play and glittering fête,
To make the rustic gentry prate,—
Such joys as fill young ladies' heads,
Who judge from books of masquerades.

Then will I to St. Stephen's stray,
If aught be moved by Castlereagh,
Or matchless Canning mean to roll,
His thunders o'er the subject soul.

And sometimes, to divert my cares,
Give me some flirt, with joyous airs,
Married a girl, a widow now,
Such as will hear each playful vow,
Too young to lay upon the shelf :
Meaning—as little as myself ;—
Still speaking, singing, walking, running,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
With a good mien to testify
Her converse with good company,
That Chesterfield might lift his eyes
From the dark Tartarus where he lies,
Beholding in her air and gait,

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Graces that almost compensate
The blunders of his awkward son
And half the harm his book has done.

These delights if thou canst give,
FASHION, with thee I wish to live.

Posthumous Parodies. (John Miller, London, 1814.)

——:o:——

ODE

By an Amateur, an ardent admirer of
MILTON,
On the Centennial Birthday of Burns.

I.

HENCE, chroniclers of Time,
Makers of almanacs and strange predictions,
Held by the wise as fictions;
Begone, and wallow in the river's slime,
To calculate the tides;
Or be your bed in bedlamitic cell,
Where moon-calves best may dwell,
To note her phases and her quarters dark,
That lovers well may mark,
What silvery hour for meeting best provides,
But here your art is wanted not,
This day—the ne'er-to-be-forgot
Makes an Era of its own;
And the dark Cimmerian throne
Of Erebus and Nox, no more
Encumbers Lethe's barren shore,
In chains of silence to oppress
The victims of forgetfulness.

* * *

III.

In centennial cycle we,
With pomp, and feast, and revelry,
Multitudinously meet,
Natal day of Bard to greet,
Fauns and Dryads, Sylph and Fairy,
Hail this epoch centenary.
See on yonder mountain top
Caledonia plays Scotch-hop
With swimming eye and mazy gait,
(By "Mountain dew" inebriate)
Summons every loyal chiel
To reel the dance and dance the reel;
While centuries come, and centuries go
"On the light fantastic toe."

* * *

XII.

Such our day!—from morning's light
Till what time the angular flight
Of the bat suggests that we
Zig-zag home as well as he,
Thus the mazy path we'll go
Still on the *fantastic* toe,
Though the *lightness* all hath fled
From the foot into the head.
After festal elevation,
Each descends to's proper station
Where the locomotive's snorting,
And the careful guard escorting;
Or, it may be, at the feasts' end,
Some seek busses to the West End,

Some with frowns and some with smiles,
Debating how they'll gang their miles,
Ev'n as, through life, it doth prevail,
That some do buss it,—some do rail.

These extracts are taken from a long poem contained in *Rival Rhymes, in honour of Burns*; collected and edited by Ben Trovato. Published by Routledge, Warnes and Routledge, London, in 1859. This little volume contains parodies of Father Prout; Thomas Campbell; Longfellow; Hood; Tennyson; Barry Cornwall; Macaulay; Pope, and Thackeray. It is now known that it was written by Samuel Lover, the novelist, it will, however, add little to his fame either as a poet, or a humourist.

——:o:——

RECREATION RHYMES.

By the Author of "The Idylls of the Rink."

FOOTBALL.

BY J**N M****N.

HENCE, hateful idleness,
Thou thing accursed, of parents dread begot,
And with thy selfish lot
Betake thee where my eyes shall see thee less;
For, sprung from such a race,
Ennui thy mother, and thy father Vice,
Thou never couldst be nice.
Begone, where I no more shall see thy face.
Come, goddess of another sort,
Yclep'd by men and mortals, Sport!
Come, offspring of a noble pair.
Thy mother Leisure, sweet and fair,
And Health thy Father, stout and strong.
Come, 'tis of thee I make my song.

First let me pray the tuneful Nine
To aid me with a ray divine,
To guide me as I sweep the string,
And teach me rightly how to sing;
For, sooth, no classic bard, I deem,
Could ever find a nobler theme;
Nay, garbed in language rich and terse,
And married to immortal verse,
With fairy figures richly dight,
How can it fail to give delight?

It is a wintry holyday,
When young and old come out to play;
The air is crisp, the day is bright,
In sooth it is a goodly sight.
As to the trysting place they hie,
Right merrily the time goes by,
With sportive quip, and pungent pun,
With hearty laugh, and joyous fun.
Then, hasting to a spot remote,
Each player doffs his outer coat,
And shows himself in vesture trim,
Which closely fits each lissome limb;
Then to the ground speeds with a will,
To prove his prowess and his skill.

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The rival chiefs, a worthy pair,
Now toss the coin high in air,
And he whom fortune doth befriend
Makes choice of goal to guard and fend;
The while his foe 'mid joyous cry
First drives the aëry ball on high.

Now listen to the merry din,
And see the much-loved sport begin.
The ball swift travels through the air,
Now here, now there, and everywhere,
Now sailing on with lofty bound,
Now creeping slowly o'er the ground.
The players now, an eager crew,
The well encasèd ball pursue,
Rush on and kick it as they go,
With the light but well-shod toe.
Now see a youth fly o'er the ground,
And deftly catch it on the bound;
Tight in his grasp he holds his prize,
To evade the foe as on he flies.
Then loud is heard the welcome cry
"A scrummage, to the rescue hie!"
And, with a roar of wild delight,
Rush all to "scrummage," strangely hight.
And now indeed a wondrous scene
Is acted on the village green;
For all who play, save three or four,
Rush madly on, at least a score
Of heads and shoulders quickly meet,
And twice as many eager feet.
Now many a toe meets many a shin
And leaves its mark on manly skin,
And elbows, seeking cosy cribs,
Find lodgment in opposing ribs;
And all seem to yon blue-eyed lass
A seething, surging, kicking mass.

And now, while still they push and shout,
The well-kicked ball creeps slowly out.
A nimble-footed youth espies
And after it like lightning flies,
And, ere his foes see through the trick,
Essays a deftly-aimèd kick.
"Home," cries the keeper of the goal,
Too late from scrummage rush the shoal,
The ball skims o'er the opposing hosts,
And gently drops between the posts.

Now change they sides, and soon again
The ball is speeding o'er the plain,
While after it each eager wight
Scampers in transports of delight.
Until at length he respite seeks,
With wearied limbs but rosy cheeks.
His mud-bespattered garments shows
How oft on Earth he's laid him low;
But still this brings him no remorie,
He feels the hot blood through hm course,
And knows that in his much-loved game,
He's found both pleasure, health, and fame.

Pastime, September 7, 1883.



AN EPITAPH.

On the admirable Dramatic Poet, William Shakespeare.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a starry pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What needs't thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
The easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That Kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON.

AN EPITAPH (CONSIDERABLY) AFTER MILTON.

On that admirable, but lately maligned Dramatic Poet, the divine WILLIAMS.

"WHAT needs my SHAKSPEARE for his honoured bones,"
The veneration of SMITH, BROWN, and JONES?
Or that his hallowed genius should be hid
From dunces by pedantic Form bestrid?
"Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,"
What matter if PONSARD asperse thy name?
That is no wonder, no astonishment:
All are not pedants on the Continent.
For whilst Teutonic poetry and art
Esteem thy numbers, and the German heart
Prizes the leaves of thine unvalued book,
What, if thou by a booby art mistook?
Thou, a dull coxcomb of his rules bereaving,
Hast stupified him by too much conceiving.
Calling thee obsolete *bonhomme!*—the fly
Has buzzed about thy glory—let him die.

This parody appeared in *Punch*, December 27, 1856, and another, very much resembling it appeared in the same paper in 1863:—

MR. MILTON MODERNISED.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones,
The sovereigns of Brown, Robinson and Jones?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a Hepworth-Dixon pyramid?
Dear son of memory—great heir of fame,
Why all these little names tacked to thy name?
Thou may'st feel wonder and astonishment
At all this row about thy monument,
While to the shame of our dramatic art,
Thy plays of our stage banquet make no part.
Methinks, t'were well, blushing, to bring to book,
Praises so Empty, though so big they look,
And with our stage ungraced of thy conceiving,
Own ourselves arrant humbugs, self-deceiving;
Meanwhile do thou in quiet Stratford lie,
Heedless of all this buzzing of small fry.

—:o:—

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A READING MAN.

"One whose mind is devoted to nothing else but the study of Mathematics; one who, though naturally, perhaps, of a peacable, quiet temper, and disposition, so congenial to study, yet whose highest ambition is to be accounted the greatest WRANGLER in the university!"

Hence, loathed MATHEMATICS!
Of lecturer and blackest tutor born,
In lecture-room forlorn,
Mongst horrid quizzes, bloods, and bucks unholy;
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where pallid study spreads his midnight wings,
And dismal ditties sings;
There, mid'st unhallow'd souls, with sapless brain,
Compose thy sober train,
And in the mind of READING Quizzes dwell

From *Gradus ad Cantabrigiam*, by a Brace of Cantabs, London, John Hearne, 1824.

——:o:——

A SEASIDE SONNET.

After Milton-Oysters.

How jaunty the jelly-fish frolic and roar,
How wildly the winkles express their delight,
Though ROBINSON CRUSOE would frown in affright.
On the footprints, by ocean all foam fizzled o'er,
Of an amber-shod maiden who looks to the Nore,
And heeds not her havoc—for heaving in sight
Is a barque, and on board her beloved,—but "tight"
As never was British beloved before.'
Alas! for that maiden awaiting her mate—
She knew not the ways of the sons of the wave,
When she bade him go ride at a rollicking rate
O'er the billow that bounds; and she knows not her brave
Hath struggled with "swipes" and sea sickness and fate,
Till gone with his "grub" is the joy that she gave.

Judy, September 8, 1880.

JOHN DRYDEN'S EPIGRAM ON MILTON

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn:
The First in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The Next in majesty; in both the LAST.
The force of Nature could no farther go:
To make a third, she joined the former two.

——:o:——

The following parody is taken from "The Caricature History of the Four Georges," p. 219, where a full account will be found of the characters referred to in it:

THREE great wise men in the same era born,
Britannia's happy island did adorn.
Henley in cure of souls displayed his skill,
Rock shone in physic, and in both John Hill;
The force of nature could no farther go,
To make a third she join'd the other two.

"Orator" Henley, and Rock, a noted quack doctor, were well known men, Dr. John Hill was a surgeon, a botanist, an unprincipled satirical writer, an actor, and finally a dramatic author, in which latter character his want of success caused Garrick to remark:—

"For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is:
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is."

Hill was knighted through the favour of Lord Bute, and died in 1775.

——.o.——

On page 156, Parodies, the Shakespearian forgeries of W. H. Ireland were referred to, they gave rise to many bitter caricatures and satires. Amongst others appeared the following parody, by some ascribed to William Mason, by others to Steevens.

"FOUR forgers*, born in one prolific age,
Much critical acumen did engage:
The first was soon by Doughty Douglas scar'd,
Tho' Johnson would have screen'd him had he dar'd.
The next had all the cunning of a Scot,
The third, invention, genius—nay, what not?
Fraud now exhausted, only could dispense
To her fourth Son their threefold impudence."

It is said that Ireland was so enraged at this publication that he broke the shop windows where it was exposed for sale.

——:o·——

In the days of Daniel O'Connell beards were not usually worn, and in the House of Commons, Col. Sibthorp, M.P. for Lincoln, was the only member who wore one. O'Connell, wishing to retort to some attacks made on him by Colonel Sibthorp, Col. Verner, M.P. for Armagh County, and Col. Gore, M.P. for Sligo county, composed the following parody:—

"THREE colonels in three distant counties born,
Armagh, Sligo, and Lincoln did adorn;
The first in direct bigotry surpass'd,
The next in impudence, in both the last.
The force of nature could no farther go,
To beard the third she shaved the other two."

This version is taken from "Notes and Queries" of February 24, 1883, but the Athenæum, in quoting the lines, said they referred to Cols. Verner, Percival, and Sibthorp, thus omitting Col. Gore; whilst another paper named three totally different constituencies:

"THREE members, in three distant counties born,
Cork, Clare, and Tipperary did adorn:
The first in strength of impudence surpassed;
The next in lying; and in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go—
To beard the third, she shaved the former two."

* Lauder, Macpherson, Chatterton, and W. H. Ireland.

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A Pen-sive Thought.

Three Pens for three essential virtues famed,
The *Pickwick*, *Owl*, and *Waverley* were named,
The first in flexibility surpassed,
In ease the next, in elegance the last.
These points, united with attractions new,
Have yielded other boons, the *Phæton* and *Hindoo*.

Advertisement.

——:o:——

The Memorial Funds.

(*Mr. Punch's Contribution.*)

Hemans. Hallam. Hogg.

Three H's, in three different countries born,
Hibernia, Albion, Caledon adorn.
The first in gentlest Poesy surpassed,
The next in Justice, Humour claims the last.
Send tribute to the Name most dear to you,
But, reader, don't neglect the other two.

Punch, April 7, 1860.

——·o·——

The Editor of *Truth* selected Dryden's Epigram as the model for a parody competition, and the replies were published in that paper on March 27, 1884. They were very numerous, the following have been selected from amongst them, as being the best parodies, on the most interesting topics:—

Three brightest blessings of this thirsty race,
(Whence sprung and when I don't propose to trace);
Pale brandy, potent spirit of the night,
Brisk soda, welcome when the morn is bright;
To make the third combine the other two,
The force of Nature can no further go.

Sexton.

Three wishes granted to a jolly tar,
Who east, and west, and south had travelled far.
First, "grog enough to float a fleet!" The next
Was, "all the baccy in the world!" Perplext,
Imagination could no further go;
"More grog and baccy!" was the final throw.

Guinea Pig.

Three Generals in three different counties born,
England, Madras, Suakin did adorn.
The first in science and success surpassed;
The next in timely dash; in all the last
The force of nature could no further go,
To frame* the third she joined the other two.

Captain Rock.

Athenian quidnuncs when they wished to fill
Their ears with gossip hastened to Mars' Hill;
Whilst Romans (ever destitute of humour)
Denounced it as the lying tongues of Rumour.
Wiser than either, modern wit, forsooth,
Sells it for sixpence, and proclaims it Truth.

Long Lane.

* Wolseley and Roberts are small men; Graham is 6ft. 4in.

Three coxcombs in three recent ages born,
France, Cambria, and England did adorn;
The first for cut and fit* was Fashion's glass,
The next in mould of form† none could surpass;
Then Nature, travailing, with cunning tool,
Joined Form and Fashion‡ in the third, a fool.

Observer.

Three champion bats in distant counties born,
Kent, Nottingham, and Gloucester did adorn;
The first in strong defensive drives surpassed,
The next in grand leg-hits, in both the last.
Old England's genius could no further go;
Australia boasts the champion batsman now.

Hegira.

Three insects fell amid fair summer's joy,
England and other countries do annoy;
The first is felt, alas! not seen nor heard;
The next seen, heard, and felt; but oh! the third!
Ferocious nature could no fiercer grow,
Joined midge and gnat to make the mosquito.

Mordecai.

Three nations' emblems in one posy twined—
Shamrock and thistle with the rose combined!
One humour hath, one shrewdness for her dower;
The third with both endowed, plus wealth and power!
E'en Nature's self, will own herself outdone
When (happy exploit!) all are blent in one!

The White Lily.

Three "savants" in this nineteenth century born
Have racked our brains with ethics night and morn;
One tunes his harp to sound in many ears;**
The next knows all, yet knows not what he fears.††
Exhausted nature felt her forces sink—
To make a third she found the "Missing Link."‡‡

Rosbeg.

Three young men in distant cities born,
Did Paris, London, and New York adorn;
The first, a beau, in manners far surpassed,
The dandy next, in dress outdid the last;
The force of nature could no further go,
To make a Masher joined the other two.

Deux Nigauds.

——.o:——

POLITICAL.

Three party leaders—Gladstone, Stafford North-Cote, and for third the leader of the "fourth;"
The first in majesty of speech surpassed,
The next in courtesy, in nil the last.
Exhausted nature could no further go,
She'd spent her powers on the other two.

Miggles.

* Le Beau D'Orsay cut out his *gilets*.
† Beau Nash was M.C. at Bath.
‡ Beau Brummel it was who said to the Prince Regent, "George, ring the bell."
** Tyndall, Phonologist. †† Huxley, Agnostic.
‡‡ Darwin, Ethnologist.

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THREE members as three trusty Jingoes sworn,
Eye, Bridport town, and Woodstock did adorn;
The first in rabidness of talk surpassed,
The next in idiocy, in both the last.
The force of Madness could no further go—
To make a third she joined the other two.

ARAMIS.

THREE leaders 'mong the Opposition stand,
Two with a "dual control" do guide that band,
The first, a haughty lord with fire doth speak,
The next, less eloquent, is mild and meek.
For long the Tories could no better show,
But now the last* will oust the other two.

ALFRED.

THREE Statesmen in our happy island dwell,
S. N. and C.—their names I may not tell.
The first a nobleman of high degree;
The next a commoner; each chief would be.
The force of folly could no higher go
Than that the third should try to be it too.

DRYASDUST.

THREE statesmen from three diff'rent hamlets sent,
Eye, Woodstock, Bridport, fitly represent;
The first excels in universal lore,
The next in impudence, the last a bore.
The force of nature nothing more could do,
'Twould have been merciful to make but two.

NEDYRD.

THREE statesmen wish to lead the Tory crowd;
The first's a gartered Marquis, thundering loud,
His temper fiery as the days in June;
Then comes a courteous, mild, old pantaloon;
The third's too saucy, and too full of cheek.
Name thy successor—shade of Dizzy speak!

W. A. P.

THREE Statesmen with three different "fads," were born,
Two still our blood-stained Cabinet adorn;
The first in felling trees and men surpassed,
The next in frothy speech, Caucus the last.
Britannia's patience can no further go,
For Will, and Jack, are "not a patch" on Joe!

J. MCGRIGOR ALLAN,

THREE statesmen in the age now waning born,
France, Germany, and England did adorn;
The first in wit and eloquence surpassed,
The next in statesmanship, in all the last;
For Nature in her gifts had been so free,
To make a third she had to join the three.

H. MARSH GREEN.

THREE Statesmen, by three rival parties sent,
North Devon, Cork, Midlothian, represent;
The first on apathy his censure cast,
The next on energy—on both the last.
Now hot, now cold, in doubt Dame Nature ran,
And mixed the two to form the Grand Old Man.

BRUM ROGERS.

* Randolph Churchill.

THREE Irishmen on England's downfall bent,
Cork, Monaghan, and Cavan represent;
The first delights in treasonable word,
The next in spitefulness, in both the third;
Though first and second as big traitors figure,
Nature has made the last and least a Biggar.

INDICUS.

THREE statesmen now the Tory party head—
Salisbury and Stafford, Randolph, too, 'tis said.
The first in weak verbosity surpassed,
The next in nothing, in untruths the last.
Nature was "stumped," for join them as she can,
Out of the three she'll never make a man.

ACTION FRONT.

THREE statesmen in one lucky cycle born,
Bucks, Lothian, and Woodstock did adorn;
The first in epigram and schemes surpassed,
The next in home affairs, in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go,
To make a third she joined the other two.

TIMON.

THREE members, at three different moments born,
The British House of Commons now adorn;
The first in "impudence" none can surpass,
The next would rob us of a "friendly glass;"
The third, to many known as "faithless Jo,"
Is "Biggar" far than both the other two.

GUELDER ROSE.

THREE leaders, in the nineteenth century born,
The Tories of the present time adorn.
For flouts and sneers Lord Salisbury's not surpassed;
But Stafford's slow and cautious to the last.
The force of nature could no further go—
To Churchill make she joined the other two.

MERCURY MAKER.

THREE Tories in two neighbouring Chambers placed,
Lords, Commons, and a "Four-in-hand" team graced;
The first in fire of eloquence surpassed,
The next in doggedness, in both the last;*
But bigger bodies nature could not grow—
To make the third she dwarfed the other two.

F. A. SW.

THREE parties did our Parliament adorn,
Whigs, Parnellites, and Tories (bigots born!)
The first verbose exuberance ne'er lack'd,
The next, when noisy, by the third were sack'd;
The force of nature could yet further go,
And made a "Fourth," frail, frivolous, and few.

BEAUTIFUL SAM.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

THREE noodles in two distant countries born,
Iberia and England did adorn;
In one Quixote the Don—consummate ass!
In t'other—Colonel Sibthorpe did surpass;
The force of folly could no further go,
To make a third, she join'd the other two.

GRACE.

* Lord R. Churchill.

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PITT. FOX. GLADSTONE.

THREE famous statesmen by our England bred,
In turn her senate's van have ably led;
The first in wealth of eloquence did shine,
The next in lore, the third doth these combine;
Last in succession, foremost in degree,
The Premier of Prime Ministers is he.

IVY GREEN.

——:o:——

DRAMATIC.

IRVING, BANCROFT, AND TOOLE.

THREE actors on three London stages play,
Who, by their art, wile many hours away;
The first in tragedy is unsurpassed;
The next in comedy; in farce the last.
Tho' Nature *works* by neither line nor rule,
Whene'er at *play* she needs must have a Toole.

JACK.

——

THREE actors on three different stages known—
Toole, Sullivan, and Irving thus are shown.
The first in comedy, his "forte" was cast;
The next in tragedy; in both the last;
And captious critics, here and o'er the main,
Admire, condemn, then praise him up again.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

THREE players in the lap of Genius born,
France, Italy, and England each adorn,
The first in brilliancy of style surpassed;
The next in dignity—in power the last.
Dramatic Art, when pressed to further go,
To make an "Irving" joined the other two.

SIVA.

——

THREE managers, the glory of our age,
Delight the patrons of the British stage.
High art to scenic glory Irving marries,
Extravaganza finds her home with Harris.
Whilst Wilson Barrett—enterprising man—
Combines them both, and gives us Claudian.

LA NINA

——

Three lovely women grace the modern stage,
A perfect face and form make one* the rage;
And one,† depicting passions strong or sweet,
Brings thousands breathless, spell bound to her feet.
Nature, by stint, to mar perfection loth,
Upon the last‡ has showered the charms of both.

Truth, March 27, 1884.

* Mrs. Langtry. † Miss Terry. ‡ Miss Mary Anderson.

Matthew Arnold,

(*Born at Laleham, near Staines, December* 24, 1822.)

In 1879 the Editor of *The World* commenced a series of Prize Parody Competitions, the sixth of which had for its subject "Mr. Charles Warner in *Drink*," and the poem chosen as the model was Matthew Arnold's Sonnet on George Cruikshank's picture, "The Bottle."

The first and second prizes were awarded to V.A.C.A. and FESS-GULES, and two other parodies were also printed.

Matthew Arnold's original sonnet is here given, followed by the parodies, which appeared in *The World*, August 20, 1879.

TO GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.
On seeing, in the Country, his Picture of "The Bottle."

ARTIST, whose hand, with horror winged hath torn
From the rank life of towns this leaf! and flung
The prodigy of full-blown crime among
Valleys and men to middle fortune born,

Not innocent, indeed, yet not forlorn—
Say, what shall calm us, when such guests intrude,
Like comets on the heavenly solitude?
Shall breathless glades, cheered by shy Dian's horn,

Cold-bubbling springs, or caves! Not so! The soul
Breasts her own griefs; and, urged too fiercely, says:
'Why tremble? True, the nobleness of man
May be by man effaced; man can control
To pain, to death, the bent of his own days.
Know thou the worst! So much, not more, he *can*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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FIRST PRIZE.

ACTOR, whose horror-moving power hath been
The wonder of the town this many a night—
A realistic prodigy, delight
Of those who from the upper galleries lean,
Eager to watch that dread delirium scene,—
Say, what exciting thing's similitude
Upon our startled stage will next intrude,
And make us breathless? Dion's fair Colleen,
Half-drowning in the cave? Not so; the gods
Now loudly clamour for some fiercer play
More horrors! True, the drama's noble plan
May be by such defaced; but what's the odds?
Let pain and death be mimicked, if they pay:
Degrade us more not even Zola can!

(V. AMCOTTS.) V.A.C.A.

SECOND PRIZE.

ACTOR, whose art, with horror clothed, hath torn
From rank Parisian life this leaf, and flung
This portraiture of loathsome curse among
Women and men in calmer Britain born,

Not guiltless of excess, yet not quite lorn
Of decent instincts,—what shall calm us, say,
When ghastly sights like these brood o'er our way?
Shall *Corneville's* hackneyed chimes, or jokes well worn

From *Pinafore*? Not so! Each reasoning soul
Speaks for itself, and, fiercely shuddering, says,
'Why nauseate us thus? The drama's plan

May be to paint vice black; but, O, control
Of pain and death these sickening displays!
Can they do good? We know that *harm* they can.'

FESS-GULES.

(GOYMOUR CUTHBERT., A.R.I.B.A.)

ARTIST in acting, who hast seized a part
From the black dens of Paris for your own,
Wherein the perfect work of drink is shown
To eager lookers shivering at heart—
Some drunken, none too brutalised to start,—
Can subtlest skill excuse the hideous tale,
And fine perception calm the inner wail,
In breathless watching of victorious art
And well-trained imitation? Nay, the soul
Is wroth at last, and, strained too greatly, cries,
'Record it not! Man that was made so fair
Can sink below all apedom, till control
Of self is lost, and soul and body dies;
But mimicry of this we will not bear.'

NOCTURNE.

ACTOR, whose art, like a fell grapnel, drags
Down on the bottom of the stream of crime,
Sinks and returns, producing every time
Some shape deform of misery and rags,
Steeped in pollution, overgrown with flags,
Weeds of debauchery,—let a drunkard's cries
Grate on our ears no longer! Must our eyes
Gaze on his death pang? Hast no other gags
To move thy hearers' laughter but his speech?
Stirs else no toothpick in their languid lips?
Else will no crutch be lifted to applaud?
Have they such souls no milder sight can teach,
Save glorious manhood's absolute eclipse?
How foul is vice, how much to be abhorred!

CARAWAY.

TRACY TURNERELLI'S GOLDEN WREATH.

On page 188, *Parodies*, a history was given of the wreath which was offered to Lord Beaconsfield by Mr. Tracy Turnerelli, and some parodies of Skakespeare, and of Ben Jonson, descriptive of the circumstances which induced Lord Beaconsfield to refuse the offer.

The Editor of *The World* selected the topic for a parody competition, entitled "Mr. Tracy Turnerelli in the Provinces," the model proposed for imitation being Mr. Matthew Arnold's beautiful poem, "The Forsaken Merman," and the compositions were limited to forty lines.

A short extract is given below from the original poem:—

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

COME, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the day,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go—
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
'Margaret! Margaret!'
Children's voices should be dear,
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again!
Call her once and come away;
This way, this way!
Mother dear, we cannot stay!
The wild white horses foam and fret!
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;
Call no more!
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore;
Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

* * * *

But children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand hills,
At the white, sleeping town;

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At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down.
Singing: "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The first and second prizes were awarded to the two following parodies, which appeared in *The World*, September 24, 1879:—

FIRST PRIZE.

REJECTED ADDRESSES, by TRACY TURNERELLI.

COME, dear Dizzy, nor say me nay—
Come, ere I go distraught;
Take the garland of golden bay,
Take what the people's pennies bought,
Take what the goldsmith richly wrought.
Must I carry the gift away
Into the shires to make it pay?
Dizzy dear, ah, why not say,
This way, this way?

I call again with a conscience clear
(Tis no sin)—
Call aloud till the deaf might hear—
Benjamin! Benjamin!
Flattering voices should be dear
(One call more) to statesman's ear;
Flattering voices fired by zeal
For the statesman's weal.
Benjamin! Benjamin!

Can it be true he means that nay?
(One call more ere I go away.)
Once he was poor as poor as could be,
And he wore no Garter below his knee;
He worked his way to the top of the tree,
For the Earl is clever and scholarly.
He swayed, like others, from side to side,
And was apt at taking the turn of tide.
Then came Berlin and the Jingoes' King
Wed 'Peace with Honour,' like gold the ring;
And now the Prime Minister says me nay
To my honeyed words and my wreath of bay.

Dizzy dear, why say me nay?
(One call more.)
He will not come, though I call all day—
Shut is the door.
I go, I leave him, I call no more;
I call no more, yet my heart is sore;
The loved one rejects me—
How cruel is he!
He leaves us for ever—
The wreath and T. T.

(MRS. WINSLOE.) OBSERVER.

SECOND PRIZE.

TURNERELLI *loq.*

COME, my people, let us go hence,
Bearing the wreath of gold;
Back to the towns that gave sums immense,
Back with a tale that must be told;
Back with a wreath that mayn't be sold,
E'en to defray the vast expense
Of raising fifty thousand pence.
Come, my people, let us go hence.
Away, away!

Call him once more by his name
Pleadingly,
By the name best known to fame—
Disraeli, Disraeli.
That name surely should be dear
To the commoner grown a peer—
Dizzy (call him once again)!
Try to rouse some olden strain;
Only once, and then away,
We will not stay.
Disraeli, do you quite forget
The people's crown for the coronet?
Away, away!

Golden leaves, that golden turn
When autumn's glories begin to burn,
Will turn dull brown and fade away.
But the wreath that in my hands I hold
Was copper first, and turned to gold,
And shall be gold for aye.
People dear, is it but three years
Since he went to join the Peers?
Once he sat where I would be,
Where still meets the august confraternity
Of the Commons in conclave free;
But his dreams were ever of gilded halls,
And he sighed for a crown with eight golden balls,
Though his race mostly hang o'er their doors but three.

(MISS M. C. KILBURN.) VRITRA.

—:o:—

THE WREATH.

(The figure of the wreath lies before us, as we write, in all its fair outlines. The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle are blended in it in sign of the nationalities of the donors. The circle of the wreath is of laurel leaves.)

The Times, June 28, 1879.

O TRACY, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of some other tree!
Dust from a dusty Olive's sprays
Has dimmed the lustre of those days.
I would my laurels were forgot—
O Turnerelli, twine them not!

The thistle, shamrock—leave me those;
There's sense in them—and, yes, the rose;
'Twill symbolise—its thorns at least—
Our future pathway in the East;
The shamrock, too, recals to thought
The "false Gibraltar" we have bought;
And I would spare the thistle's loss
To those who cheered at Charing Cross,—
These I can stand, but laurel, no;
The laurel's hardly *apropos*;
So Tracy, if that wreath's for me,
Pray twine it of some other tree!

The World, July 2, 1879.

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FURTHER PARODIES
OF
William Shakespeare.

—— o:——

MACBETH.

M. ALEXIS SOYER'S SOUP FOR THE POOR.

SINCE the ingenious gastronomic regenerator of the Reform Club issued his receipt for his cheap soup, every man has become his own cook, in his anxiety to produce a specimen of the popular *potage*. Discussions, also, have arisen upon the cost, as stated by the inventor, and opinions of every kind have been launched at it, principally, however, by those who expected to make mock turtle at three-half-pence a quart, out of nothing, and were disappointed therein. Its manufacture has suggested the following scene:—

SCENE.—*The Kitchen of the Reform Club. In the middle a Copper boiling.*

Enter M. SOYER *and two Cooks.*

Soyer.—Thrice the Palace clock hath chim'd.

2nd Cook.—Thrice: and members all have dined.

3rd Cook.—Ireland cries: 'tis time—tis time!

Soyer.—Round about the copper go,
In the cheap ingredients throw.
Dripping that in gallipot
Days and nights has been forgot;
Boneless beef in square bits cut,
In two-gallon saucepan put.

All.—Don't mind trouble, were it double,
Stir the copper till it bubble.

Soy.—Fifteen leaves of celery top;
In with turnip peelings pop.
Green of two leeks on them hurl;
Half a pound of barley pearl;
Common flour next half a pound,
In eight quarts of water drown'd.
Whitest salt and sugar brown;
That will make the soup go down,
Then a penny charge for fuel.
And for SIXPENCE make the gruel.

All.—At a trifling cost of trouble,
You may make the copper bubble.

Soy.—Give it to the poor as food
And 'twill be found cheap and good.

AIR—M. SOYER.

From "La Sonnambula."

Still so gently onions peeling,
The smell will bring out the feeling,
Spite of all their sneers revealing,
That the beef—that the beef is wholesome still.

Though mock turtle soup may charm thee,
And mulligatawny warm thee,
Sure my soup will never harm thee:
If it feed not—if it feed not—it will fill.

2nd Cook.—By the licking of my thumbs,
Something weighty this way comes.
Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter John Bull.

John.—How now you knowing gastronomic wags,
What is't you brew?

All.—A soup without a name.

John.—I conjure you by that which you profess
(Howe'er you came to know it), answer me.
Though you tie up the winds in pudding bags,
And into *soufflées* whip the yesty waves—
Compound and swallow all creation up—
Even till repletion sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

Soy.— *Parlez,*

2nd Cook.— Ask.

3rd Cook.— Cut on.

Soy.—Say would'st thou rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our platters?

John.— Let me see the *carte.*

*Thunder.** *The Apparition of a Boar's Head rises.*

App.—John Bull John Bull! beware an Irish stew!
Corn riots dread! dismiss me. That will do.
[*Descends.*

John.—Thanks for the caution. Much obliged I feel.
The corn-laws altogether I'll repeal.

Thunder. *The Apparition of a Turkey, trussed, with a carrot in its hand, rises,*

John.— What's this,
That, like the scutcheon of the Prussian King,
Holds in its claw a vegetable sceptre
And chain of sausage-meat?

All.—Hish! hold your row.

App.—Make lots of metal, John, and take no care
Who spends, who wastes, or who conspires to share.
John Bull shall never bankrupt be, until
Great Hornsey Wood shall come to Primrose Hill,
[*Descends.*

John.—Had I three mouths I'd eat thee. It can't be.
Had it been Alderman Wood and Rowland Hill,
They might have met; but trees can't cut their sticks,
Nor Chalk Farm walk its chalk from Primrose Hill.
Yet, tell me one thing more. Shall famine ever
Reign in this kingdom

Soy.— Show!

2nd Cook.— Show!!

3rd Cook.— Show!!!

Eight Cooks appear. *The two last being Captain Cook and Mr. T. P. Cooke.*

Soy—Whilst these great Cooks—the present and the past,
Who, although many, will not spoil the broth—
Vatel, who died for fish that came too late;
Carême, who cooked Napoleon's goose; and *Ude*
Whom, if you'd known you'd have respected much.
Facetious *Mrs. Glass*, who recommends

* Stage direction. The thunder is produced by rolling a turnip in a fish kettle.

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That you should catch your hare ere you do cook it.
And *Francatelli*; who hath done a book
As well as I; and *Doctor Kitchiner*,
Oracular professor of his art.
And *Captain Cook*, who found out foreign roots,
(Though not by nature, yet a Cook by name).
And T. P. Cooke, who says "Avast! belay!"
Whilst in the sailor's locker there's a shot
No swab shall starve whilst these great cooks exist
(Or others like them) Famine ne'er shall reign.

[*They disappear.*

John.—Where are they? Gone! No matter; I'm at rest,
Though cat'racts may destroy potatoes' eyes—
Though years may come and bring no ears of corn—
Though meat may rise as high as Green's balloon—
Still, whilst our brave cooks can make all ends meat,
No famine e'er shall harm us.

Chorus from "Macbeth," "We Fry by Night."

The Man in the Moon, Vol I.



WHY, what the deuce is that before my nose?
It's like a dagger now I see it close;
And, rat it too, the handle turn'd this way!
But come, I'll have a grip, cost what it may.
By Jove, I've missed it! yet I see it still,
It's cursed odd—but find it out I will.
"Thou fearful, fatal vision, tell me why,
"You thus elude me—is it *'all my eye?'*
"Or art thou coin'd in this thick skull of mine,
"A phantom from the fumes of heat and wine?"
Death, fire, and furies! why I see thee here
In form as plain and palpable, I swear,
As this I'm drawing;—on thy blade and dudgeon
Are gouts of blood;—but, mark me! I'm no gudgeon!
It's all a lie!—I'll not be humbugg'd thus,—
'Tis this curs'd business puts me in a fuss!

The Gownsman, Cambridge, 1830.



SHAKESPEARE'S GHOST ON THE NEW APOCALYPSE.

THE THREE WITCHES (*as represented by three eminent dignitaries.*)

SCENE I.

WHERE shall we three meet again?
In br-th-l, hall, or sacred fane?—
Ere our hurly-burly's done,
Pestilence by us begun
Spread from east to set of sun!—
Where the place?—
The road to h—l!
Let us go at it pall-mall!—
I come, Salvation!—
T-mps-n calls!—
Anon!
Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
Wallow in the drains and filthy air!

SCENE II.

Round about the office go,
In the poisonous savours throw!
Anecdote of rankest taste,
Far too saleable to waste,
Sweltered venom, creeping got,
Boil those first i' the T-mps-n pot!
Double, double, stench and trouble,
Pot boil, and poison bubble!

Fragment of some juicy lie,
Stew and flourish by and by;
Dash of philanthropic twist,
Tongue of sentimentalist,
Breath of skunk and adder's sting,
Feathers of the Church's wing,
Winkings of the powers that be,
Palate of the debauchee,
For a chance of deadly trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
Gushings of hysteric craze,
Prayers of saints of latter days,
Latest rags of virgin veil,
Little coins of blackest mail,
War-cry of blaspheming throats,
Politician's bid for votes,
Army stock and rubble stones,
Christy banjo, Christyan bones,
Platform ranter's purchased shriek,
Blushes robbed from woman's cheek,
Blasted charm of household joys,
Ruined souls of girls and boys,
Birthright of mind-poisoned babe
To the profit of a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab.
Add the shield of State paternal
For the ingredients of our journal!

Double, double, stench and trouble,
Pot boil, and poison bubble!

The World, August 26, 1885.

The agitation to which this Parody calls attention may have been initiated with all sincerity and purity of motives, but it has directly encouraged the hawking about of some of the most abominable publications which have ever yet been publicly exposed for sale.

To protect "fallen" women is, no doubt, a most laudable and philanthropic object, but it should be possible to do this without either annoying other members of the community, or outraging public decency. Some of the best streets of London were recently rendered impassable to modest women by the foul-mouthed ruffians who exposed these filthy publications for sale, and touted their wares in language more vile and repulsive than even the publications they disposed of dared to venture on.

——:o:——

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE."

On the 27 August, 1885, *Truth* contained no less than twenty parodies of the well known speech commencing—"all the World's a Stage, and all the men and women merely players."

The following are the most interesting, the one signed ORCHIS, (by Mr. T. B. Doveton,) being, on the whole, a closer parody than any of the others:—

DINNER-PARTIES.

——DINNER is a stage
With knives and forks the company are players;

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Courses have exits and swift entrances ;
And each guest, in his time, plays many parts,
His acts being seven epochs. At first the soup
Steaming and seething in the grand tureen,
Then comes the whiting tasty, or the salmon
With shining silver scales, sleeping serene
Upon the lordly dish ; and then the venison,
Done to a turn, and worthy of a ballad,
As any lady's eyebrow. Then the pasties
Full of rich fruits, and not too much of lard,
Jellies delicious, wholesome and quickly eaten,
Melting—a great desideratum—
Even in the diner's mouth—and then the stilton
In fair round form, and with a napkin bound,
With rind full thick, and taste extremely strong,
Full of strange mites, and microscopic things ;
So each guest plays his part. The sixth course shifts
Into the rare luxurious dessert,
With sherry on this side, and port on that ;
A vintage good, well saved, a world too old
To be much drunk ; the host's loud manly voice
Turning at length quite husky, cherished pipes
And weeds with coffee come. Last scene of all
That ends this dinner's faithful history,
Is simple maundering and sheer oblivion,
Sans sense, sans eyes. sans speech, sans every thing.

ORCHIS.

(JACK soliloquizes.) All go off alike,
And all the wines and dishes seldom alter ;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And each guest in his turn tastes many things,
His share being seven courses. At first the turtle,
Seething with richness in the bright tureen ;
And then the princely turbot, with the lemon
And shrimp or oyster sauce, making it glide
Most palatably down ; and then the entrées,
Smelling divinely in their shallow basins
Made of the shining metal ; then a turkey,
Full of forcemeats and roasted to a turn,
Swimming in gravy garnished thick with sausage,
Raising the tide of expectation
Even in the bishop's mouth ; and then the pudding
In grand round belly, and with holly crown'd ;
With eyes intent we watch each slice that's cut,
Full of good things and spicy substances ;
And so we take a part. The sixth course drifts
Into the plain and usual dessert,
With walnuts 'neath one's nose, and port each side ;
Our evening clothes were made on purpose wide
To hold such stuff. And now some manly voice,
Turning towards politics and meerschaum-pipes,
Makes ladies leave the room. Last course of all
That ends this dinner-party history
Is coffee, cognac, weeds, and utter bliss,
Sans flirts, sans prudes, sans wife, sans womankind.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

——ALL the world's away,
And all the men and women on the tramp ;
They have their tourist tickets and bank credits,
And each man grumbling with his bullion parts
To keep his household moving. First, the infant
Squalling and struggling in the nurse's arms,
And then the schoolboy with his rod and basket,
Changing from place to place, at large on bail
Most willingly from school. And then the matron
Scolding like a fishwife, with a woful look
Upon the piles of baggage ; then the cabby,
Full of strange oaths standing on guard,
Daring the porters, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Clamouring for double his remuneration
Even in the tariff's face ; and then the bobby,
In regulation tunic strapped and belted,
With eyes severe and an imperial strut,
Quoting the law, refers to modern instances,
And so he plays his part. Then the "gov'nor," drest
In shooting jacket and check pantaloons,
With spectacles on nose, jeered at, defied,
Elbowed and buffeted on every side,
On a trunk sinking, lifts his voice no more,
Wipes his moist brow, and, as he fills his pipe,
Whistles despairingly. Last scene of all
That ends poor paterfamilias's history,
Is the home-coming, and more chivying
(*Sans doute*) *en route*—ennuied, wrong everything.

PRIMA DONNA.

——PARLIAMENT'S a stage,
And honourable members merely players ;
They have their prompters, cues, and call-boys too,
And some men while they sit play many parts,
Their acts being seven stages. At first the novice,
Trembling and blushing while he's introduced,
And then the grumbling sportsman leaving moors
Or salmon-streams behind, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to vote. Then the enthusiast,
Spouting like sperm-whale, with a wistful eye
Fixed on his leader's hat. Then a debater,
Full of false facts and smart in repartee,
Careless of courtesy, rash and quick in general.
Seeking the bubble reputation
By an unbridled tongue. And then the Minister,
In pleasant sinecure, with good salary lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and feeble platitudes ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into a sleek and useless peer o' the realm,
With coronet on brow and ermine robes.
His earlier wit, though dulled, a world to bright
For his new sphere, and his once manly voice
Turning again towards childish accents, drones
And falters in his words. Last scene of all
That ends the strange eventful history
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans power, sans fame, sans friends, sans everything.

BART.

——ALL Parliament's a stage,
The Lords mere supers, and the Commons players,
Coming and going on and off the scenes ;
And each one plays a different character
In seven phases. First the canvasser,
Bowing and scraping, free with purse and alms ;
Then the young candidate, with laboured speech
And blushing face, weak-kneed and pale,
Creeps to the platform. Then the strong member,
Like lover with his mistress, wins the mob
With honied words. Then the great orator,
Full of unmeaning phrases, hard to beard,
Zealous in argument, fierce in retort,
Seeking a wordy reputation
E'en in high councils. Then the Minister,
Sleek with good living, with rich income primed,
Austere with knitted brow, and courtly gard,
Full wise in laws and ancient precedents,

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And so displays high art. The sixth phase shifts
Into the scarlet-robed and gartered Peer,
A spectacle in pose, touched with the pride
Of titled state from all the world to hide
His youthful pranks ; his late commanding voice,
Toned down to softest accents, mildly speaks
In gentle pleadings. The last phase of all
Is the poor part of intellect decayed
In second childhood of extreme old age ;
Sad sight ! sad hearing ; sad the end of all !

OLD LOG.

——ALL the night's a stage,
And all the singers on it merely cats ;
They have their solos and their choruses,
And one cat in the night sings many tunes,
Her songs being seven tortures. At first a purring,
Mewing and scratching at the kitchen door,
Then a whining scuffle with a neighbour's tom
About an ancient bone, bleached in the mud,
Each claiming shares : and then the love duet,
Burning with passion, rising to my window,
In hideous cadences ; then the war song
Betwixt two rivals to Miss Muffet's favour
Starts up, eloquent with hisses and mad
Careering up and down the area stairs
Even to my very door ; and then the tabby,
In sleek fat form, with good grey coat of fur,
With twinkling eyes and well-trimmed whiskers,
Lifts her voice in wild, untuneful melody,
And so she sings her part. The sixth song falls
To the lean and half-starved tortoiseshell,
All scratched on nose and wounded side,
Her youthful freshness faded years too soon,
And gone for aye, but her strong feline voice,
With hideous likeness to infantile howls,
Still screeches in the night. Last scene of all
That ends this awful, maddening night,
Is one last howl—then day breaks in upon us,
Sans sleep, sans rest, sans peace, sans breakfast.

ZENAS DYKES.

——ALL the day's a plague,
And all the people merely peace-disturbers,
They have their exits and their entrances,
And each one plays his own discordant part
Till the brain madly rages. At first the sweep,
Screeching and shouting loud his wild alarm ;
Then that morning nuisance, with his basket
And tinkling muffin-bell, shouting "all 'ot"
When all his store is cool. And then the beggar,
Singing, like saw-mill, a hymn or a tender ballad
Smugly, yet winking his eyebrow. Then the "Army,"
Causing wild oaths as, clad in monstrous garb,
With drum and cornet, gaily they preach or quarrel,
Seizing the soldier's designation,
But facing no cannon's mouth, And then th' Italian,
His poor pinched belly seldom with square-meal lined,
With coal-black eye and hair that should be cut,
And organ belching nigger melodies.
And so he plays his part. The next plague springs
From German deep trombone and wild bassoon,
From flute, from clarionet, and ophecleide,
Teutonic youths, ill-taught, with English airs
Playing strange pranks, who, from the lowest bass
Alike even to the highest treble, yield
Most irritating sounds. Till last of all,
To close the days tormenting history.
The prayer for death, and sweet oblivion
Of sweeps, of bands, of Booth, of everything.

NOMAD.

——ALL the world's a stable,
And all its denizens are merely horses ;
They have their hardships and their pleasures,
And one horse in his time sees many changes,
His life being seven ages, At first, the foal,
Frisking and skipping in the breeder's yard ;
Then the "whinnying" colt, with curb and rein,
And smack of whip, pacing, like schoolboy,
Unwillingly in trammels. And then the racer,
Flying like lightning for the cup or plate
Given by the Jockey Club. Then the hunter,
Full of high keep, and coat as sleek as silk,
Perfect in shape, and proud of pedigree,
Gaining a wide-spread reputation
For being 'in at the death." And then to mailcoach,
In spendid show indignantly is harness'd,
By critics scanned at formal "meet '; then urg'd
To th' instant point of modern expedition ;
And so he runs his stage. "Sold up," he shifts
Into the shafts of jaunty hansom cab,
With fare inside, and driver perch'd aloft ;
His early vigour gone, a shower of blows
Are rain'd on his shrunk back ; his wind is bad
And he has turned a "piper" and oftimes
Loudly whistles in his sound. The next phase ends
His cruel and unpitied destiny ;
To Knacker's yard for slaughter he is led,
Sans eyes, sans hoofs, mere carcase—fit for dogs.

EAST ANGLIA.

——ALL the world's a field,
And all the men and women cricket-players,
They have their innings and their fielding out,
And one man in his time plays many games,
His life being seven matches. First, the infant,
Mowing and poking at his nurse's slows ;
And then the school-boy, boundless in ambition,
But green in judging lengths, slogging like fun,
And bowled by yorkers ; then the undergrad,
Smoking strange weeds, and blazer'd like the Turk,
Heedless of honours, puppet of every fancy,
Seeking a college reputation
Even in the schools despite ; and then the lover,
Shying like Frenchman, with a woeful habit,
Of dropping all his catches ; then the husband,
With waist expanding, to short runs inclined,
With eyes correct, and coat of formal cut,
Full of old joys, and new incumbrances,
And so he meets his match. The sixth is played
By the stiff pater with his growing lads,
With spectacles on nose, and bat in hand ;
They trundle at the stumps a world too fast
For his sore shins ; yet his big, manly heart,
Turning again toward youthful pleasure, glows
And revels at each ball. Last match of all,
Which ends the sturdy cricketer's career,
Is played in his arm-chair at second hand,
Sans bat, sans ball, sans stumps, sans everything.

TUB.

——ALL the world's a feast,
And all the men and women merely gourmands ;
Few have their *chef*, they mostly pot-luck share,
But all guests in their turn try many *plats*,
The courses being seven, At first the Soup,
Unsatisfactory, greasy, and cold ;
Then Fish, whose shining face is seen too long,
Proclaims his advent ere he comes in sight.
Entrèes as twins appear ; you choose of one,

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To wish your choice had fallen on the other.
Mutton disguised with mint to pass for lamb,
Taking his dubious imposture
Into our plates, but not beyond our palates,
A bird comes next—a bird that crowed too long ;
Crestfallen warrior, done to death and tough ;
And so we sit and eat, while cheap champagne
Goes round with tedious jokes, both flat and stale.
At length the scene is changed—the Sweets appear ;
Misshapen, quiv'ring jellies, doughy tarts,
The fruit but scant, the paste too thick by far.
(Pale cream accompanies, whose "turn" is come,)
Dessert—a prematurely-shrivelled pine,
Torn from its tropic soil in early youth ;
Dried fruits, and nuts that, cracking, leave but dust.
The end of this unpalatable dinner
Is coffee weak and full of grounds ; and so
Our last hope flies, our time is come, We go
With teeth, with eyes, with taste, unsatisfied.

CHUM-CHUM.

——A State Church is a stage,
Its well-paid priests and bishops often players ;
They have their stipends and emoluments,
And each man, if he plays his part with skill.
May gain preferment. At first the student,
Reading or larking at his Alma Mater ;
And then the genteel curate, with chasuble,
And early morning prayers, with Oxford twang,
Invincible at croquet. Then the incumbent,
Preaching like furnace, with a shilling pamphlet,
On some new-fashioned high-go. Then the rector,
Full of strange whims, robed like a queer old barb,
Sudden and quick to seize the next preferment,
Seeking the bubble reputation
E'en in a canon's stall. And then the bishop,
In fair lawn sleeves and with a purse well lined ;
His youthful friends now get the formal cut,
Full of anxiety to keep things pleasant ;
And so he plays his part, The sixth age shifts
Into the grand and courtly Archbishop ;
A spectacle he grows of pride and pomp,
And thinks the Church well saved, and world beside,
By his tall talk ; with namby-pamby voice,
Pointing again to Becket and to Laud,
Like whom he would be found. Last scene of all
That best will cure this curious history,
Is Disestablishment and Disendowment,
Sans worldly power, sans many an evil thing.

A. MEERAM.

——ALL the land's a booth,
And all the men and women merely voters,
They have their franchise and their ballot-box,
And one man in his time gives many votes.
He votes for seven parties. The first, a Whig,
Frightened and cautious in the Liberal ranks ;
And then the so-called Liberal, with his promises,
And sheep-like party-gait, creeping like snail
Towards long-sought reform. Then the Home Ruler
Roaring for freedom, with a piteous tale
Told of his country's misery. Then a Radical
Full of reform and moving with the time,
Scenting abuses, sudden and quick to right 'em,
Seeking the people's happiness
Even at the lordling's cost. And then the Independent
With smooth-tongued speech, and pocket well lined,
With views severe and stuck-up formal mien,
Full of advice and smug hypocrisy.
And so he serves his turn. The sixth vote's given
Unto the mighty Tory landowner,
With a fine porty nose, and gout beside,
His ancient views—grown old—an age too late
For this sharp world ; and his high handed mode
Turn 'gainst him all but sycophants, who'll pipe
And whistle at his bid. Last vote of all,
To end this string of partisans, is given
To worthless "Turncoats," mere title hunters,
Sans pride, sans shame, sans soul, sans principle.

W. VAL. ENGLISH.

——ALL the world's insane,
And all the men and women fools of fancy ;
They have their whims and monomanias,
And each man in his life hath many moods,
His lot being seven crazes. And first the infant,
Squealing and squalling for the distant moon :
And then the schoolboy, with his breaking voice
And cheap cigar, acquiring other lore
Than what is taught at school. And then the lover
With Richmond dinners, "fizz," and lobster salad,
To win Aspasia's favour. Then the soldier,
Full of himself, and glorious on parade,
Solemn and warlike in another's quarrel,
Seeking to gain a killing reputation
E'en from the sex's mouth. And then the justice,
One of the great infallible unpaid,
With books of law intact and leaves uncut,
Gath'ring wise utt'rance from the whisp'ring clerk,
And so displays his art. The sixth craze shifts
Into the fogy of the Tory club,
With well-dress'd jasey and with glass in eye,
The march of progress spreading far too wide
For his near views ; or, haply, seen by choice
In some snug hostelry with port and pipe,
Where Tory talk abounds. Worst craze of all,
That seems the strangest in its mystery,
Is the ascetic zeal miscalled religion—
Saint This, Saint That, Saint T'other—Any one.

B. H. D.

——ALL the world's a ship,
And all the men and women merely sailors ;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And each one in his ship plays many parts,
The number being seven stages. First, the cabin boy,
Groaning and puking in the stewards' arms ;
And then the midshipman, with his cutlass
And shining, genial face, going, in doubt,
Unwillingly on board. And then the boatswain,
Swearing, by all that's hot, he'll use his rope's end
Upon some laggard's shoulders. Then the lieutenant,
Full of strange hopes and visions like the bard,
Eager for honour, longing for war and quarrel,
Seeking the bubble, merited advancement,
E'en in an iron clad. And then the captain,
In handsome uniform, with honour worn,
With bright, clear eyes, and mouth that's often shut,
Full of old yarns and deeds that tell of duty.
Then comes the proud and boastful admiral,
With spectacle on nose and sword by side,
His well-saved uniform a world to wide
For his shrunk form, and his big, manly voice
Turning again to peevish feebleness.
And so he struts his part. Last stage of all,
That ends this strange and restless history,
Comes the ex-admiral, prey to oblivion,
Sans fame, sans wealth, sans hope, sans everything.

TIB.

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——THE world's a fashion-plate,
And all the men and women tailors' dummies,
Who note the march of time by changing clothes,
A masher once, a man's a masher always,
No matter what his age is. At first a baby
In a lace gown ogling his ancient nurse;
And then the public schoolboy, with his collar
Broad and snow-white, who gives his mind to ties,
And has no love for school-books. Then the dandy
Bored at eighteen, but hovering around
The sacred lamp of burlesque. Then the guardsman,
Thin-waisted, tall, and with well-waxed moustache,
Driver of drags and tandems, quick at polo,
Gaining a dreadful reputation,
Nightly at crowded balls, Then the swell middle-aged,
With fair white waistcoat of bow-window shape,
With shiny boots and well trimmed close-cut beard,
Full of himself, and tales of his own feats,
And how he play'd his part. The sixth age shows
The lean and shaky, wicked, gay old boy,
With gold pin and cane, with hat worn on one side;
His padded coat and tight strapped pantaloons
Hide his shrunk form, and his swaggering tone
Changed to a grumbling whine that everything
Is worse than it once was. While the last scene
Is tottered through by an old doting swell,
Who herds with boys, and tries to cheat death with
False teeth, false hair, false calves, false everything.

ROUNDABOUT.



MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

A Parody of the speech of *Claudio* in the first scene of the third act, commencing:—

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become a kneaded clod."

AYE, but to love, and not be loved again,
To nurse a hopeless passion, and to pine,
This body strong and healthy to become
A walking mummy—and the once cheerful mind
To feel keen torturing doubts, or to despair
And moping sit in melancholy mood,
To feel the gusts of love and wild desire,
And know friends, fortune, person, all combine
To blast our hopes—or to feel tortures keener still,
To see a rival snatch away the prize;
Heavens! 'tis too horrible—the keenest pangs
That e'er the body felt, stone or rheumatic,
Amputated limb, nay, even gout itself
Is perfect ease compared with hopeless love.

From *Poems* by Edward Rushton. London—T. Ostell, 1806.



"AS YOU LIKE IT," AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The following Parody appeared in *Gaiety*. August 29, 1885, in reference to Miss Mary Anderson's performance of the part of *Rosalind*, in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon.

IF your heart for joy hath pined,
Go and seek out Rosalind.
In W. S.'s town you'll find
Mary A. as Rosalind;
In "tights" most gracefully designed
Will appear fair Rosalind.
Methinks a damsel to your mind
Will be Mary's Rosalind.
We hope she will not be maligned
When she playeth Rosalind,
But that critics will be kind
To that fair Yankee's Rosalind.



YOUNG ENGLAND'S VERSION OF HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

TO SMOKE, or not to smoke, that is the question:
Whether a mild cigar assists digestion;
Or, whether it begets a kind of quaintness,
Which some would say was nothing but a faintness;
To smoke—to drink and then to go to bed;
To find a pillow for an aching head;
To snore—perchance to dream! and half your senses scare
With visionary demons or nightmare;
To wake, in perspiration nicely dished,
'Tis a consummation hardly to be wished;
For who would bear the kicks, cuffs, and abuse
Of this base world, when he might cook his goose
Upon his toasting fork? Or who would care
For half the motley groups which at him stare,
Some morning early, stuck before the bench,
When soda-water would his fever quench,
But that a little thing within doth call?
Thus porter doth make rum 'uns of us all!
And thus our resolution to keep sober
Is drown'd and soon forgot in good October.
But hush! my 'Phelia comes, the pretty dear!
Oh! think of me love—when you fetch your beer.

ANONYMOUS.



FURTHER PARODIES
ON
Bret Harte.

——:o:——

THAT GREENWICH M.P.

WHICH I wish to declare,
And my story is sad,
That for dealings unfair,
And for ways that are bad,
The Greenwich M.P. is peculiar—
Which the same is a terrible "Rad."

'Twas an October day,
But a week or two back,
When the mob yelled "Hurray"
On the heath that is Black,
As they gazed from afar upon WILLIAM,
And harked to his voluble clack.

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Which this W. G.,
You will all understand,
Is the Greenwich M.P.,
And his promise is bland;
But then, over his sinister shoulder,
He points with the thumb of his hand.

So free from all guile,
From intent to deceive,
He seem'd all the while,
You could hardly believe
How, when talking to people of Greenwich,
He chuckled and laughed in his sleeve.

He was greatly concern'd
For the Greenwichers' weal,
And he twisted and turn'd
With his words like an eel—
Praised himself, and the Radical party;
It little—himself a great deal.

Which is why I declare,
And my feelings are sad,
That for dealings unfair,
And for ways that are bad,
The Greenwich M.P. is peculiar—
Which that same is a stone that is glad.

Judy, November 22, 1871.

——:o:——

The Heathen M.P.

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for words that are dark
And for tricks that are vain
The Heathen M.P. is peculiar,
Which the same I would wish to explain.

Ben D——— was his name,
And I shall not deny
That who went by the same
Was exceedingly sly;
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I often remarked to Bill-*y*;

It was April the third,
And quite soft were the skies;
Let it not be inferred
That Ben D——— was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
In a way too adroit to be wise.

Which we had a debate,
And Ben D——— took a part,
After begging to state
That it came from his heart;
But he smiled as he stood by the table
With a smile that was hollow and tart.

Now his speech it was stocked
In a way that I grieve,
(And my feelings were shocked
As you cannot believe,)
It was stuffed full of stories and crammers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the points that were made
By that Heathen Ben D———,
And the fibs he essayed
Were quite frightful to see,
Till at last he came out with a crammar
That was known to be such unto G———.

G——— looked to the skies,
(Which was sad for to see,)
And he rose up likewise,
And said, "Darling Ben D———,
"This is false what you say about Russia!"
And he went for that Heathen M.P.

In the scene that ensued
William took a large part,
For the way he'd been Jewed
Had gone straight to his heart,
Like the fibs that Ben D——— had been telling
In the speech that had come "from his heart."

In which speech, which was long,
He had twenty-four *packs*,
Which was coming it strong
As departing from facts;
And they found in that speech, which was rant,
What is frequent in speeches—that's cant?

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for words that are dark
And for tricks that are vain
The Heathen M.P. is peculiar,
And the same I am free to maintain.

Benjamin D———. His Little Dinner, 1876.

——:o:——

The Political Heathen Chinee.

Ben Diz was his name,
And it were vain to deny
In respect of the same
What the name might imply:
For his nose had a hook that meant mischief,
But the hook was a fool to his eye.

"Heads I win, tails you lose,"
Was the "lie" of his game.
Turks, Afghans, Zulus—
No matter who came—
It was "beggar my neighbour" all round,
Which all neighbours got treatment the same.

Which he euchred the Turk—
For he played from a hand
Of "reserves," that did lurk
Underneath his wristband;
And an island he quietly nobbled,
With a smile diplomatic and bland.

Bits of Beaconsfield, or a new Series of Disraeli's Curiosities of Literature.

(Abel Heywood and Son, Manchester.)

——:o:——

On Chang, the Chinese Giant.

Which I beg you won't doubt,
As you listen to me,
A man longer drawn out
You're not likely to see
Than this very remarkable giant,
Which same was a heathen Chinee.

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Mister CHANG was his name,
All alive! O, alive!
From Fychow he came
In eighteen-sixty-five,
On the shillings of sight-loving public
For some time to gleefully thrive.

It was August, eighteen,
That he first came to town,
And by thousands was seen,
And won highest renown;
But so lofty was he, and so haughty,
On all of his friends he looked down.

When invited to sup
He'd not touch flesh of cows,
And he turned his nose up
At an English carouse,
For he swallowed at dinner and breakfast
But bird's-nests and little bow-wows.

But he fretted and fumed
As the shillings got few,
And his features assumed
A cerulean hue,
And he looked like a piece of blue china
Of a size that you don't often view.

Judy, August 20, 1879.

—:o:—

ON BRET HARTE.

(After Jim,")

Say there, then,
Some of you men
Might read Bret Harte,
Not p'raps all through
But one or two,
Just a part?

Try first that one
Heathen Chinee,
Then just for fun
Take two or three
More from his works—
Rhyme all in jerks
Where frequently
Strange language lurks.

Humbug? not much
That ain't his style,
Rather a touch
Of pathos, the while
Sympathy true.

Take Bret Harte's *Jim*,
Sure you know him,
Says "D—n your eyes,"
Frequently tries
In manner most strange
Both a scamp to appear
And an angel that sheer
Has dropped from the skies.

Style?
Some times Bret Harte
Yes, that is he!
Dickens in Camp—
Wan Lee the scamp,
Stick in your brain
Live there as plain
As highest art

You can't say Good-bye
Not if you try
Eh?
What's that you say?
You try to forget him
When once you've met him.
No? Yes! Ah well;
There they *will* stay
All thro' life's day
And Never depart!
Thanks to Bret Harte.

J. W. G. W.

FURTHER PARODIES

ON

H. W. Longfellow.

—:o:—

A CHRISTMAS PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, thou soul that slumbers,
Christmas is an empty dream;
When these comic double numbers
With the flash of humour gleam.

Life is earnest, life is real,
In our Fleet Street and the Strand;
Many an honest heart and leal
Shall be moved by laughter's wand.

"Sweet enjoyment and no damper"—
Motto fit for every grade,
[If my friends send me a hamper,
Let them mark it "Carriage paid."]

Hearts which long with hope were beating
Now shall flock to Drury Lane,
There to give a friendly greeting
To the clown and "pants" again.

So in other fields of glory
Comes the genial feud and strife,
Each man, be he Whig or Tory,
Finding happiness in life.

Lives like SLOPER'S should remind us
Life can still be made sublime,
Scattering all the trash behind us,
Pointing to a better time.

Sloper's Christmas Number, 1884.

A PSALM FOR THE TRADE.

TELL us not in doleful numbers
Trade is done for evermore,
That supply, demand outnumbers,
And the drummer's days are o'er.

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Trade is real—trade is active,
Better times again we'll see;
To remain stagnation's captive,
Is against all history.

Time is long—bill maturing
Must be paid without delay;
Such the only way insuring
Better trade at early day.

Shun this reckless competition,
Look beyond the moment's gain,
Learn that honest coalition
Is far better in the main.

Stop this scheme of future dating,
Ere it has become too late;
Act at once and cease all prating—
Leave consignments to their fate.

Lives of others all remind us,
If our dealing's just and fair,
That a better time will find us
Getting all our honest share,

American Exchange.

A Phase of Life.

(*The Yankee Merchant to his book-keeper.*)

Tell me not in rows of numbers,
Of his assets as they seem,
That if I would loan 1,000
He could bridge the turbid stream.

Debts are real, debts are earnest,
No transferring makes them less;
"Dust" thou borrow, "dust" returnest
Still as great thy sore distress.

Trust no more the men who owe me,
Let the debts just due be paid;
Act, act promptly in collecting,
Ere the last faint hope shall fade.

Failures of great men remind us
How they bought their goods on time,
And departing left behind them
For each dollar's debt a dime.

Seeing which perhaps another
Almost ready to collapse,
Takes a lesson from his brother—
Leaves behind a few old traps.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a cheek quite undismayed,
Every debtor close pursuing
Till his bills have all been paid.

American Paper.

A Psalm of Life.

(*As exhibited in Christmas Annuals.*)

Tell me not, O Soul that slumbers,
"Life is placid, Life is pale!"
'Tis not so in Christmas Numbers;
There quite other views prevail.

Life is Foaming, Life is Frantic,
Here the dagger, there the bowl;
"Stick at nothing that's romantic!"
Says my Printer to my Soul.

Not to live as boys and girls would
Is our men's and maidens' way;
But to act as if in Earlswood
You might find them any day.

Write of fire, and flood, and battle,
Write of Earls that gaily sin,
Write of Governesses—that'll
Bring the sweet subscribers in!

Lives of Great Highwaymen show it,
How to make our tales sublime;
Bother sense and grammar. Go it—
Give us something new in Crime

Crimes that ne'er, perchance, another,
As he reached his volume's end,
Dreamed of—give us *these* my brother,
Something fresh in guilt, my friend!

Let us then be up and raving,
Rave of ghosts, and sin, and fate;
These the gentle reader's craving,
And he does not like to wait!

Punch, January 10, 1885.

—:o:—

Beware!

I know a youth who can flirt and flatter,
Take care!
He loves with the ladies to gossip and chatter,
Beware! Beware
Trust him not
He is fooling thee!

He has a voice of varying tone
Take care!
It echoes many beside thine own,
Beware, &c.

He has a hand that is soft and white,
Take care!
It pressed another than thine last night,
Beware, &c.

His letters are glowing with love I ween,
Take care!
One half that he writes he does not mean,
Beware, &c.

He talks of truth and of deep devotion,
Take care!
Of loving truly he has no notion,
Beware, &c.

Your heart he will gain with his dangerous wiles,
Take care!
Of his whispered words, of his sighs, of his smiles.
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not.
He is fooling thee!

Anonymous.

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The Barber Fiend.

I know a barber who in town doth dwell—
Take care!—
He has a lot of things to sell
For hair; forbear!
Buy them not,
Though he counsel thee.

For he will charge thee four-and-six
(Take care!)
For a bottle of wash, worth less than nix,
Beware, beware!
Of his pomade pot,
'Tis a fallacy.

And when thou goest to get a "crop,"
Don't swear,
If he say thy hair is thin atop,
Somewhere, somewhere;
Believe him not,
He is fright'ning thee,

And if to take thee by thy nose
He dare,
Whilst sitting, in ungraceful pose,
On chair, on chair;
Resent it not,
He is shaving thee.

And he has dyes of every hue;
Take care
Lest russet locks be turned to blue,
Or fair, or fair—
To some hue not
Such as pleases thee.

He has bear's grease in pots for thee
(A snare).
If on thy face no whiskers be,
Don't care, don't care;
Hog's lard will not
Make a man of thee.

Judy, November 22, 1871

—:o:—

Female Commercial "Travellers."

I know a maiden with a bag,
Take care!
She carries samples in a drag,
Beware! beware!
O Draper fond,
She is fooling thee!

She has the true "Commercial" style,
Take care!
To which she addeth woman's guile,
Beware! beware!
O Grocer goose,
She is plucking thee)

And she has quite a flood of talk,
Take care!
She sells as cheese what's only chalk,
Beware! beware!
O Dealer daft,
She's deceiving thee!

Her eyes are really wondrous black,
Take care!
They make a shiver run down your back,
Beware! beware!
O Shopman soft,
She is ogling thee!

She sells you a silk of "perfect wear,"
Take care!
At it your customers will swear,
Beware! beware!
Trust her not,
This Travelling She!

Punch, February, 1885.

—:o:—

Song of the Oyster Land.

By a Longing Fellow.

"Oysters are abnormally dear in the New York market." *Daily News.*

Into the Oyster Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Our hopes from the New World now pale and wither,
There is no joy in Cheapside and the Strand.
Who'll lead us with a friendly hand,
Thither, oh thither,
Into the Oyster Land?

Into the Oyster Land!
To you, ye nameless regions
Of Native worth. Delicious daily visions
Of some Ostrealia, beautiful and bland.
Where at the bar a man might stand,
Gulping *cheap* bivalve beauties
Down, in the Oyster Land.

O Land! O Land!
No longer hopeful joy stirs
Within my bosom. Rubbish, tinned and potted,
Mocks one, by no bright herald now doth stand,
To lead us, with a liberal hand,
Into the land of the cheap good Oysters,
Into the Oyster Land!

Punch, October 21, 1882.

—:o:—

The Bubble and the Bullet.

(A sweet thing in Morals, not even remotely suggested by Longfellow's "Arrow and Song.")

I blew a bubble into the air,
And bright and high it floated there;
Till all who gazed both near and far,
Declared the bubble was a star.

I shot a bullet into the air,
Worth twenty bubbles bright and fair;
But the bullet's flight was all in vain,
It only fell to the earth again.

Learn hence, in catching the public eye—
Bullets are difficult things to fly;
So bubble on bubble upward send
And keep your lead for the heart of a friend!

William Sawyer.

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The Roman Prelate.

(From a Mediæval Legend.)

After Longfellow's *Norman Baron.*

In his chamber grand and fitting,
Was the Roman Prelate sitting,
By his side St. Philip Neri
Stood, the window looking thro'
When a strange, unpleasant feeling,
O'er the Cardinal came stealing
While, as if by wand of fairy,
All things alter'd to his view.

Vanished street, and dome, and steeple,
Vanished crowds of priests and people,
Lo, instead, a place of torture
(Which politeness would not name),
There he saw the souls tormented,
Suffer all the pangs invented
By the old Arch-fiendish Scorcher,
He whose element is flame.

Writhing in and out among them,
Snakes and demons bit and stung them,
Never ceased, the victims, therefore,
Ne'er from anguish could be free,
In their midst a seat most splendid,
Seem'd for some great Prince intended,
Asked the Prelate—"What's that chair for?"
Quoth St. Philip—"'tis for thee."

Then the Cardinal, in terror,
Thought upon his life of error,
Ask'd the Saint on what condition
Heaven his soul would deign to spare,
"'Tis, relinquish worldly pleasure,
Love of sway and greed of treasure,
Banish envy and ambition,
Satan else will seat you *there*!"

Then the Cardinal repenting,
Soon the holy Saint, relenting,
Gave him pardon, warning, blessing,
Preaching, too, (without a text),
Vanish'd then the Prelate's panic,
Vanish'd then that scene Satanic,
Never more his soul distressing
In this world—or in the *next*!

Walter Parke.

The Bath and Cheltenham Gazette, June 25, 1878.

—:o:—

The City Blackleg.

Under the railway arch there see,
The villain Smith he stands;
That Smith a puny man is he,
With small and skinny hands;
And the muscles of his bony arms
Are like elastic bands.

His hair you see's by no means long,
His face is lean and wan;
His brow ne'er yet was wet with sweat,
He lives as best he can;
To owe he holds is no disgrace,
For he owes to ev'ry man.

He tries to tempt that countryman
(Flinging a pair o' dice),
But having fleeced him once before,
Upon his back he lies;
And with his skinny hand he wipes
A pair of blackened eyes.

Swindling—skedaddling—borrowing
Onward through life he goes;
No morning sees him taken in,
No evening sees him lose;
Somebody tempted, some one "done,
Earns *him* a night's repose.

Judy, September 4, 1867.

Nudity.

(*Set to the Tune of an Old Ditty.*)

["A British Matron" addressed an indignant letter to the *Times*, anent the nudities which are now exhibited at our annual picture shows.]

Before a study of the nude
The British Matron stands,
A vivid blush is on her cheek,
She raises both her hands,
And for that hussy all undraped
A petticoat demands.

Her air is shocked, her face is long,
Her mission is to ban;
Her brow is set in lines of fret,
As may be seen by man,
And oft while gazing she exclaims,
"I wonder painters can!

Sneak in, sneak out, brush-wielding wights,
Tread softly and talk low,
Take note of Mrs, Grundy's scowl,
Observe her wrathful glow;
She don't approve of frockless daubs
And that she'd have you know!

The Matron's wishing even now
She'd never sought your door,
Since here are pictures on the line,
Some ten, if not a score,
That make her almost long to sink
Unnoticed through the floor.

Crimson, indignant, horrified,
On through the room she goes;
Each glance to left augments her pain,
Each glance to right but shows
Some one who's classic, some one stripped
Of decency and clo'es!

Thanks, thanks to thee, our British M.,
For the lesson thou hast taught.
Not to these Academic halls
Must nudities be brought;
In France the artist comes it strong,
But here he "didn't ought."

Funny Folks, June 6, 1885,

—:o:—

Flowers.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth s firmament do shine.

* * *

Longfellow

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Flowers (of Rotten-row).

Spake full well in language most descriptive,
One who walkéd by the Serpentine,
When he called these ladies fair, deceptive,
Beauties lost in crinoline.

Monstrous are those petticoats inflated,
Altering the syrens' figures quite,
While the swells who unto them are mated
Are eclipsed from the beholders' sight.

Wondrous fashions, manifold as wondrous,
Modern genius cuts its cloth into,
From the head-dress to the sandals under us,
From the "tile" unto the walking shoe.

And the costume-connoisseur, observant,
Sees alike in male or female dress,
More than is by wearer, him or her, meant,
More of folly—but of beauty less:

Gorgeous neck-ties, glistening in the sunlight,
Hats e'en whiter than their wearer's hands,
"All round" collars made to screw the neck tight,
Coats "high-church"-like, and suggesting "bands."

Trousers in such "knee-plush-ultra" fashion,
Wide above and at the ancles tight,
As would put the ghost of Stultz into a passion,—
Thus ye see the swell in all his might!

"Hiawatha's author tells us in his verses,
Men and flowers are very much alike,
But methinks—although his language trim and terse is,
Hyde-park flowers the simile won't strike.

Solomon, we know, in all his glory,
Couldn't to the lily's dress compare;
Shall then moderns, less than him in story,
Likened be unto the flow'rets fair?

Nay—to Solomon we'll give the credit
(This we hope his tailor gave him too,)
And believe, although no Rabbi said it,
He ne'er clothed himself as modern Britons do:

For if like theirs had been his usual covering,
We cannot help remarking, by-the-bye,
That old Israel's far-renownéd sovereign,
Little wiser was, dear sir, than you and I.

C.O.

Tait's Magazine, 1858.

—:o:—

Our Serenaders.

["The plaintiff," Mr. Justice Mathew decided, in an action brought by a literary man to prevent a noise on a neighbour's premises, "contended for a condition of felicity which could never be obtained in London."—*Daily Paper.*]

I lay in my bed at midnight,
As the dogs were barking the hour,
And I hurled at their heads, of language
A maledictory shower!

I heard their pestilent voices
In the garden under me,
Like a chorus of demons yelling
In hideous symphony.

Most gladly would I have strangled
The Judge who lately said
The Londoner never must hope for
Repose in his little bed.

How often, oh how often,
In the nights that have gone by,
I have tossed on my pillow and wondered
Why cats seem never to die!

How often, oh how often,
I have wished that some tempest drear
Would bear away in its bosom,
My neighbour's Chanticleer!

And when his protest uplifteth
The mongrel over the way,
I look about for my pistol,
And long for the dawn of day,

And that terrible little Terrier—
Why cannot its mistress see
That it has no right to prowl at night
And bark at the moon and me?

When I think that this latest decision
Of the case-encumbered Judge
Will help my neighbours to beard me,
And to dub my threats as "fudge,"—

I seem to see a procession
Of ills which must spring from it—
The young man goaded to madness,
And the old going off in a fit.

And for ever and for ever,
As long as those Dogs delight
To bark, and the Cats to bellow,
And murder sleep in the night,

The Judge and his latest decision,
And his cold remarks will show
That *he* hears no "meowing" above him,
And no "bow-wowing" below.

Punch, February 7, 1885.

There was also a parody on the same original in *The Sporting Times*, May 2, 1885, but it was too coarse and slangy to bear quoting.

—:o:—

Divitior.

The shades of evening deepened fast,
As, bank-ward, through the City passed
A man, who in his pocket bore,
His bank-book, strangely titled o'er—
Divitior!

His brow was wrinkled; keen his eye
Flashed on each jostling passer-by,
And still the strange mysterious word
From his scarce-conscious lips were heard—
Divitior!

In humble homes he saw the light
Of happy faces, warm and bright.
Above, Ambition's cold heights shone;
He cried, his eye on these alone,—
Divitior!

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"Tempt not a path," the preacher said,
"Which none who loves his life may tread;
The snares and chasms are deep and wide;"
But, confident, he loud replied—
Divitior!

"Stay," said Content, "Oh stay, and rest,
Thy anxious head upon this breast:"
A tear one moment dimmed his eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh—
Divitior!

"Beware th' alluring path of greed,
There's danger in thy headlong speed;"
This was a brother's parting word—
He cried, the warning scarcely heard—
Divitior!

One morning, as the gossips tell,
While neighbours, woke by matin bell,
Were syllabling their morning prayer,
A voice shrieked through the startled air—
Divitior!

Exhausted, over-wrought, at last
His spirit from its tent had passed;
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
His bank-book, with the strange device—
Divitior!

There, in the twilight, cold and gray,
The Mammon Martyr lifeless lay;
And from beneath a voice was heard,
Muttering in scorn the mocking word—
Divitior!

Tait's Magazine, 1858. S.W.F.

NETTLE-RASH,

(From St. Bartholomew's.)

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through the Doctor's office passed,
A Boy, who bore upon his face
The symptoms and decided trace
Of nettle-rash.

"You'd better go," the matron said,
"And rest your head upon your bed;"
A tear stood in her bright blue eye,
As he did question, have then I—
Got nettle-rash?

You'll take two pills, the doctor said,
And mind you cover up your head—
I'll see he does, the nurse replies,
I hope you'll cure me, sir, he cries,
Of nettle-rash.

There, in the gas light, far from gay,
Spotted, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the boys both near and far
The question fell, like a falling star—
HOW'S NETTLE-RASH?

ANONYMOUS.

YOUNG LAMBS TO SELL.

THE Lamplighters were scudding fast,
As thro' some half-blind alleys passed,
A man who bore thro' muddy way—
A Tray with a most strange display,
"Young lambs to sell."

His face was seamed, his bleary eye,
Told tales of tankards, oft drained dry;
The words were partly said and sung
Which fell from his outlandish tongue—
"Young Lambs to sell."

The Landlord cried, you'd better stay;
The rain will wash your wares away,
The wind will blow them up sky high,
But loud and shrill he still did cry—
"Young Lambs to sell!"

"Oh, stay and drink" the Toper cried;
"They'll chalk me up a can inside."
His ferret eye a twinkle gave,
But constantly he tipped the stave—
"Young Lambs to sell."

"Beware the Peeler's truncheon thick,
Nor sleep on kiln of baking brick;
You *are* a fool that won't take treat."
A voice replied far up the street
"Young Lambs to sell."

D4. upon his nightly round,
The Merchant in a corner found;
Upon his tin legged flock he lay,
His open mouth still seemed to say,
"Young Lambs to sell."

There, in the bull's-eyes shining round,
Dead-drunk and muddled was he found;
And soon the lockups grim inside
Contained the leary one who cried
"Young Lambs to sell."

From *The Free-Lance*, Manchester.

U-PI-DEE.

THE shades of night were coming down fast,
U-pi-Dee, U-pi-Day,
When through a Roman village pass'd
U-pi-Dee, U-pi-Day.
A youth who'd had champagne in ice
They'd marked him with this strange device,
U-pi-Dee I Day, U-pi-Dee-I-Day.

His hat was bad his eyes were black
A short tail'd coat adorned his back,
And like a cracked Pianner rung
The accents of this unknown tongue:—
U-pi-Dee-I-Day, U-pi-Dee-I-Day,

Try not the pass the old man said
Does your mother know you're not in bed?
He took the old man by the nose,
And said one word which I suppose
Was: U-pi-Dee-I-Day, U-pi-Dee-I-Day,

"O stay!" the maiden cried, said she U-pi-Dee, U-pi-Day.
We're all just a going to sit down to tea U-pi-Dee, U-pi-Day.
A wink was in the bright blue eye,
As he said with a hiccough or a sigh,
Oh, U-pi-Dee-I-Day, U-pi-Dee-I-Day.

Remove the flags if you fall pat U-pi-Dee, U-pi-Day,
I say young man I'll have your hat U-pi-Dee, U-pi-Day,
This was a cabman's last good night,
When a voice from somewhere out of sight
Said, U-pi-Dee-I-Day, U-pi-Dee-I-Day.

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Now you want a moral to my song,
To know what is right and what is wrong,
Don't get champagne upon the brain,
Or else instead of speaking plain,
You'll say : U-pi-Dee-I-Day, U-pi-Dee-I-Day.

Night passed, and in the morning gray,
He was found fast asleep by Policeman A,
He asked his name, he turned him round
In the pocket of his coat a card was found ;
It was U-pi-Dee-I-Day, U-pi-Dee-I-Day.

About a quarter past six the next forenoon,
A man accidentally getting up soon,
Heard utter'd above mid snow and ice,
This remarkable song in a very weak voice,
U-pi-Dee-I-Day, U-pi-Dee-I-Day,

He's dead, defunct, without any doubt
The lamp of his life is entirely out,
In the snow and the ice he now is laying,
So it aint any use any more to be saying,
U-pi-Dee-I-Day, U-pi-Dee-I-Day.

This old fashioned comic song, written by F. C. Burnand, was sung in the Burlo-Drama of *Julius Cnaeser* at the Royalty Theatre. The chorus has here been somewhat abbreviated, as its wit was not in proportion to its length. A parody, having a similar refrain, appeared in Volume 1, *Parodies*, page 101.

A Christmas Pantomime.

"The shades of night were falling fast,"
As through the streets of London passed,
A youth who trudged through snow and ice,
Stamped on his heart the fond device,
Loved Arabella!

His coat was rough, his hat was sleek,
The frost had nipped both nose and cheek ;
But as he walked he softly sung,
Those words so often on his tongue,
Loved Arabella!

To Camden Town try not the way,
The snow has fallen thick to-day:
This was a comrade's last good-bye,
But bold he said "For *her* I'll try,"
Loved Arabella!

"Oh! buy my chestnuts baked and warm,"
A damsel cried, then touched his arm ;
A longing look was in his eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Loved Arabella!

About the pantomime he'd read,
Of fays and sprites, so onward sped ;
For to these scenes of festive light
He'd vowed to lead his lady bright,
Loved Arabella!

The villa reached he saw the light
Of chandelier and firelight bright,
While on the blind he traced a shade
Like that of his long worshipped maid,
Loved Arabella!

E'en as he gazed, beside her came
A hated rival, "Jones" by name:
One she had sworn no more to meet,
Nor even bow to in the street,
False Arabella!

Above her head he held a spray—
A sacred plant, 'twas once, they say,
Then under this protection base,
He bent and kissed her blushing face,
False Arabella!

The outside lover shook his fist,
To choke his rival much he wished,
For acting such a traitor's part,
And stealing thus *his* fair one's heart,
False Arabella!

A moment later *he* was there,
Glaring at the detected pair ;
With words of anger sharp, but few,
He bade the maid a last adieu,
False Arabella!

Then on he went, for well he knew
That maxim old, and yet so true—
"There's always good fish in the sea,"
And therefore maids more true than *she*,
False Arabella!

London Society, Christmas Number, 1867.

Ye Poor Mahdi!

The shades of night were falling fast
As Mahdi through El Obeid past ;
He said good-bye to all his wives,
Which caused a thousand stifling cries—
Ye poor Mahdi!

His brow was sad ; his blessed eyes
Were gazing steadfast on the skies ;
And from a weak consumptive chest ;
There came a voice of piteousness—
"Ye poor Mahdi!"

In Cairo's Hall he saw the light ;
Of Gladstone laws, as dark as night,
And in the merchants' faces gazed,
And saw that they too Gladstone praised,
Ye poor Mahdi!

"Try not this scheme," good Randy said ;
"A scimitar hangs o'er thy head,
For England hates thee, she's so proud ;"
But a voice answered, "I'm quite cowed,"
Ye poor Mahdi!

"Stay," cried an angry Custom's Clerk,
"You pay £5 to leave this *barque* ;
And if you don't, why we shall paste
On H.M.S. right round your waist"—
Ye poor Mahdi

Beware, ye girls of Kensington,
Beware that man called "Number One."
Thus warned our friend left Charing Cross
With nearly all his money lost.
Ye poor Mahdi!

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At early dawn as servant maids
Were nodding to their soldier slaves.
A voice ran through the Castle shrill
'Where's Dr. Gull? I am so ill."
Ye poor Mahdi!

An Eastern, in a lumber room
Was found reclining on a stool,
He raised to Heaven his bony hands
And said, "Why crossed I desert sands?"
Ye poor Mahdi!

There dead and cold the Mahdi lay
The servants round cried "Lack-a-day.
And then in coffin strong and fast
They placed this son of desert vast.
Ye poor Mahdi!

From *The Mahdi's Diary*, 1884.

THE PURSE-SUIT.

[The *Echo* in a recent article pictures Mr. Maskelyne starting off in search of Mr. Irving Bishop to recover the ten thousand pounds awarded him by the Jury in the libel suit.]

Air—"*Excelsior.*"

THE mail train blew its final blast,
When, dashing frantically past
The barrier, rushed a breathless man,
Who muttered ever as he ran—
"Ten thousand pounds!"

His cheek was flushed, his eyeballs seemed
To burn like fire, so bright they gleamed;
And as all watched him disappear,
The echo of a voice rang clear—
"Ten thousand pounds!"

All Europe soon he searched—in vain
He climbed each mountain, scoured each plain,
Alas! he found not him he sought,
And vocal grew the luring thought—
"Ten thousand pounds!"

"Off to the east I'll go," he cried:
"I'll roam the deserts far and wide,
I'll search the Sphynx, the rivers swim,
To get my damages from him—
"Ten thousand pounds.'

One day the Mahdi's army saw
A man armed with a writ of law,
And as in terror wild they fled,
They heard the mystic words he said—
"Ten thousand pounds."

Tradition doubtless will declare
He's been seen here, there, everywhere;
And unborn savages will speak
Of him who ceases not to seek—
Ten thousand pounds.

Funny Folks, January 31, 1885.

THE GREAT DEMONSTRATION.

SHOULD you ask me why this hubbub,
Why this motley-garbed procession,
Filled with parties somewhat blatant,
Bearing sundry gaudy banners—
Like to banners borne by "supers"—
Why these strains of weird-like music
Fill the air on Easter Monday?—
I should answer, I should tell you,
"Tis the partisans of Orton—
(Orton, that much-suffering martyr),
Headed by their chief, Kenealee,
Better known as Doctor "Dewdrops"—
He who represents the people
In the senate of St. Stephen.
Often has he swayed his "gingham"
When orating from the platform.
Oh, the wicked judges fear him,
And the Press with terror trembles
When he mightily denounces
Sundry falsehoods journalistic!

See, they stay at Nelson's column
Waiting for the great contingent:
Followers of Magna Charta
From the Eastern plains of Shoreditch,
From the Western Seven dials,
From the Southwark Southern suburb,
From the Northern wilds of Hoxton!
Yea, assembled in their thousands
(Well, we'll say about two thousand),
Enter they the gates of Hyde-park,
And Kenealee, from his chariot,
Speaks to them in silvery accents.
Lo! they make a conflagration
With an execrated journal,
And the crowd, dispersing slowly,
Seek the publics close adjacent,
There to quaff their pots of porter—
Porter, their belovèd liquor;
There to puff their shag-tobacco,
And, amid the fumes ascending,
They will prate of him in Dartmoor.
When the time shall come for quitting,
They'll depart with gait unsteady,
Shouting in their native jargon,
"We the people har of Hingland!"

Fun, April 26, 1876.

PAHTAHQUAHONG.

A Lyric after Longfellow.

(The Rev. Henry Pahtaquahong Chase, Hereditary Chief of the Ojiòway Indians has arrived in England. *Vide Press.*)

SHOULD you ask me whence this Chieftain?—
Whence this Henry Pahtahquahong?—
I should answer, I should tell you—
From the realms of lake and forest,
Where the mighty Saskatchàwan
And the Kaministaquoiah
Drain the happy hunting valleys;
Where the Mas-ka-gaws and Saulteaux,
Surcees, Pay-gans, Bloods, and Blackfeet,
Ottoes, Dog-ribs, Crees, and Beavers,
Hunt the Wapiti and Musquash;
From the lakes of Manitoba,
Winnipeg and Winnipags,
Pickcògasi and Pàquash,
Dòobiaunt, Wéenìsk, Wheldyàhad,
From the shores of Athabasca,
From the Land of the Ojibways.

Should you ask me what he looks like—
Wears he feathers and mocassins,

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Belt of wampum, coat of war-paint,
Wields he tomahawk and scalp-knife,
Musket quaint or modern rifle,
Like to sitting Bull or Big Snake,
Chingachgook, or Outalassi,
Leather stocking'd Natty Bumppo,
Hiawatha, Paw-puk-kewis,
Shaw-wa-nos-soway, whose rival
Muck-e-tock-e-now (Black Eagle)
Died thro' wooing sweet Awh-mid-way
Beautiful as Minnehaha?—
I should answer. I should tell you—
Pahtahquahong Chase, the chieftain,
Wears no feathers nor mocassins,
Wields no tomahawk nor scalper,
But a black suit and white choker,
On his head a silk broad brimmer,
In his hand a stick for walking,
He has turn'd him from the war-path,
He has buried deep the hatchet,
Gives us sermons 'stead of war-whoops,
And the Pale-face is his brother;
Welcome then, O Pahtahquahong
From the realms of Lake and forest,
From the happy hunting valleys,
From the land of the Ojibways.

WALTER PARKE.

The Bath and Cheltenham Gazette, March 30, 1881.

THE SONG OF CETEWAYO.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE NOBLE HIAWATHA.)

FAR across the big-sea-water—
Which is sometimes termed the ocean—
To the lodges of the pale-face
Comes the gentle Cetewayo.
(Lady Florence trisyllabic
Makes the name of her odd hero;
But, to suit this bards convenience,
And his transatlantic measure,
Pray let him say "Cet-e-wayo.")
If you ask me "Why 'the gentle?'"
I shall answer, I shall tell you,
I shall pity you and tell you,
'Tis because he is a savage,
Who by force compelled his people
To become a tribe of cut-throats.
Furthermore, because our brothers
He has slaughtered by the hundred.
Now, however, being captive,
Very small and mild he singeth—
Talks no more his spears of washing
In our blood, or eating us up.
That is why we call him "gentle,"
And a lot of names as pretty,
("We" are Lady Florence Dixie,
And Natal's least Christian Bishop,
Arithmetical Colenso;
Also aqueous Sir Wilfred,
And a varied mob of other
Dames hysteric of both sexes.)
So we bring him o'er the ocean—
Otherwise the big-sea-water—
Feed him up like any porker;
Lodge him, and the British uni
Form encourage him to scoff at.

* * * * *

Soon as a "distinguished stranger,"
He will gaze down on the Commons—
Gaze upon his friends and patrons—
While beside him Shepstone Junior,
Meekly nameth each one thusly,
In a sort of Zulu English;
Yonder sits the aged chieftain,
Gran-dole-man-o, whom the To-rees—
Wicked race, who love their country!—
Liken to the eel that wriggleth.
Near him bideth Dil-ki-kilkee,
Speaker of the thing which is not,
With the mighty Ver-no-narker,
Like some would-be dignified hip—
Popotamus by your rivers,
Far away see Carlisle's Willfee—
Pal o'-yours, my Cetewayo,
Who's so very fond of water
That he puts it in his speeches,
Till he drowns all his ideas,
And his hearers think he has none."

* * * * *

Thus, methinks, will Shepstone Junior
Prattle to the "dusky Monarch"
As he gazeth on the Commons,
Or in greasy state "does" London,
But if any one should ask me
Why we've brought this big "He nigger"
All across the big-sea-water—
This sounds better far than "ocean"—
Why we've coddled him and dressed him
In a garb that once was glorious,
I should answer, I should tell him,
I should shake my head and tell him,
That I've not the least idea,
And I fancy no one else has!

G. G.

Evening News, Aug. 4, 1882.

THE PRINTERS' HIAWATHA.

SHOULD you ask us why this dunning,
Why all these complaints and murmurs,
Murmurs hard about delinquents,
Who have read the paper weekly,
Read what they have never paid for,
Read with pleasure and with profit,
Read the church affairs and prospects,
Read the news, both home and foreign,
Full of wisdom and instruction;
Read the table of the markets,
Carefully corrected weekly—
Should you ask why all this dunning:

From the printer, from the mailer,
From the kind old paper-maker,
From the landlord, from the devil,
From the man who taxes letters
With the stamp of Uncle Samuel—
Uncle Sam the rowdies call him—
From them all there comes a message,
Message kind, but firmly spoken:
"Please to pay the bill you owe me"

Sad it is to hear the message,
When the funds are all exhausted
When the last greenback has left us,
When the nickles all have vanished,

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Gone to pay the toiling printer,
Gone to pay the paper-maker,
Gone to pay the landlord's tribute,
Gone to pay the clerk and devil,
Gone to pay the faithful mailer,
Gone to pay old Uncle Samuel—
Uncle Sam, the rowdies call him—
Gone to pay for beef and Bridget,
Gone to pay the faithful parson.

Sad it is to turn our ledger,
Turn the leaves of this old ledger,
Turn and see what sums are due us,
Due for volumes long since ended,
Due for years of pleasant reading,
Due for years of anxious labour,
Due despite of patient waiting,
Due despite of constant dunning,
Due in sums from two to twenty.

Would you lift a burden from us?
Would you drive a spectre from you?
Would you have a pleasant slumber?
Would you have a quiet conscience?
Would you read a paper paid for?
Send us money! Send us money!
Send us money! Send us money!
Send the money that you owe us.

Printers' Circular.

Another amusing Parody of *Hiawatha* was published in *The Bill of the Play* for July 11, 1870. It was entitled "La Belle Sauvage" and gave a summary of the burlesque history of the Princess Pocahontas then being performed at the St. James's Theatre. It is, unfortunately, out of date now, and much too long to be given here.

FURTHER PARODIES
OF
Thomas Hood.

—:o:—

THE OVERSEER'S LAMENT (in Australia.)

(Adapted from Hood's "Song of the Shirt," to the circumstances of an Overseer in the service of "*Long Clarke*," a wealthy squatter in Victoria.)

WITH breeches thread-bare and worn,
With jumper running to seed,
An overseer sat in a stringy-bark hut,
Smoking his favourite weed.
Puff! Puff! Puff!
"Oh! When shall I rise from this state?"
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
He sang the song of his fate.

"Ride! Ride! Ride!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And ride, ride, ride
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh, to be a super
Along with some Western swell,
Where man has never a stiver to save,
But sometimes gets a spell.

"Ride! Ride! Ride!
Till my boots are rusty and worn!
And ride, ride, ride!
Till my breeches are tattered and torn;
Plain, and gully, and range,
Range, and gully, and plain,
Till over the saddle I fall asleep,
To waken and ride again.

Oh! Squatters with beautiful runs!
Oh! Squatters with fattening plains
Not feet alone are you wearing out,
But you're sowing rheumatic pains!
Twitch! Twitch! Twitch!
I feel it in all my bones,
Sowing at once with a double stitch,
Colonial experience and groans.

"But why do I talk of rheumatics?
That phantom of aching bone;
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the spills I reap.*
Oh! that runs should be so dear,
And overseers so cheap!

Ride! Ride! Ride!
My labour never flags:
And what are its wages? Forty a year,
And these two wretched nags,
This mutton chop and this damper queer—
A stretcher, a 'possum rug,
And so wretched all that the traveller here
But seldom shows his mug!

"Count! Count! Count!
The thousands of every flock,
Count, count, count!
Till I've counted my master's stock;
Ewes, and wethers, and lambs,
Lambs, and wethers, and ewes,
Till the eyes are dazzled, the hurdles smashed,
And my shins are all in a bruise.

Snip! Snip! Snip!
When the shearing season's come,
And snip, snip, snip!
But never a keg of rum!
Curse, and squabble, and row,
Row, and squabble, and curse,
Till my eyes are blackened, my 'claret' drawn,
As well as my private purse.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the Royal Hotel in town;
A prime manilla in my mouth,
Whilst I knock my earnings down!
Oh! but for one short month,
To spree as I used to spree,
Before I knew the super's berth,
In the days when I was free!

* Clark's Horses were notorious buck-jumpers.

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"Oh! but for one short week!
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or lush,
But only time for grief!
A little drinking would ease my mind,
But in its secret lurk
The grog must stop, for every drop,
Would hinder station work!"

With breeches threadbare and worn,
With jumper running to seed,
An overseer sat in a stringy-bark hut,
Smoking his favourite weed.
Puff! Puff! Puff!
Oh, when shall I rise from this state?
And still with a tone like a heart-broken lark—
Would that its wail would reach Long Clarke—
He sang the song of his fate.

MARK PRINGLE STODDART.

Canterbury Rhymes. Christ Church, New Zealand, January, 1853.

——:o:——

THE SONG OF THE DIRT.

Suggested by Dr. Letheby's Report on the Sanitary State of the City.

"Your attention has been drawn to this pestilential source of disease, and to the consequence of heaping human beings into contracted localities;* and I again revert to it because of its great importance, not merely that it perpetuates fever and the allied disorders, but because there stalks side by side with this pestilence a yet deadlier presence, blighting the moral existence of a rising population, rendering their hearts hopeless, their acts ruffianly, and scattering, while society averts her eye, the retributive seeds of increase for crime, turbulence and disorder."—*See Report of Dr. Letheby, Medical Officer of Health.*

In a room up a squalid court,
Where "tramps" sleep three in a bed,
Where the baby sleeps by the sick man's side,
And the dying beside the dead;
Rich! Rich! Rich!
Your feelings perhaps may be hurt,
That a woman there, to a dolorous pitch,
Should sing this "Song of the Dirt."

"Dirt! Dirt! Dirt!
From basement up to roof,
And dirt, dirt, dirt,
Where sickness stands never aloof.
It's oh! to dwell and toil
With the heathen Esquimaux,
To batten on filth and oil,
If *Christians* should live on so!

"Dirt! Dirt! Dirt!
On ceiling wainscot and floor,
And dirt, dirt, dirt
On sidepost, lintel and door.
Stench, and fever, and death,
Where huddle the young and old,
Where the beggars brat is rocked to sleep
By the side of the corpse just cold! †

"Oh! men with thousands a year,
Oh! men with mothers and wives,
Oh! read that report, and think of our sort,
Oh! think of our bestial lives.
Dirt! Dirt! Dirt!
Can such as we grow good,
When filth is around us, night and morn,
In sleep, work, drink and food?

"But why do *I* talk of dirt,
Where nothing else is known?
I hardly know the foul thing's form,
It seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own—
While three in a bed we sleep,
Till filth doth grow to the poor man dear,
While water and soap are cheap.

Dirt! Dirt! Dirt!
We cannot sleep on the flags,
So together we herd in our fetid dens,
And fever nurse in our rags,—
Small-pox, fever, and cough,
Where the slimy vapour doth reek,
Where children are born near the livid corpse,
That cholera killed last week?

Dirt! Dirt! Dirt!
In the cold December night,
And dirt, dirt, dirt
When summer days are bright,
When God's blessèd winds do blow,
Like a message from bygone years,
From the broad green fields at home,
Till I wash my face with tears!

"Oh, for one breath of air,
Away from this sick'ning smell,
Where the only flowers *we* ever see,
Are the flowers we cannot sell,
Which we hawked in the street all day,
Till hunger our cheeks doth blench,
And we bring 'em home to wither and die,
And fragrance fades into stench!

Tait's Magazine, 1858.

Although both the above Report, and the Parody were written many years ago, they are quite as applicable to the condition of the poor in most of our large Cities now, as they were then.

——:o:——

THE SONG OF THE STUDENT.

WITH body weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A young man sat, and a longing glance
Was thrown on his lowly bed.
Grind, grind, grind,
Till your head is like to break;
Work through the livelong night,
For your honour is at stake.

* "Of the many cases to which I have alluded there are some that have commanded my attention by reason of their unusual depravity,—cases in which three or four adults of both sexes, with many children were lodging in the same room, and often sleeping in the same bed. I have notes of three or four localities where 48 men, 73 women, and 59 children are living in 34 rooms. They are distributed as follows:—2 men, 2 women, and 3 children in one room; 1 man, 2 women. and 3 children; 1 man, 4 women, and 2 children; 2 men, 3 women, and 1 child; 2 men, 1 woman, and 2 children; 1 man, 4 women, and 1 child; 1 man and 3 women; 2 men and 3 women; and so on.—*Vide Report.*

† "About a fortnight since, I visited the back room on the ground floor of No. 5. I found it occupied by 1 man, 2 women, and 2 children, and in it was the dead body of a poor girl who had died in childbirth a few days before. The body was stretched out on the bare floor without shroud or coffin."—*Ibid.*

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Grind, grind, grind,
  Till the brain begins to swim;
Grind, grind, grind,
  Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Homer, Virgil, Euclid,
  With numerous others, I ween,
Till over my lessons I fall asleep
  And get them all in a dream.

O Dominies, why do you give,
  Such lessons for students to get?
'Tis wearing out their precious lives
  By keeping them up so late.
Grind, grind, grind,
  Throughout the livelong night;
This harassing cannot be borne,
  For it passes human might.

* * * *

Grind—grind—grind,
  In the dull December light;
Grind—grind—grind,
  And work with all my might!
But oh! if, while I work,
  The seeds of death are sown,
What profit will it be
  If honor's all my own?

* * * *

Oh! but for one short hour
  To close my weary eyes,
But visions cross my mind
  Of losing every prize.
A little sleep would ease my limbs
  And cool my aching head;
But I must not think of ease or rest
  When stretched upon my bed.

With body weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A young man sat, and a longing glance
  Was thrown on his lowly bed.
Grind—grind—grind,
  Till your head is like to break;
Work throughout the live-long night,
  For your honor is at stake.

FIN.

Aberdeen University Magazine, June, 1854.

(This little Work is now exceedingly scarce.)

THE SONG OF EXAMS.

WITH eyelids heavy and red, with fingers inky and chill.
A student sat in his lodgings alone, plying his weary quill—
Scratch! scratch! scratch! 'mid translations, and cribs, and crams,
And still, in a croak no crow could match, he sang this "Song of Exams":—

"Work! work! work! while the cock is crowing aloof,
And work! work! work! while the cats serenade on the roof;
It's oh! to be a slave with the most unspeakable Turk,
Who neither professors nor colleges has, if this is Christian work.

"Work! work! work! till the head begins to swim;
And work! work! work! till the eyes are heavy and dim—
Mathematics, and logic, and phil., philosophy, logic and math.,
Till with props. and deductions the brain is crammed, and no sensibility hath.

"Oh! Profs., with well-lined nests!—oh! Profs., with incomes good!
The solutions of your questions stiff are solutions of brains and blood—
Scratch! scratch! scratch! 'mid translations, and cribs, and crams,
Writing at once, with our heart's best blood, death warrants as well as exams.

"But why do I talk of death? that phantom of grisly bone;
I hardly fear its terrible shape, it seems so like my own;
It seems so like my own, because of the way I *sweat*,
And oh! this session of endless toil is not nearly ended yet.

Work! work! work! my labour never flags;
And what's it all for? a mortar board, a gown to be torn in rags;
This shattered health, a head growing bald prematurely, at end of my name
To write M.A., for one brief day, in the papers to win some fame.

"Work! work! work! from weary chime to chime,
And work! work! work! as prisoners work for crime—
Philosophy, logic, and math., mathematics, and logic and phil.,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed, and I have to take a pill.

"Work! work! work! in the dull December light;
And work! work! work! when the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath my window 'caller haddies!" the fish-wives screech,
And, of course, no boots are handy, and the coals are out of reach.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath of a glass of barley bree,
With my heels upon the mantel-piece where no such heels should be;
For only one short hour to feel as I used to feel
Before I knew of the awful fag of climbing the Spital hill.

"Oh! but for one short hour, a respite however brief,
Just leisure enough to get a nip, and a smoke of the fragrant leaf;
A little strong language would ease my heart. A little enough, I think,
To oblige the recording scribe below to get a fresh bottle of ink."

With eyelids heavy and red, with fingers inky and chill,
A student sat in his lodgings alone, plying his weary quill—
Scratch! scratch! scratch! 'mid translations, and cribs, and crams;
And still in a croak no crow could match
(Would that the ear of some Prof. it could catch!)
He sang this "Song of Exams."

From *Alma Mater*, *Aberdeen University Magazine*, February 4, 1885.

THE SONG OF THE DRINK.

A long poem, with the above title, was written by an Irish lady and was widely circulated by the Temperance Societies (Banner Leaflets, No. 6), especially in Ireland. The two following verses (which are the best), will show the general style:—

WITH a voice that was hoarse and low,
  Then shrill as the night wind's shriek,
A woman, weary with want and woe,
  Wan, and worn, and weak,

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A woman sang this song:
Oh, that into men's hearts it would sink!
This song of anguish, and ruin and wrong,
She sang this song of the Drink.

"Gin, and brandy, and rum,
Rum, and brandy, and gin,
Till the eyes are blind, and the tongue is dumb,
And the heart is rotten within.
O men, with souls to be saved,
O men, drawing living breath,
It is not liquor you're pouring out,
But misery, ruin, and death."

* * * * *

THE SONG OF THE WHEEL.

A MAN in a factory far away
Is polishing burnished steel,
And still, as he works the live-long day,
He sings the song of the wheel,

Oh, I make them smooth and I make them bright,
And many the miles they run,
As they skim along in the dusky night
Or onward fly in the morning light,
Ere the day is yet begun.

"Much joy there is with lightning speed
To traverse the gleaming snow,
Or over the waters a race to lead,
But the joy of a ride on the silent steed
The wheelman alone may know.

* * * * *

And still in the factory far away,
The man is polishing steel,
And still throughout the live-long day,
He sings the song of the wheel.

Springfield Gazette.

THE SONG OF THE SPONGE.

[A distinguished professor of New South Wales has discovered that sponges have nerves. Considering, therefore, the importance of nerves, it becomes a question how far we are justified in subjecting sponges to their present treatment.—*Daily Paper.*]

WITH system weary and rack'd,
With nerves all shattered and sore,
A sponge lay full of petroleum soap,
Wishing existence o'er!
Soap, soap, soap,
With every squeeze and plunge!
And still with a voice half drowned and faint
It sang the song of the sponge.

O you who "tub" each day!
O men, and sisters, and wives!
They are not sponges you're squeezing up,
But fellow creatures' lives!
Squeeze, squeeze, squeeze,
With each agonising plunge!
Squeezing at once, with cruel hand,
A nerve as well as a sponge!

* * * * *

O but to feel the wash
Of the free, wild wave again!
With the glorious sea above my head,
And no hand to give me pain!
O but for one short hour
Of that glad old life of mine!
Before I knew the woe of soap,
And its horrors alkaline!

* * * * *

With system weary and rack'd,
With nerves all shattered and sore,
A sponge lay full of petroleum soap,
Wishing existence o'er!
Soap, soap, soap,
With every squeeze and plunge!
And still with a voice half drowned and faint—
Would bathers could only hear its plaint!—
It sang the song of the sponge.

January, 1885.

——:?:——

TO AN UTTER STRANGER, WITH WHOM THE BARD HAD BUMPED HEADS AT A CORNER.

OUR heads have met, and, if thine smarts
Like mine, you hope they won't again.
Friends who saw the painful scene
Laughed till laughter grew a pain.
I only know we bumped them once,
I only know we looked insane:
Our heads have met (mine seemed in parts).—
I hope they'll never meet again.

Then we fell, but lent a hand
To raise each other from the wet.
My head's alter'd form above
Prevents my hat from fitting yet.
Friends no doubt we seemed to be,
And pardon begged in phrases set:
Our heads have clashed, and still mine smarts,—
I would our heads had never met.

——:o:——

REMINISCENCES OF A "GRINDER."

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The garret where I GROUND,
While slowly on the wheels of time
The circling hours went round,
As rendering Tully's florid page,
Or Virgil's polished lay,
I lengthened out the weary night
To meet the weary day.

I remember, I remember,
How hard I strove to SHINE,
But always some superior LIGHT
Arose eclipsing mine;
Another gave a better PHRASE,
Or fairly struck me dumb,
By showing I'd erred in mood and tense,
With QUALIS, QUIS or QUUM!

I remember, I remember,
Those versions, three per week,
Which I did strive, as few have striven,
To write in Attic Greek;
Yet oft the Doctor by mistake,
Though never by design,
Gave better marks to idle rogues,
Who copied theirs from mine.

I remember, I remember,
The X.'s and the Y.'s
O'er which I frequent toiled in vain,
Till slumber sealed my eyes;
The pentagons, the polygons,
The spheroids and the planes,
The conjugates and ordinates,
Which nightly vexed my brains.

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I remember, I remember,
Linnæus and Jussieu !—
I own I never learnt their lists,
And never mean to do ;
But still, my College chums would hint
That my unhonoured name
Might yet be known to naturalists,
And rival theirs in fame.

I remember, I remember,
My castles in the air ;
The honours, wealth, and fame, I dreamt
Would recompense my care—
"O, these," thought I, "will flow on me
In one continued stream ;"
But time has ope'd my eyes to see
The folly of my dream.

Aberdeen University Magazine, April, 1854.

——:o:——

THE AGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate
Laid on the shelf ;
Loveless—without a mate,
All by herself.
Speak not too tenderly,
Kiss her with care,
For awfully vain is she
Now, as once fair.

Gaze on her lineaments !
Fingers like filaments !
Poor hopeless creature,
Stamped on each feature
Is grief and despair.
Look at her there,
Braiding her hair—
How she caresses
The fast thinning tresses,
Dreaming that some still consider her fair.

Was she a beauty once ?
Yet could not ensnare
Never a stupid dunce
Into her lair !
Had she no sweetheart ?
Had she no lover ?
Had she no dearer one
Still than all other ;
Nearer and dearer one,
Coming to bother ?

Yes, by the dozens
She counted her cousins,
Once a young milliner,
With as much sin in her
As milliners now possess ;
Equally fond of dress—
Craving for show,

Throwing her kisses
And smiling—the sinner—
At all the young coxcombs
Going to dinner.
Now, never a smile
Gets she all the lone while
Where'er she may go.
Alas ! for the scarcity
Of masculine pity ?
Oh ! 'tis most pitiful
Near a whole cityful
Beau she had none

Sing we her requiem,
Never a man to come
Now to console
Her desolate soul.
Hope is all gone !

The Owlet, 1868.

——:o:——

1885.

OLD Year, unfortunate,
Fatal in trust ;
To many disconsolate,
Fatally bust.

Ope the Bank carefully,
Ope, if you dare,
People's deposits
Are very scarce there.
Think of it tearfully,
Think of it fearfully.
No watch this Christmas ?
Last year, I declare,
A watch I could wear ;
But now it is naught,
It is gone,
It is bought ;
It is hung at my uncle's
With gems and carbuncles.
For the Savings Bank bust,
Wherein was my trust,
And it scattered my fortune
And brought me to crusts.

Turn the key carefully,
Swing back the door.
See the securities
Lie on the floor.

At least that's where they should be,
And that's where they would be,
If—
The chief's speculations had turned out all right,
And the chief's peculations had ne'er come to light,
Why—
The bonds would lie there on the floor,
But—
They lie there no more !

Old year !—eventuate !
Fatal in trust,
To many unfortunate
Fatally bust.

Detroit Free Press.

——:o:——

A few other parodies of Hood's Poems may be enumerated, which are not of sufficient interest to be reprinted. "The Age" for June 6, 1885, contained a poem, called, "The Song of the Streets," deploring the noises of London. In the Manchester "Free Lance" there was a parody (of purely local interest) of "*I remember, I remember*," entitled "Manchester Musings;" and a Manchester clothier, named Whitham, advertises his goods in a handbill containing a very fair parody of "The Bridge of Sighs." In *The Saturday Review* of August 29, 1885, there was a political poem, "A Case of Conscience," modelled upon "The Dream of Eugene Aram."



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Further Parodies

OF THE POEMS OF

Alfred, Lord Tennyson,

POET LAUREATE.

—:o:—

ALTHOUGH several numbers of *Parodies* have already been devoted to this Author, there still remain many excellent burlesques of his writings, which, for the sake of the completeness of this collection, must be quoted. The popularity of Tennyson's poems is in nothing more manifest than in the number of Parodies, and imitations, they give rise to, and the numerous collectors of Tennysoniana will no doubt be grateful for having these harmless, playful skits preserved from oblivion. The order observed in the following Parodies is that adopted in recent editions of the Poet Laureate's works.

—:o:—

MARIANA.

MARIANA ON THE SECOND FLOOR,
WAITING FOR HER LODGERS.
(*Another subject for the Pre-Raphaelites.*)

WITH polish bright the coffee pots
Were newly cleaned up, one and all,
And hooks and pegs were screwed in lots.
To hold the hats in the entrance hall.
The drugget was still clean and strange,
Unhampered was the Bramah latch
And unconsumed the congreve match
Beside the new-set kitchen range.
She only said, "The Season's dreary,
I thought there would be some."
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
When will the great rush come?"

Upon the middle of the night
Waking she heard the cabs below;
Some gents sang out before 'twas light—
From Smithfield Bars the oxen's low
Came to her in a fit of gloom,
In sleep she dreamt of beds forlorn,
Till carts and busses woke the morn
About the lonely furnished room.
She only said, "It's very dreary,"
I thought there would be some.
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
And yet no lodgers come!"

About a stone's throw from the wall,
A man with blackened features swept,
And round him, large and small,
Ill-manner'd boys for mischief crept.
Hard by an organ's dismal moan
Play'd worn-out tunes of nigger airs,
And mock'd with "Sich a gittin' up stairs;"
Yet no one came to mount her own.
She only said, "It's very dreary,
I thought there would be some."
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
And yet no lodgers come."

All day within those lonely walls,
The maid kept clean to let folks in;
The lilac blew i' the grate; the squalls
Of coop'd up children did begin;
Yet no one came a room to seek,
No strangers waited at the door,
No lodgers viewed the second floor,
No people asked, "How much a week?"
She only said, "It's very dreary,
They do not come," she said.
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
And cannot let a bed."

The men who came to mend the roof,
The tax collector, and the sound
Which to the weary maid aloof
The pot-boy made, did all confound
Her sense, but most she loathed the hour
When all the last up-trains were in
Without the lodgers, and the din
Of wheels began to lose its power.
Then said she, "This is very dreary,
They will not come," she said,
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
Why won't they hire my bed?"

The Month, by ALBERT SMITH and JOHN LEECH, 1851.

MARY ANNE; OR, THE LAW OF DIVORCE.
BY ALFRED TENNISBALL.

[If the poor had more justice, they would need less charity.—*Jeremy Bentham.*

THE cats were mewing in the street,
With many a mew of love's delight;
Policeman X's heavy feet
Returning marked old Time's dull flight,
While, as the laggard hours wore on,
In nightcap, in her wretched room
Waiting until her husband come,
Sat Mary Anne in tears alone.
She only said: "I'm very weary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said—"And if he cometh beery,
He's sure to punch my head!

Her tears fell all that bitter even,
As sighing she sat there alone,
She 'gan to weep at half-past seven,
And she was weeping there at one.
After the flitting of the bats,
She gazed adown the dreary street,
But nought her aching sight did meet,
Save one policeman and two cats.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "And if he cometh beery,
He's sure to punch my head!"

About the middle of the night,
She heard a key clink in the latch,
She went to take her spouse a light,
He cursed her first, and then the match.
A wretched life—no hope of change—
Even in her sleep she is forlorn,
In tears at night, in tears at morn
Like her within the "moated grange,"
She only said—"Dear John, I'm weary,
You break my heart," she said—
He hiccuped forth—"Best not come near me,
Or I shall break your head!"

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About a mile from that sad home
Our river's sluggish waters creep;
She sought that bridge where wretches come,
To woo oblivion dark and deep,
Maddened by patient love's despite,
With haggard cheek with salt tears wet,
She stood upon the parapet,
And glared a last glance on the night.
Once more she said—"My life is dreary,
Oh! aching heart and restless head,
Love long has lost all power to cheer me,
But soon I shall be dead!"

A downward plunge—one stifled scream,—
No more she'll watch, and weep, and sigh,
She sank beneath the gurgling stream,
Whose murmers were her lullaby!
Oh! think awhile on lives like these:
Why should the *rich alone divorce?*
Why drive the *poor* from bad to worse,
Because of Doctors' Commons fees?
For many a Mary Anne's aweary,
Oh! widowed wife—oh! lonely bed;
And many a husband reels home beery,
To punch his poor wife's head!

Yet these *must* live in hate together,
Because they're poor—they can't afford
To snap their galling, golden tether;
While *you*, my lady, and my lord,
As neatly as you can your clothes,
Can change your names by process easy,
Ye pay your fees—and, an it please ye,
Adieu for aye to taunts and blows.
The poor wife only sighs: "I'm weary,
He cometh not to bed;—
Death only can divorce me dreary,
Oh! would that I were dead!"

Tait's Magazine, 1858.

—— o:——

THE OWL.

The Owl'd Yarn.

When the cats were home, and light was come,
And dew was cold upon the ground,
Outside a door, with stop bell dumb,
A whirring wheel has stopped its round.
A whirring wheel has stopped its round.
Alone and warming, by rubbing, his hands,
A "night-riding wheelist" shivering stands.

In vain he tries to "click the latch,"
To move the door that bars his way;
A lecture from his dad he'll catch;
"We rode all night" has had its day!
"We rode all night" has had its day!
While he knows that the tale has too often been told,
He stands there still trying and shivering with cold.

R. P. Hind, "Harberton," Torquay.

Wheeling Annual, 1885.

——:o:——

THE BALLAD OF "ORIANA."

Yule-Tide.

Sit we in the ancient hall,
Oh, my gracious!
Listening to the nor' wind's squall,
Oh, my gracious!

Thrice our empty flagons fall,
Ten good wassail bowls withal,
Oh, my gracious!
The hours wax long, and then grow small,
Oh, my gracious!

The hours were long that had been short,
Oh, my gracious!
When like babes our homes we sought,
Oh, my gracious!
Was I led by rage or sport,
To offer fight for level quart?
Oh, my gracious!
Know I not but that I fought,
Oh, my gracious!

'Neath the gas-light's feeble flutter,
Oh, my gracious!
Like a roll of helpless butter,
Oh, my gracious!
Lay I in the filthy gutter,
Till my kinsmen on a shutter,
Oh, my gracious!
Raised me in prostration utter,
Oh, my gracious!

They with solemn step and slow,
Oh, my gracious!
To my habitation go,
Oh, my gracious!
Did my bosom's partner show
Pity in my abject woe?
Oh, my gracious!
Or commiserate me?—no!
Oh, my gracious!

The Hornet, January 3, 1872.

The Ballad of Hoary Anna.

"Mr. Newdigate stated that having recently been on an expedition of inquiry into the conventual and monastic instutions of America, he did not mind singing a negro minstrel ballad, which was softly warbled in his ears one evening by a coloured nun:—"

Ah, yes, I 'members what you say,
Hoary Anna.
I often tinks about dat day,
Hoary Anna,
Which robbed me of a lubbin' wife
An' changed de current ob my life,
Hoary Anna,
An' cut me up wuss den a knife,
Hoary Anna.

You used to lub me 'ears ago,
Hoary Anna.
Dat's when I 'gun to dig an' hoe,
Hoary Anna.
Dem eyes wuz 'tractive speres to men;
You *wuz* a lubly nigger den,
Hoary Anna.
I wish dem times wuz here agen,
Hoary Anna.

We used to meet us in de dusk,
Hoary Anna,
When Massa slep' upon his busk,
Hoary Anna.
Dat mouf wuz roses ob de glen;
Lord bless dose 'ours dis nigger spen',
Hoary Anna.
I wish dem cheeks wuz dat agen,
Hoary Anna.

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I stoled out by de stars pale light,
Hoary Anna.
De boss wuz fast asleep dat night,
Hoary Anna.
I clustered top de water tub,
An' whispered o'er de wall my lub,
Hoary Anna,
With nuffin' but de stars above,
Hoary Anna.

Dis heart kep' tickin' loud and fast.
Hoary Anna.
Dis nigger wuz in lub at last,
Hoary Anna.
Dis soul wuz bustin' wid my bliss,
You must hev' seed dem sighs I guess,
Hoary Anna.
Dat Cupid's darts warn't made to miss,
Hoary Anna.

I 'voked dem stars, den 'voked de Lord,
Hoary Anna.
I ope'd dese lips to say de word,
Hoary Anna;
When—glanced dat cussed lid aside,
An' dropped your lubbin' Sam inside,
Hoary Anna.
Your Sam what woo'd you for his bride,
Hoary Anna.

You sclutched me by dis curly pate,
Hoary Anna.
Dem curls wuz small, dat strenf' wuz great,
Hoary Anna.
Dis wool most nobly stood de strain,
I scrawled dat cussed tub agen,
Hoary Anna,
Dat duckin' had not cured de pain,
Hoary Anna.

Dat lid was fixed what warn't secure,
Hoary Anna.
Dat dampin' made me lub you more,
Hoary Anna.
It could not squench de fire wid'in,
It only bust it out agen,
Hoary Anna.
I'd 'gun dat race an' meant to win!
Hoary Anna.

You blushed at what I goed to do,
Hoary Anna.
Perked on dat lid I knelt anew,
Hoary Anna.
De boss just come a creepin' sly,
Then dropped your Sam one in de eye,
Hoary Anna.
Dat cussed lid—an' den—good bye!
Hoary Anna.

I tried to scramble up de top,
Hoary Anna.
De boss he said. "I guess you'll stop,"
Hoary Anna.
He bobbed me down, den bobbed agen,
Jes' let me out as life wuz spen',
Hoary Anna.
You *wuz* a lubly nigger den!
Hoary Anna.

BENJAMIN D———. His little Dinner, 1876.

———

IDADÆCA.

COALS are again announced to rise,
Idadæca:
I cannot half believe my eyes,
Idadæca.
Here, as I grope, and freeze, and hark
The listless curs ayont me bark,
Idadæca,
At the great moon that gilds the dark,
Idadæca!

Ah, when will these things have an end,
Idadæca?
I call to thee, as to a friend,
Idadæca.
Already prices range so high,
I cannot with my income, buy,
Idadæca,
Food, light, or fuel; no, not I,
Idadæca.

So in the dark I starve and freeze,
Idadæca:
I hear the knocking of my knees,
Idadæca:
There is none other help for me,
Nor will there ever likely be,
Idadæca,
Except I find that help in thee,
Idadæca.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Idadæca:
How I wonder what you are,
Idadæca:
On ledge, on wall, on window frame,
In spots unknown, in haunts of fame,
Idadæca,
I see huge placards with your name,
Idadæca.

Oh, say whatever can you be,
Idadæca?
The Governor-general of Fiji,
Idadæca?
Some horse's name, some favourite foal,
Or, may be, (peace, my panting soul),
Idadæca,
Some good cheap substitute for coal,
Idadæca?

Some new-style "dolman" for the spring,
Idadæca?
Another "Idyl of the King,"
Idadæca?
Some highly-recommended tea?
Or, (hence, ye frisky fancies, flee,)
Idadæca,
Another Ouida novelty,
Idadæca?

Alas, I cannot make thee out,
Idadæca!
My mind is clouded with a doubt,
Idadæca:
But Time, which raises bards to fame,
(And murder,) I suppose the same,
Idadæca,
Will solve the mystery of thy name,
IDADÆCA.

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

Kottabos. Hilary Term, 1881. Dublin, William McGee, 18, Nassau Street.

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Randy Pandy.

(As sung by Sir Stafford Northcote.)

My heart is wasted with my woe,
Randy Pandy;
There is no rest for me below,
Randy Pandy:
I went my way and still would go,
For slow and sure, and sure and slow,
Randy Pandy,
That is the only way I know;
Randy Pandy.

There came a wise man from the East,
Randy Pandy;
Most wise of men, as you are least,
Randy Pandy:
We made him leader, lord, high-priest,
And did his bidding till it ceased,
Randy Pandy:
The tribe of Benjamin increased
Randy Pandy.

He passed away, we know not where,
Randy Pandy;
And named me for his lawful heir,
Randy Pandy:
But Salisbury said, "We'll share and share;"
He took his pick, and called it fair;
Randy Pandy—
He knew he had no business there—
Randy Pandy.

* * *

I cannot stand your mad displays,
Randy Pandy;
I cannot bear your wilful ways,
Randy Pandy:
They trouble all my nights and days,
They shatter all the hopes I raise,
Randy Pandy—
Why will you set the world ablaze,
Randy Pandy?

If feud there be you make it sore,
Randy Pandy;
If peace, you leave it peace no more,
Randy Pandy:
Where lay a sleeping foe before,
You wake him up to hear him roar,
Randy Pandy:
You make me swear who never swore,
Randy Pandy.

And when the Grand Old Man begins,
Randy Pandy,
To lay about our heads and shins,
Randy Pandy;
You make a joke of all your sins,
Forgetting he may laugh who wins,
Randy Pandy:
You think the moment meet for grins,
Randy Pandy.

Would I were safe where Salisbury sits,
Randy Pandy!
And he were here to deal his hits,
Randy Pandy!
So might I calm my troubled wits,
So might he smash you all to bits,
Randy Pandy!
Come, happy fate that best befits
Randy Pandy!

This Poem is an extract from "The Banquet, a Political Satire," an anonymous work published by William Blackwood and Sons, early in 1885, when the Conservatives were in opposition.* "The Banquet" also contains excellent parodies of Tennyson's "The Brook," "The Lotus Eaters," "The Two Voices," "Locksley Hall," "The Merman," "The May Queen," as well as of a few of Swinburne's poems. These parodies are put into the mouths of the political guests, of all parties, supposed to be assembled at a grand Banquet given by the new Lord Mayor, when

> "The last long day of Bumbledom had ceased,
> And all the myriad miles of street and square
> That form this busy London where we live
> Became one city: all whose myriad hordes
> Flocked to the polls, and of their fittest men
> Chose a great Council Metropolitan,
> To whom the law gave charge to rule and keep
> This vast imperial London."

Amongst the guests was Mr. Warton, M.P., who, after priming his wits with snuff, sang:—

Block, block, block;
Whatever the bills may be:
Of all the blockheads alive or dead
There's none to compare with me.

O well for the bore and his bill,
That he makes his speech while he may!
O well for the man with a fad,
That he says his little say!

For the stately bills are read,
And they sweep along with a will,
Till they feel the touch of a brandished hand,
And the voice of their movers is still.

Block, block, block:
O the havoc is fine to see!
For the cool repose of a true block-head
You must always come back to me.

—:o:—

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE

Miss Matilda Johnson Jones.

Miss Matilda Johnson Jones,
You and I at length must part;
There are things call'd paving-stones,
You have got one for a heart.
When you hear the roaring sea
Making wild and wond'rous moans,
You may sit and think of me,
False Matilda Johnson Jones.

* Since this paragraph was in type I have received a copy of the second edition of *The Banquet* from the author, Mr. George Cotterell. Collectors of *Tennysoniana* should certainly "make a note" of this amusing little book. Ed. *Parodist.*

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Young Matilda Johnson Jones,
Pride has made you what you are;
Though I think my lineage owns
Better men than your papa!
On the field of Waterloo
My sire and grandsire left their bones;
But what is that to me or you?
Ask your heart, Matilda Jones,

Well I know you, Johnson Jones,
You at times are very sad;
And your broken spirit groans
Over what it might have had.
'Tis in vain—your fickle soul
My much nobler soul disowns;
You have taught me to control
E'en myself, young 'Tilda Jones.

Oh! Matilda Johnson Jones,
What is all this wayward life?
Tears and laughter, gifts and loans,
Joy and sorrow, peace and strife.
If I could have shared with thee
Either cottages or thrones,
Both had been the same to me;
But 'tis past, light-minded Jones.

Young coquettish Johnson Jones,
If beloved you still would be,
Go to one a heart that owns,
You have stolen mine from me.
Give it back,—ha! ha! 'tis here,
But 'tis hardened into bones;
Feeling's dead, and so is fear,
Kind Matilda Johnson Jones.

GILBERT ABBOTT À BECKETT.

George Cruikshank's Table Book. 1845.

—.o.—

THE MERMAN.

THE MER(RY)MAN.

WHO would be
A Premier bold,
Standing alone,
Shining alone,
For the world to see,
In purple and gold,
Close to the Throne?

I would be a Premier bold,
I would play the potentate all the day;
I would chuckle and crow with a voice of might;
But all in the dark I would flirt and play
With the caucuses in and out of the towns,
And the sly little conclaves, out of sight,
That manage the polls and marshal the clowns.
All the caucuses, great and free,
Would loyally take their cue from me,
Steadily, steadily;
Then I would blaze away, away,
And the Tories would yield and the Whigs say "Yea,"
Readily, readily.

* * * * *

The Banquet, W. Blackwood & Sons, 1885.

—:o:—

THE MAY QUEEN.

Song: THE LORD MAYOR.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, Betsy dear,
To-morrow'ill be the happiest day that I have had this year;
That I have had this year, Betsy, the jolliest, I declare,
For I'm to be new Lord Mayor, Betsy, I'm to be new Lord Mayor!

There's nine-and-twenty Aldermen, and Sheriffs too *galore*,
There's Common Councilmen as well, you reckon by the score;
But none will be so grand as me of all the lot, I swear,
For I'm to be new Lord Mayor, Betsy, I'm to be new Lord Mayor!

O sweet is the first fur-edged gown that councilmen put on!
And sweeter is the scarlet robe that aldermen may don;
But what is there in all the land for sweetness can approach
To putting on the Lord Mayor's chain, and riding in his coach?

Seven bands will go with me to-morrow all the way,
And cavalry will me surround in all their grand array;
Whilst men-in-armour caracole and trumpets loudly blare,
For I'm to be new Lord Mayor, Betsy, I'm to be new Lord Mayor!

I lay awake the other night and thought of what was nigh,
And my new flunkeys' liveries I saw in my mind's eye;
The *menu* of my banquet, too, was present in my mind,
And up the terrace came a smell of turtle on the wind.

I thought it must be fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,
And then I fancied some one spoke, I know not what was said;
But my mouth watered, and delight took hold of all my mind,
And up the terrace came again the turtle on the wind.

"What can it mean?" said I; "in truth the odour's very fine,"
And if it comes three times, thought I, I'll take it for a sign.
And sure enough it came again, though closed my window bars;
Then seemed to change to venison till my bedroom smelt like Carr's.

From that I judge the banquet will be good to-morrow night;
I've called at Ring and Brymer's, and I've seen a glorious sight!
They've never known, or so they say, their turtles run so fat;
And I consider that the sign I smelt referred to that!

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, Betsy dear,
To-morrow'ill be the jolliest day that I have had this year;
That I have had this year, Betsy, the jolliest, I declare,
For I'm to be new Lord Mayor, Betsy, I'm to be new Lord Mayor!

From *Finis*.

CALL ME EARLY, MOTHER DEAR.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow will be the happiest day of all the glad new year,
To-morrow will be the happiest, the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

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I must wear my new kid slippers and my charming muslin dress,
And every one who sees me will admire my loveliness;
They'll weave a garland fair for me, they'll weave a garland gay,
And I will be crowned the Queen, mother, crowned the Queen of the May.

Prepare the mustard plasters, mother, a mustard bath likewise,
For chill the wind blows though the sun is shining in the skies,
And in this dress so very thin, no shawl around me rolled.
I know that while the sport goes on I'll catch my death of cold.
My new kid slippers, too, are thin, although they look so sweet,
And dancing on the dewy grass, I know will wet my feet;
But I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May,
So make the mustard plasters hot to fight Pneumon-i-a.

RUSSIA TO ENGLAND.

You must wake to catch me early, very early, brother, dear,
The day you do will be the longest of all the circling year,
Of all the circling year, brother, if you my plans would baulk,
For I'm to be Cock o' the Walk, brother, I'm to be Cock o' the Walk.

There's many a shrewd countree, they say, but none so shrewd as I,
There's Germany and England, there's France and Italy,
But none so shrewd as Holy Russia, from Caucasus to Cork,
So I'm to be Cock o' the Walk, brother, I'm to be Cock o' the Walk.

You sleep so sound and safe, brother, I hope you'll never wake,
As in the Eastern Empires my day begins to break,
But I must gather countries, peoples, over Asia stalk,
For I'm to be Cock o' the Walk, brother, I'm to be Cock o the Walk

As I move to the southward, what think ye that I see,
But Herat, leading to the lands that must belong to me?
It knows my hungry look, brother, I watch it like a hawk,
But I'm to be Cock o' the Walk, brother, I'm to be Cock o' the Walk.

It knows I am no ghost, brother, although my Tzar is white,
And I move to it slowly creeping, like the morning light,
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not how they talk
For I'm to be Cock o' the Walk, brother, I'm to be Cock o' the Walk.

Choice Chips, May, 1885.

A long, but not very amusing, political parody of "The May Queen" appeared in *The Morning Advertiser*, February 21, 1885, entitled "At the Play."

—:o:—

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

In 1848 a small volume was published by T. C. Newby, of Mortimer Street, London, entitled "A Vision of Great Men, with other Poems," by Caroline de Crespigny.

"A Vision of Great Men" was addressed to the author of "A Dream of Fair Women," and was written in imitation, but not as a parody, of that poem; of the "Great Men" alluded to, the principal were Columbus, and Napoleon the first. The poem consisted of seventy-four verses.

A DREAM OF FAIR DRINKING.

* * * * *

At last methought me I had wandered near
Wines in the wood; Old Tom and mountain dew
Shone in pale splendour, cheap, and yet so dear
As one to love them grew!

I paused upon the threshold, all apart,
As some stray bird upon an ocean drift,
Unstirred by any wave, save when my heart
Yearned for its morning "lift."

And from within me a strange undertone
Thrilled thro' my bosom with a wish for wine,—
"Pass freely!—these in wood may be thine own,
Dry, sweet or superfine!"

I looked—and saw a lady within call,
Brow bound with golden ringlets standing there;
And women, if they draw man's wine at all,
Draw it extremely fair!

Her loveliness, her figure, and her eyes
Froze my quick speech: she, turning round her head,
Smiled, saying, "Sherry wine's about your size!"
And all my doubting fled.

* * * * *

I drank myself to sleep;—and so I lay
Prone on the bosom of the Strand for hours,
Till life stirred briskly, and, at early day,
I wakened—before FLOWERS.

Judy, May 5 1880.

A long, and very dull, parody of the same original, entitled "A Dream of Unfair Trade," appeared in *Punch*, January 10, 1885.

—:o:—

ULYSSES.

In a prize competition in *The World*, for a poem on "The Czar of Russia," on the model of Tennyson's "Ulysses," the following was selected for the

FIRST PRIZE.

It little profits that with boundless powers,
Divine and human, I extend my sway,
From Finland southwards to the Chersonese;
Or that mine armies eastwards (like the tide
O'er low-laid littorals) flood all the steppes
From Caucasus to Khiva, till no khan
But dreads, and hopes, and dreams, and thinks of me.
How fruitless are my efforts! I have given
Unasked, with hand unstinting. I have risked
Defection of my nobles, that my poor
Might rise and bless me. But unshamed they crave
For ever more concessions, till I see
That license ranks as liberty, and law
And order seem but forms of tyranny.

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I cannot journey but a hundred knives
Attempt my life ; I cannot sleep or eat
Within my very palace but the floors
Rise to assault me, and the walls resound
With treacherous murder's dread artillery.
This is my son, a true bred Romanoff,
To whom I leave my labours and my crown :
His years are fewer ; and the sapling grows
The stronger for the bondage, whose restraint
Would kill the tree. It may be that mine age
Has made me too unbending, that my thoughts.
For ever travelling in the same sad course,
Have worn themselves such grooves within my brain
As ceaseless care has graved upon my brow,
And cannot change their channels. Ye, my friends,
Who love me for my virtues, or in spite
Of vices,—who with me have borne the brunt
Of turbulent sedition, and the blows
Of faithless friends and open enemies,—
If life be grudged us for the few short years
That yet remain, away, and let us seek
Some deed of noble note, and let our foes
Feel that our souls are yet alive in us,
Invincible in courage, strong in will,
To fight, to win, or, winning not, to die.

APIS MATINA.

The World, March 17, 1880.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

Lay of Boxing Night.

Attributed to Alfred Tennyson

(But not believed to be his).

Proudly stalking o'er the pavement, as the clock is striking one,
Go the nine good men and valiant, who the glorious deed have done ;

And they laugh with all their vigour, till the narrow courts resound,
The policeman hears the tumult, and he turns his lanthorn round.

And their course they still continue, and their laughter is not o'er,
Till they all come to a standstill at lion-knocker'd door.

There they thump with noise so mighty, that they make the neighbours wake,
Till a dull-eyed damsel opens, who appears but half awake.

Then a lighted room they enter, where great works of art are found,
Color'd prints of Esmeralda, and of Elssler hang around.

Plaster statuettes, by Danton, stand the chimney-piece along,
From a hook above the wainscot hangs a cornet-à-piston.

And—a better sight than any—there a table, too, was placed,
With a mass of native oysters, and a can of porter grac'd.

Oh ! so prime appeared the oysters, that they charm'd the eyes of all,
For the fat part was so milk-white, and the beard so very small !

But how vain is earthly beauty—lovely things must pass away,
For the oysters soon are swallowed, and the girl takes off the tray.

Yet new pleasures follow old ones ; thus the damsel re-appears,
And a jug of boiling water with her dingy fingers bears.

Then a brace of labell'd bottles were upon the table seen,
One glowed deep with noble brandy, one was pale with humble gin ;

When they all had "mixed" at pleasure, proudly rising o'er the rest,
Stood the chieftain of the party, and his comrades thus address'd :

"We may well be proud, my brethren, we a noble deed have done ;
'Tis the virtue that delights me, to say nothing of the fun.

"Against private friends and clacquers, we have fought the cause of right,
We have dar'd to damn a pantomime upon a boxing night.

"'Twas a horrid 'Introduction,' as you all, my brethren, know,
And the pantomimic business only made the thing more slow.

"All the tricks were void of humour ; all the songs were sorry rhyme,
Sum up all, we never witness'd such a wretched pantomime.

"Though the audience bore it calmly, yet they knew as well as we,
That so dreadful a concoction they had never met to see.

"But they dar'd not speak their minds out—they believed it was a crime,
A most horrid profanation to condemn a pantomime.

"Five-act plays without a scruple they have driven from the stage,
They have whizzed off tragic actors in a hurricane of rage ;

"On burlesque and one-act farces they could fell destruction bring,
But a pantomime, my brethren—it was quite another thing.

"Ay, at harlequin they trembled—it was we and only we
That from bonds of superstition could the British public free ;

"We have rent apart the fetters, that were forged by ancient time,
Yes, my friends, upon a boxing night, we damned a pantomime.

"We stuck firmly to our purpose, when the clown said 'Here we are !'
We with laughter did not greet him, but we rais'd the shout of war.

"When the manager came forward, and some mercy bade us show,
We subdued all softer feelings, and we sternly answered 'No !'

"When the clown had sung 'Hot Codlins' we prevented an *encore*,
And we ceased not opposition till the pantomime was o'er.

"Then at last the public join'd us—on our side was ev'ry voice,
And the wretched thing died hardly in a hurricane of noise

"I am sure successive ages will our mem'ries ne'er efface,
We shall live on future hist'ry, and give lustre to our race,

"And our sons shall say, a cent'ry hence—or perhaps a longer time,
'Gallant spirits were our fathers, for they damn'd a pantomime.'"

From *The Man in the Moon.*—1847.

Lincoln's Inn.

Comrades, leave me here a minute, for it is not five o'clock,
Leave me here, and when you want me, you will find me at the Cock.

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'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the smoke-cowls spin,
Dreary gleam the dirty windows, never cleaned in Lincoln's Inn.

Lincoln's Inn that from its chambers overlooks a grimy square,
With some blackened stubby bushes, killed by smoke and want of air.

Many a morning from my office, have I heard the dirty boys,
Shouting "Paper" down the area, in the full delight of noise;

Many a night I've watched the gas-light—all around a dazzling host,
Gleaming like a lot of glow-worms, stuck by bird-lime on a post.

In the Spring a lighter paletot is by Messrs. Nicoll made;
In the Spring a young man's neck is in a brighter tie arrayed;

In the Spring the Opera opens, and an order may be got;
In the Spring the oysters finish, as the weather gets too hot.

Then I saw her dress was smarter than the other Cranbourne girls,
And her eyes gleamed softly on me, shaded by her glossy curls,

And I said, "Dear Amy Johnson, wilt thou my own sweetheart be?
For, my pretty bonnet builder, I am much in love with thee!"

Love toss'd off the glass of time, as though it had been only gin,
Love dwelt in those dreary chambers three pairs up in Lincoln's Inn.

When my master had departed, and I felt unwatched and free,
Would my Amy come to see me, and assist in making tea.

Many a Sunday by the railway did we go to Hampton Court,
When the chestnuts were in blossom, and the days were not so short;

Many a Sunday on the water, made we inexpensive trips,
Talking then was not the only use to which we put our lips.

Oh! my Amy, Amy, Amy! Oh! my Amy, mine no more!
Oh! the dreary, dreary Sundays; Bushy has become a bore.

Is it well to wish thee happy? Having known me thus to drop
To a man with lots of money, but who keeps a retail shop?

Yet it shall be! thou shalt lower still, in spite of all his pelf,
Till from sad reverses you may have to sweep it out yourself.

As the gent is, so the lady; thou art mated to a snob,
And he'll sink thee to his level, in a cheap Excursion mob.

He will treat thee, when he wearies on thy jaded face to look,
Something better than his strop, but more as if thou wert his cook.

What is this? His speech is hazy—think not he has had too much.
Go to him—it is thy duty—you re his wife—behave as such.

He will answer to the purpose—perhaps he'll murmur "It's all right;"
Better thou wert dead before me, though I gave thee arsenic white!

(*The rest of the MSS. is so blotted with tears as to be illegible.*)

From *The Month*, by ALBERT SMITH and JOHN LEECH. August, 1851.

ST. STEPHEN'S REVISITED.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, I have thoughts you cannot know;
Leave me, gentle ghosts, to ponder on the days of long ago.

Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the brawlers brawl,
Dreary bores about St. Stephen's vying for the Speaker's call.

Many a night from yonder benches, when I longed to be in bed,
Saw I not the great Orion, but the Grand Old Man instead:

Saw I not the starry Pleiads, but the meteor stars that fade,
Flashing for their little moment, passing into outer shade.

Here about the floor I waited, when I knew my youth sublime,
Waited for the time to ripen, for the very nick of time—

Then I dipped into the future, far as one keen eye could see,
Saw the Vision of an earldom, and the garter round my knee.

In the spring the little chicken only just has left the shell,
In the spring that little chicken thinks himself a precious swell.

In the spring a boy's ambition leaps at once to summer heat,
In the spring a young man's fancy very seldom plays the cheat

Then my cheeks were white and waxen, thoughtful too for one so young,
Black on brows of snowy marble then my silken ringlets hung.

Yet on pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a light,
When I met the jeers that mocked me, with a spoken scorn outright—

Saying from a height prophetic, "You shall hear me by and by,"
Saying, to the stoutest champion, "We shall meet at Philippi."

Many a morning saw me famous, many a night more famous still,
Great to lead the grateful Tory, bold to bend him to my will.

* * * * *

O St. Stephen's, false and fickle! O St. Stephen's, mine no more!
O the weary, dreary benches! O the aching, quaking floor!

Is it proper not to scold thee? having known me—to decline
On this spurious Gentile Joseph, in the screw and Caucus line?

* * * * *

These lines, descriptive of the career of Lord Beaconsfield, are extracted from a clever parody in *The Banquet*. (W. Blackwood and Sons.) 1885.

"The Grinder," an examination parody of "Locksley Hall," appeared in Number 1 of *The Aberdeen High School Magazine*, March, 1885.

In a work entitled "Travels by Umbra," published in Edinburgh in 1865, there was also a parody of "Locksley Hall" consisting of 34 lines, entitled *Digwell's Lament*.

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GODIVA.

WHITTINGTON.

By Alfred Tennisball.

(N.B.—No connexion with "I waited for the Train at Coventry," &c.)

I waited for the boat at Hungerford;
I hung with snobs and swells upon the bridge,
To watch the muddy water; there I shaped
The City's ancient legend into this :—

* * * * *

Not only we of Eighteen Fifty-seven,
Smart men that, swift as streak of lightning greased,
Make and spend "tin"—not only we that prate
Of progress, learning, and "Excelsior,"
Have loved ourselves full well and turned up trumps
At life's great game of whist—but surely he
"Did more, and underwent, and overcame,"—
The wight of some few hundred summers back,
Whittington, 'prentice erst to some dull cit,
Some wheezy councilman—who worked him hard,
And gave him the allowance monkeys have,
More kicks than half-pence—and, when asked for more,
Showed him the street, and kicked him into it
With turned-up toe, saying "Begone and starve!"
He sought relief in vain, for in those days
Were no "relieving officers"—his thoughts
Turned to his childhood's home, far, far away,
Embowered in tufted trees where cooed the dove,
Where sang a chorus sweet of jenny-wrens,
Tom-tits, and gay cock-sparrows—and he said,
"It must be so—farewel, ambitious dreams,"
("Farewel," he would have said, "to all my greatness,"
But he had never gentle Shakespeare read,
Nor seen the play of England's bluff King Hal
Performed at the Princess's). "So, farewell—
Clown was I born, and to clod-hopping life
I must return"—and then he 'gan to snivel,
And wipe his nose upon his jerkin's cuff;
(For his were days when Manchester was not,
And dear were pocket handkerchiefs).
Then this poor boy wound slow his mournful way
Towards Highgate's hill—and up the steep ascent
Toiled wearily—yet deem not him alone,
For at his heels there walked a faithful friend,
A gentle quadruped—a fond Grimalkin
Who purred between her master's weary legs,
Till he looked down and saw her at his feet,
And wept at such four-footed sympathy.
So with their honest backs to London town
These twain toiled valiantly up Highgate hill.
They sat them down at last—for Whittington
Was very hungry—and on bread and cheese
In equitable portions dined they then.
But up he starts—and lo! what is't he hears
Clanged with great shock of sound from distant bells
Of Bow in Cheapside? Say they rightly thus?
"Return! return! great Whittington return!
Thou shalt of London's City be Lord Mayor!"
Such were the words—or hope was much mistaken—
Such were the words. Backward again they hied,
He, and his cat, the solace of his sorrows,
As partner of his joys—but, if she thought
That such a Co. could long exist, methinks
The poor Grimalkin then was slightly "sold."
But I am speaking rather in the tense
Hight *Paulo post-futurum*. To my theme:
Backward he hied—re-entered London town,
Obtained employment as a quill-driver,
A very drudge for three long bitter years;
But still the cat sat 'neath his stool by day
And slept upon his truckle-bed at night.
Now Whittington's employer was a merchant,
Who sent forth ships to trade beyond the seas
One of his captains saw—admired the cat,
And with her sailed to China, land of dirt,
Rice, lorchas, pigtails, ivory deftly carved,
And ladies with short toes bent backward. Soon
Made he acquaintance with the Emperor,
The brother of the Sun and Moon, celestial "swell,
First cousin to the Stars; for in those days
Men craved not introduction—Bowring then
Had not been sent out as Ambassador,
Nor Seymour to bombard their tin-pot towns.
Now it so happened that this Emperor's
Imperial snuggery was overrun
With mice who stole the delicate tit-bits
From off the table of the Stars' first cousin,
And cats till then in China were unknown,
And Whittington's Grimalkin had three kittens,
And so the Brother of the Sun and Moon
Purchased the cat of Whittington for a sum
Which would content *me* for *my* lease of life,
Invested snugly in the Three-per-Cents.
The Captain homeward sailed to England's shore,
And paid his sum to Whittington—so he
Became a sucking Crœsus—bought and sold,
And "rigged the market" like our "bulls" and "bears,"
Became a man whose name across a bill
Drew ready cash—then Sheriff—then Lord Mayor,
And built himself an everlasting name:
And of his acts if more ye wish to learn,
Are they not written in the picture books
Of Messrs. Darton upon Holborn hill!
As for his cat—I've little more to tell,
Save that she lived and multiplied her species
For the great Brother of the Son and Moon;
And her descendants, worthy of their dam,
E'en now are mewing loud in great Canton,
Unless that stout Drawcansir, Chinese Yeh,
Hath poisoned the poor innocents because
Their ancestress was British!

C.O.

Tait's Magazine 1858

—o·—

THE EAGLE

Fragment.

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Tennyson.

A Parody.

The cup with trembling hands he grasps,
Close to his thirsty lips he clasps,
Ringed with its pewter rim—he grasps.

The Eddying floor beneath him crawls,
He clutches at the flying walls,
Then like a lump of lead he falls.

E. B. Iwan-Muller.

(Author of "Break, break, break" given on page 14, Vol. I., *Parodies*, and of "Rise up, cold reverend, to a see," given on page 30, Vol. I., *Parodies*.)

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BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

SLEEP! SLEEP! SLEEP!

SLEEP! sleep! sleep!
My babe, I speak to thee;
And, oh, could I put on paper
The thoughts that occur to me!

Oh, well for my dear little boy,
Who shouts in the garden all day!
Oh, well for my little girls,
Who sing to their brother at play!

But the baby still screams on,
Let his mother do what she will;
And it's oh, could I get him to understand!
And O that his voice would be still!

Sleep! sleep! sleep!
My babe I speak to thee;
The quiet peace of a bachelor's bed
Will never come back to me.

The Mocking Bird and other Poems, by Frederick Field. J. Van Voorst, London, 1868.

THE LOST JOKE.

GOOD! good! good!
Was the joke I heard last night,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The words of that joke aright.

O, well for good memory's aid
That it passes old tales in review,
O, well for the ready wit
That can palm a stale joke as a new!

And that cheerful yarn is gone,
And the words I remember not,
But O, for a guide to that vanished tale,
And a clue to that joke forgot!

Good! good! good!
Is the story whatever it be,
But the comic point from my memory fled,
Will never come back to me.

Judy, December 10, 1879.

A NEW IRISH MELODY.
(*As Sung by the Premier.*)

TALK, talk, talk,
In thy cold calm tones, O "P."!
And I would I might utter the language
That sometimes occurs to me!

O well for Lord B. that he sits
As a Peri among the Peers!
O well for the Radical "Reds,"
With their "warnings," and worry, and jeers!

And the stately Whigs go on
Demanding a moderate Bill.
But O for a prison for PARNELL and DILLON,
That the Land-Leaguers' voice may be still!

Talk, talk, talk,
In thy cold calm tones, O "P."!
But the tender grace of your style just now
Shall never bamboozle me!

Punch January 22, 1881.

WAKE! wake! wake!
In thy Northern land so free,
And our eloquent leader utters
A protest for you and me.

Oh, well for Midlothian's sons
That they shout with him in the fray,
Oh, well for our British lads,
For we know he will gain us the day.

And the Franchise war goes on,
Though the Lords would have us be still;
But, O, for our triumph, thou Grand Old Man,
When the people have their bill

Wake! wake! wake!
To the war-cry of "Liberty!"
And slav'ry's old despotic days
Shall never return to thee.

RICHARD H. W. YEABSLEY.

WARM WEATHER.

THIRST, thirst, thirst!
As I sit all day by the sea;
And I would that the weather were colder,
For it's much too warm for me.
And "Brandy and water" is "raw,"
And "Brandy and soda" is "sloppy;"
And its oh for five dozen of "natives" or more,
And a "magnum" of "fizz" that is froppy.

Ice, Ice, Ice!
For the milk, the butter, and cream!
And I would I might sit "for never"
In comparative shade and dream.
But the stately Eds. go on.
Should they not get their copy in time;
But hang it! the Mercury's 99°,
Which is even too hot to rhyme.

Judy. September 21, 1881.

A REMINISCENCE OF REDCAR.

BROKE, broke, broke,
By thy pitiless shores, O sea;
And I grieve that my tongue should utter
The groans that arise in me.

Oh well for the hunter's soul,
Had he stopped at home that day,
Oh well had he taken some lovelorn lass
And spooned in his boat on the bay.

For the favourites all go down,
And I haven't the price of a gill;
And it's oh for the touch of that vanished gold,
And the tick of a watch that is still.

Broke, broke, broke,
By thy damnable crags O sea!
And the tender faith of the Hebrew race
Once more must be tempted by me.

The Sporting Times.

WHO BREAKS PAYS.

BREAK, break, break,
My china and glass. Oh she!
Wouldn't like to hear me utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the lodging-house cat
That at present it's out of the way;
O well for the plump page-boy
That *he* didn't take down that tray.

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And the breakages go down
To their haven in the dust-bin;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a rivet knocked in;

Break, break, break,
At the foot of the stairs. Oh she!
Can't expect that the whole of her wages
Will be paid this month by me.

The Age, June 27, 1885.

—:o:—

APRIL LOVE.

By a young Tory, after Tennyson.

[Lord Randolph Churchill was expected back from India in April, 1885.]

GLADSTONE hath us in his net.
Dizzy's gone— can we forget?
Many sessions rise and set,
Many a chance the years beget,
Northcote muffs 'em all, you bet.
Even so.

Fruitlessly we jar and fret,
Dizzy is a vain regret,
E'en Hicks-Beach is in a pet.
Censure votes fall idle yet,
Where is Randolph? We forget?
Ah, no! no!!!

Funny Folks, 1885.

—:o:—

THE BROOK.

THE SONG OF THE FLIRT.

WITH many a prank my "ma" may fret—
She wants me to be steady;
But all her counsels I forget—
For fun I'm ever ready.

I go to many a rout and ball,
And "star" it all the season;
I stay at many a country Hall,
And plot fresh plans of treason.

I ride my bay mare in the "Row,"
I go to fêtes and races;
To croquet parties too I go,
Sought out midst all "the graces."

I make men prisoners evermore
By giving them my roses;
I get love-letters by the score,
And baskets full of posies.

I toss my head and arch my neck,
And they are plunged in sadness;
I smile and with my finger beck,
And they are filled with gladness.

The strings are many to my bow;
My followers fail me never;
For men may come and men may go,
But I flirt on for ever!

Judy, September 4, 1867.

THE MONT CENIS TRAIN.*

(*In the line of the Laureate.*)

[Written 1868.]

O train, he says,
O trundling train, says Edmund in his rhyme,
How go you? and the train, why not? replies—

I LEAVE the station, make a raid
With sudden upward sally
Upon the height—no lady's maid,
To bicker with a *valley*.

Up thirty hills I mount amain,
Or slip between the ridges,
And sometimes find the hills made plain,
Like David's Psalm by *Bridges*. †

Again the *flat* I seek below
(No reference to you, Sir),
And so men come, and so men go,
From San Michel to Susa.

I clatter o'er the stony way,
A natural base of boulders,
I raise the dust—what better trait
In railway for shareholders?

With many a curve aloft I toil,
I rush o'er stream and runnel;
And many a fairy foreland spoil
With corrugated tunnel.

I clatter, clatter to and fro
Over Mont Cenis gaily,
And men may come, and men may go,
Vide time tables, daily.

Though *tired* my wheels, I never tire,
I carry young swells gay-geared:
And here and there a lusty sire,
And here and there a grey-beard.

And here and there fair maidens take
Upon me as I travel,
Who many a gazer's heart-peace break
With chignon's golden ravel.

I bear them all along. Who knows
Of more gallant endeavour?
When WOMAN comes and WOMAN goes,
I'd fain go on for ever!

I steal through clouds to glacier's height,
In *metres* out do rhymers;
And have the deadly peaks in sight,
Which grew for Alpine climbers.

I slip, I slide as I come down,
My fit of peak being ended,
Then glide into the little town
To which my course has tended.

I murmur under moon and stars,
And under provocation;
I rail against the rail *là bas*,
The Gallic excavation,

Well, should that oust me, as I know
They're wishing, from Mont Cenis,
All men may go to—Jericho,
And Frenchmen may be—*bènis*.

MRS. GUTCH.

THE SONG OF THE FLIRT.

"I COME to wage a war on men,
None can withstand my sally;
With me no man, that I can ken,
E'er dared to 'shilly-shally.'

"Full thirty Harries have been mine,
And twenty-seven Neddies;
A hundred John's, of Herberts nine,
And quite three-score of Freddies.

* On the Fell Railway which preceded the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

† Bridges, on the 119th Psalm.

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"Though all the rest I do not know,
In spite of my endeavour;
Yet men may come, and men may go,
But I'll flirt on for ever!

"With many a slight I fellows fret,
With many a smile I 'draw' them;
And make them, ere I've done, regret
Full sore I ever saw them.

"I chatter, chatter! dont I, though?
And some my talk call clever;
And men may come, and men may go,
But I flirt on for ever!

"I run about, go in and out,
Men's hearts the while assailing;
And some each week, I do not doubt,
Think of me with bewailing.

"I've booked of foreigners a few,
When I have chanced to travel;
And left them in a pretty stew,
My conduct to unravel.

"I draw all men along, I know,
And that is my endeavour;
And men may come, and men may go,
But I flirt on for ever!

"I steel their hearts with subtile plots,
Not one my game discovers;
They give me sweet forget-me-nots,
And think they are my lovers.

"I smirk, I smile, I glimpse, I glance,
My moods are most 'adaptive;'
I ne'er a *valse* or *gallop* dance,
But what I make a captive.

"I murmur out on balconies,
And 'spoon' upon staircases;
I like to see men on their knees,
I put up with embraces.

"And if they kiss me, well-a-day,
The liberty I pocket;
'Twould be unkind to say him 'Nay,'
Who'd given me a locket.

"So on I mean to go the same,
Though some may call it folly;
And long as I my charms can claim
My hope is to be jolly.

"Let those who will do all they know
From flirting me to sever—
Whilst men shall come, or men shall go,
I will flirt on for ever!"

From *Finis*.

THE CORN.

(*A Birmingham Ballad of the 14th Century.*)

I COME when boots are small and stern,
And make a sudden sally,
To mar the lordly strut, and turn
The trips of every ballet.

Then fast and suddenly I grow
With many a painful quiver,
For men may cut and men may mow,
But I grow on for ever.

I make men scream o'er stony ways,
In screeching sharps and trebles,
And make them swear in maddened rage,
When slipping on the pebbles.

With many a twinge their soles I fret,
Soles arched and soles built shallow,
And many an imprecation get
From lips with pain grown sallow.

I shatter comfort as I grow,
The best of tempers shiver,
For men may cut and men may mow,
But I grow on for ever.

I wind about, and shoot and sprout,
Keen anguish dire entailing,
While here and there a swear and shout,
Each precious unavailing.

And oft-times, too, I make them quake,
As o'er loose stones I travel,
And make them with emotion shake
Upon the new-laid gravel.

I agonise them all, and go
To make the strongest quiver,
For men may cut and men may mow,
But I grow on for ever.

I steal 'neath toes and in between,
I slide where toe cap covers,
I slink where p'raps a bunion's been,
But now no longer hovers.

I twinge, I throb, I shoot, I prance.
When damp about is lying,
I make my victims fairly dance,
When rain about is flying.

And out I'll neither come nor go,
From feet I'm hard to sever,
And they may cut and they may mow,
But I grow on for ever.

From *Ye Old Brum and ye New*, by Jayhay. Houghton and Hammond, Birmingham, 1878.

THE RIVER.

A Steamboat Version.

I PUFF, and roar, and shriek, and blow,
Along the crowded river,
For men may scull, and men may row,
But I steam on for ever.

Now crowd the towing-path along
On foot and in the saddle,
Of cads and swells a giddy throng,
Yet still I onward paddle.

And up the stream I gaily go
Upon the sunlit river.
For men may scull, and men may row,
But I steam on for ever.

And in and out I curve and glide,
No other vessels fearing,
And go full speed adown the tide,
A reckless, wild course steering.

I fizz and clatter as I go
Fast up and down the river,
For men may scull and men may row,
But I steam on for ever.

I turn astern, and back, and stop,
With pant, and snort and clatter,
As down mid-stream I gaily drop
With rushing, dashing splatter.

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I puff and roar, and shriek and blow
Along the crowded river,
For men may scull and men may row
But I steam on for ever.

Judy, April 2, 1879.

THE SONG OF THE STEAM LAUNCH

I STEAM from snug up river lairs,
I make a sudden sally,
And spread dismay among the "pairs,'
Which by the rushes dally.

On tiny craft I love to dash
(As swallow darts on midges):
The women scream as down I crash,
And swamp them by the bridges.

Ay, helter-skelter, on I go,
Adown the crowded river,
For tide may ebb and tide may flow,
But I steam on for ever!

I drown with my shrill whistle's scream
The blackbird's piping trebles;
I churn up mud and foul the stream
Above the tide-worn pebbles.

With many a wave the punts I fret,
My wash engulphs them neatly;
I many a dainty lady wet,
And spoil her dress completely.

I clatter, splatter, as I go,
A-muck upon the river,
For tide may ebb and tide may flow,
But I steam on for ever.

I twist about, dash in and out,
T'annoy some merry party;
And here and there receive a shout
Of malediction hearty.

Yes! here and there the worm may turn,
And curse me as I travel;
But victims, as a rule, I learn,
Are far too scared to cavil,

Or check me as along I go,
Upon the crowded river,
Where tide may ebb and tide may flow,
But I steam on for ever.

I steal by lawns when all is dark,
Glide close to reedy covers,
And there cut down the tiny bark,
That bears the heedless lovers.

I start, I dart, I screech, I blare,
I belch forth coal-black vapours;
I make the angry oarsmen swear
To write to all the papers.

I murder quiet 'neath the stars;
For any mischief willing;
I cut away young yachtsmen's spars;
Treat anglers to a swilling.

The loveliest scenery I spoil,
On beauty lay embargo;
I reek with blacks and engine oil,
I carry cads for cargo.

I swill, I kill, I hoot, I snort,
A nuisance all declare me;
A river demon I disport,
Yet you've to grin and bear me!

Yes, on again I wildly go,
To curse the crowded river;
For tide may ebb and tide may flow,
But I steam on for ever!

Truth, August 11, 1881.

THE SHERBROOKE.

(*Not by Tennyson.*)

I COME from haunts of statesmen hard,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out a life-long bard
En-thu-si-as-ti-cally.

My life has run o'er stony ways,
I've seemed all sharps and trebles;
But now I mean to wring the bays
From critics hard as pebbles.

I on my Peer's soft cushion fret,
Because my life seems fallow,
But ah! the "glowing Muse" shall yet
Show me less sour and sallow.

I steal away from Whiggish plots
To Poesy's green covers,
I try my hand at true-love knots,
I sing for happy lovers.

I rhyme with HUDIBRAS'S dash
(Who fancied me all iron?)
With here a touch of CANNING'S flash,
And there a tone of BYRON.

I sing Swiss glaciers, southern stars,
Australian wildernesses,
I sneer at old Colonial jars,
And Antipodean messes.

I fancy my old foes will quake,
As this new path I travel;
I think my rhymes the bards will shake,
And all the critics gravel.

Bravo, BOB LOWE! for do you know
I think this dodge is clever,
For Statesmen come and Statesmen go,
But Bards live on for ever!

Punch, May 23, 1885.

Lord Sherbrooke, better known, perhaps, as Mr. Robert Lowe, had just produced a small volume of Poems, a piece of temerity on his part which is now quite forgotten and forgiven.

A LAY OF LAWN TENNIS.

(By a Lawn-Tennysonienne.)

WITH rackets poised against the foe,
We scorn the shining river;
Though other games may come and go,
Lawn Tennis lives for ever.

We roam the verdant lawn about,
Our skill seems unavailing;
For, sometimes in and sometimes out,
'Gainst fortune we are railing.

We chatter in our eager ways,
In merry girlish trebles;
We rush for many a ball that strays
Across the pathway pebbles.

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We play upon the grassy plots,
The "Court" the garden covers;
We wear the blue forget-me-nots,
Like TENNYSON'S young lovers.

We skip, we slide, with many a glance,
As swift as eager swallows;
And as the gay balls bound and dance,
The ardent player follows.

We murmur when the stern net bars
The ball, we shake our tresses;
We've played beneath the moon and stars,
As many a girl confesses.

And how to "screw" and "twist" we know,
The "Service" to deliver:
For other games may come and go,
Lawn Tennis lives for ever

Punch, August 8, 1885.

—:o:—

PARODIES OF SONGS IN "THE PRINCESS."

THE WORRIER AND HIS WIFE.

HOME they brought her worrier, dead—
Dead as any mummy he—
So they thought, and so they said;
But his helpmate—what said she?

"Dead? I only wish he was!
He is only extra tight!
Too much liquor is the cause
Of my husbands senseless plight!

"Put him down—oh, anywhere!—
Not upon the sofa—no!
Drop him on the carpet—there!
Now I'll thank you all to go!"

One by one they slowly went;
Then she locked and barred the door,
Then—above her worrier bent,
Frowned and smiled and crossed the floor.

From a corner back she tripped,
Knelt beside her helpless mate,
And, with scissors, clipped and clipped,
Till he had a hairless pate!

Then she rose and left him there—
Left him there, and went to bed—
Left him there *without* his hair,
With his hair around him spread!

In her bed she lay and slept,
On the floor he passed the night. . . .
In the house for weeks he kept—
Sober—hairless—*such* a fright!

Not in vain was he deprived
Of his glossy locks, I trow:
With new hair new strength arrived—
He's a pledged abstainer now!

C. JOHNS.

LET ME LIE HERE.

A Parody on "ASK ME NO MORE" in *The Princess*.

LET me lie here; the rain may rot the tree;
The undiluted essence of the grape
May set my plastic countenance agape;
For O, how frail, when out upon the spree.
Let me lie here!

Let me lie here: no dry old brewer's sieve
Had greater need of liquor than had I;
Now like a boiling gooseberry floats mine eye,
Let me lie here, for I would quite as lieve.
Let me lie here!

Let me lie here: the secret is revealed;
Though I could wend with thee I am not fain;
Do not, policeman, take me home again,
I dread my wife and would remain concealed,
Let me lie here!

JOHN COTTON.

[The above appeared in the *Central Literary Magazine*, Birmingham, 1878.]

San Francisco Free Public Library, Jan. 20, 1885.

To Walter Hamilton, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I venture to interrupt you again with a transcript of a Tennyson Parody which you may not have seen. It can't have the local flavour with you which it had when first printed, in the middle of General Butler's political and oratorical campaign for the governorship of Massachusetts—not his successful one, but one of the others, about 1875. It first came out in the Springfield (Massachusetts) Republican newspaper.—Very truly yours,

(*Signed*) F. B. PERKINS.

BUGLE SONG.

(*After Tennyson—and Butler.*)

THE slander falls in different halls
Where sounds the somewhat stale old story:
With wrath he shakes, and fearless makes,
Like the wild cataract, "leaps in glory."
Blow, Butler, blow! set your wild statements flying;
Blow, Butler; answer people!—"Lying, lying, lying!"

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going
From Truth,—as far as he from scar—
The doughty general's reckless blowing!
Blow, Butler! let us hear the working men replying—
Blow, Butler! answer, people!—"Lying, lying, lying!"

Your yarns, Ben, die in this State's sky;
They fail in hall, on bench, by river:
The answers roll from poll to poll—
"He lies for ever and for ever."
Blow, Butler, blow! set your wild statements flying;
Blow, Butler; answer, people!—"Lying, lying, lying!"

—:o:—

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

THE LIGHT (BLUE) BRIGADE.

(*The University Boat Race.*)

HALF a length, half a length,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Thames
Rowed the Eights, onward!
"Go!" was the starter's cry,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to win—or try;
Into the valley of Thames
Rowed the Eights, onward!

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Steamers to right of them,
Steamers to left of them,
Steamers each side of them,
Snorted and thundered!
Cheered at by cad and swell,
Boldly they rowed and well,
Under Barnes Railway Bridge,
On past the Ship Hotel,
Rowed the Eights, onwards.

O but the sight was fair,
Flashed the oar-blades in air,
Trying the rowlocks there,
Rowing to Mortlake, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the steamer smoke,
Fiercely in front they broke;
GRIFFITHS and MARSDEN;
Strong was the Oxford stroke,
Nobody blundered;
Then they rowed back, but not
As they rowed onward!

Steamers to right of them,
Steamers to left of them,
Steamers in front of them,
Snorted and thundered;
Cheered at by cad and swell,
While horse and Cockney fell,
They that had rowed so well,
Came through Barnes Railway Bridge,
Back from the Ship Hotel,
All that was left in them
Since they rowed onward!

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild spurts they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the spurts they made,
Dark and Light Blue Brigade,
Each worth a hundred!

Fun, April 27, 1867.

THE GAS STOKERS' STRIKE.

DARK were the streets and wet;
Out went each radiant jet,
While all that passed or met
Questioned and wondered.

"Strike," was the gasmen's cry,
Their's not to reason why.
Their's to raise wages high,
Pleasure and trade defy;
Therefore the gasmen struck—
Struck by the hundred.

Darkness to right of them,
Darkness to left of them,
Darkness in front of them,—
Every one blundered.

Many an oath and yell
On the fierce strikers fell;
When to the gasworks came—
Came to work swift and well,
Another Six Hundred.

Flashed all their elbows bare,
Flashed all at once in air;
Shovelling the Wallsend there,
Filling retorts up, while
Strike-men all wondered.

Plunging in flame and smoke,
Bravely the coals they broke;
Strong was their pickaxe stroke.
Loudly the public voice
Cheering them thundered.
Then to their beef and beer
Rushed the Six Hundred.

Strikemen to right of them,
Strikemen to left of them,
Strikemen behind them,
Blasphemed and thundered.

Stormed at with drunken yell,
Boldly they worked and well,
Rushing through flame and smoke,
O'er piles of coal and coke,
Saving from darkness then,
Millions of Englishmen.
Gallant Six Hundred.

Honour the brave and bold,
Labourers young and old;
Long shall the tale be told,
When by the gasmen "sold,"
We were left undone.

By the flame wearily,
In the smoke drearily,
On they worked cheerily.
Lighting up London.

JOSEPH VEREY.

The Hornet, December 11, 1872.

(Published when the stokers of several of the London Gas Works were out on strike.)

The same journal also published another Parody of the Charge of Balaklava, by the same author, on "Clapham Junction," October 23, 1872.

THE CHARGE OF THE "LIGHT" BRIGADE.

"What Ho! there, lights; lights!"
(Enter servants with a *rush*.) *Old Play.*

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward;
Till in valley of Lud,
Pausing I pondered.
"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Charging my pipe, I said,
Into the valley of Lud
Rushed half-a-hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a lad delayed,
Not though the mudlarks knew
Nought could be plundered.
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to make him buy,
"*Wax*" is their sole reply;
Into the valley of Lud
Rushed the half hundred.

Cabmen to right of them,
Cabmen to left of them,
Cabmen in front of them,
Holla'ed and thundered.
Stormed at by "slop" and swell,
Into the road pell-mell;
Into the jaws of Death,
Out of the paws of L,
Wary policeman L,
Rushed the half hundred.

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Flashed all their ankles bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Tumbling in gutters there;
Dodging the bobby, while
All the world wondered.
Bold in the matter o' smoke,
Right through the mob they broke,
Mudlark and "crusher,"
Reeled from their neighbour's stroke
Spattered and sundered;
Ne'er till they'd served the "bloke"
Turned the half hundred.

Cabmen to right of them,
Cabmen to left of them,
Bobbies behind them
Followed and thundered.

But though policeman L
On his proboscis fell,
They knew the road so well
Right thro' the jaws of Death,
Out of the claws of L
All that was left of him,
Slipped the half hundred.

Long thrive their simple trade,
Whatever tax be made,
May they escape any;
Honour the *Light* Brigade!
Honour the *Charge* they made!
'Twas but a ha'penny.

From *The Rocking of the Lilies, and other Poems*, by Charles T. Druery, (Clayton & Co., London), 1882.

——:o:——

RECITATION.—THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE AT KASSASSIN.

By a Life Guards' Officer.

HALF a league (more or less),
Half a league onward;
All in the moon's pale light
Rode the Six Hundred.
"Forward!" cried Drury Lowe,
"Goodness knows where you'll go.
I can't see any foe."
Out into the pale moonlight
Rode the Six Hundred!

"Forward, Cavalry Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Or, so to speak, afraid?
No; not a man drew back
In all the Six Hundred,
Theirs not to make reply
(*That* they knew was muti-*ny*),
Theirs not to wonder why
No enemy was nigh,
Theirs not (just then) to die.
Out into the pale moonlight
Rode the Six Hundred!

Desert to right of them,
Desert to left of them,
Desert in front of them,
Yet on they thundered;
Whilst far above their head
Bullets by dozens sped,
Still not a trooper fled,
Still not a man dropped dead,
As into the desert wild
Rode the Six Hundred!

"Forward, Cavalry Brigade!"
So 'twas their leader said,
When, as the moon shone bright,
Came the dread foes in sight,
As to the left and right,
Blindly they blundered.
None at the guns would stay,
Wildly they ran away;
Whilst to their great dismay,
Up dashed, in proud array,
All the Six Hundred!

Flashed then their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turn'd in air,
Halving Egyptians there,
Slicing limbs off everywhere,
Whilst "fellahs" wondered.
Then, when of slaughter tired,
They no more blood required,
Copt or Egyptian,
When they by valour fired,
Plenty had sunder'd;
Then they rode back again,
All the Six Hundred!

Desert to right of them,
Desert to left of them,
Desert behind them,
Yet on they thundered;
Storm'd by no shot nor shell,
Nor horse nor hero fell,
Whilst those who'd sliced so well,
Came from they knew not where,
Back, whence they could not tell,
Back to their camp they came,
All the Six Hundred!

When can the glory fade
Of this wild charge they made?
Pish! what's the Light Brigade,
At which the world wondered?
They didn t *all* ride back
After their wild attack;
They lost one half, alack!
Silly Six Hundred!
Not so with our Brigade;
They, when their charge they'd made,
Rode back to their parade
Still a Six Hundred!

"At this point of the programme the prompter announced that the Egyptian Honours would be distributed, on which there at once came such a rain of stars, crosses, medals, K.C.B.'s, &c., from the "flies," that the gallant vet-rans on the stage were glad to put up their umbrellas to guard their skulls from fracture."

Truth Christmas Number, 1882.

The Porcupine (Liverpool) published a parody on July 11, 1885, entitled "The Charge of the Fire Brigade," but it was of purely local interest, and destitute of humour, or any other literary merit.

——:o:——

A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA.

THE CHESTER CUP.

FRENCHMAN'S mare from over the sea,
"Stradella!"
Epsonians, Ascotians, Chesterians are we,
But all of us French in our welcome of thee,
"Stradella!"

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Welcome her myriads of horses so fleet,
Welcome her thundering cheers of the street,
Welcome her champagne, cooling and sweet,—
Scatter the bank-notes under her feet.
Burst poor book-makers into sad tears,
'Tis victory, and the Frenchman's cheers!
Welcome her, welcome her, winnings of ours!
Mather and Russell, don't bustle there,
Fluttering, sputtering, chattering so!
Like rivulets let your gold-dust flow.

Pencils of gold in the suns' rays flare
Put down your marks and to wit aspire,
We feel the breeze, but we do not care.
Flash, ye ladies, in champagne's fire,
You shall have gloves, and by her desire,
"Stradella!"

Frenchman's mare, from over the way,
If thou would'st go, yet thou must stay,
Or such a bore you then would be!
Oh, joy to the "gentry," if you should win,
No matter the "people" who lose their tin.
Epsonians, Ascotians, Chesterians, we
Goths, or *Rhodes*, or whatever we be,
We are all of us French in our welcome of thee,
"Stradella."

P.S.—Frenchman's mare from over the sea,
"Stradella!"
Since these ere lines I'd been and done,
An English horse has been and won;
And all my prophecy is void,
For I forgot that "Asteroid."

From *Lays of the Turf*, by Rose Grey. London, G. H. Nichols, 1863.

——:o:——

In Tennysoniam.

"We have had the following Stanzas forwarded us, with the signature of "A****d T*nn***n." Can they be from the Laureate? We have our doubts. And yet there is a wild, mystical, logical, sentimental, and general obscurity of expression throughout the lines which inclines us to think (from their internal evidence) that they could have proceeded from no other pen than the author of 'In Memoriam.'"

We seek to know, and knowing seek;
We seek, we know; and ev'ry sense
Is trembling with the great Intense
And vibrating to what we speak.

We ask too much, we seek too oft,
We know enough, and should no more:
And yet we skim through Fancy's lore
And look to earth, and not aloft.

A something comes from out the gloom;
I know it not, nor seek to know:
I only see it swell and grow,
And more than this would not presume.

Meseems, a circling void I fill,
And I, unchanged where all is change;
It seems unreal; I own it strange,
Yet nurse the thoughts I cannot kill.

I hear the oceans surging tide
Raise quiring on its carol-tune;
I watch the golden-sickled moon,
And clearer voices call beside.

O Sea! whose ancient ripples lie
On red-ribbed sands where sea-weeds shone;
O Moon! whose golden-sickles gone:
O Voices all! like ye I die!

From "*The Month*," by Albert Smith and John Leech. December, 1851.

——:o:——

The Battle of the Reviews.

"The sonnet written by Mr. Tennyson as an introduction to the *Nineteenth Century* has excited universal attention and admiration. Some people, however, are understood to have complained that they cannot exactly penetrate the meaning which the poet wishes to convey. But this is entirely their own fault, as, if they had studied the whole history of the secession from the *Contemporary*, they would fully appreciate the charm, and the appropriateness of the Laureates' verses."

"For the benefit of these, Mr. Tennyson, with his customary kindness, has forwarded to us the following lines, which our readers will at once perceive to be an explanation of his sonnet, as clear as the latter is beautiful:"

Of old the murmurs of the Delphian shrine,
The dry leaves fluttering in the Sibyl's cave,
The mystic lights that shone upon the gems
Of Israel's pontiff, and all prophecy
Were for the few, not for the common herd.
I, who have spoken to my co-mates stanch
Foregather'd by our mast, have spoken words,
'Here in this roaring moon of daffodil
And crocus,' which to them are clear as light,
Though dark as night to them that stand without.
Not dark to us, for we have trod the heights
'Of hoar high-templed faith;' and we do know,
For we have traversed them with fearless keel,
The 'Seas of Death and sunless gulfs of Doubt,'
And we may win a 'golden harbour' yet.
But since we know well all that we do know,
The cunning plannings of our busy brains,
And e'en the meanings of the words we frame,
Let it content all men that stand without
That we do know exactly what we mean;
Nor let them rashly for their private ends
Construct interpretations of our speech.

Anonymous.

Tennyson's "Prefatory Sonnet" in the first number of the "Nineteenth Century" commenced thus:—

Those that of late had fleeted far and fast
To touch all shores, now leaving to the skill
Of others their old craft seaworthy still,
Have chartered this; where, mindful of the past,
Our true co-mates regather round the mast;
* * *

——:o:——

IDYLLS OF THE KING.

A Parody of the Dedication.

In Memoriam.—A Collie Dog.

"These to its Memory—since from all I hear
It was a dog most dutiful and dear—
These simple lines, in which will p'rhaps be found
Some lasting image of a faithful hound,
I to its mourning mistress consecrate,

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Hoping therewith her sorrow to abate ;
Aye, hoping to console her for its fate,
With mingled doubts and fears I dedicate
These verses.

"And indeed it seems to me
A most ideal kind of dog to be
Which she has lost ; not highly bred, indeed—
But who, with sense, cares aught for birth or breed?
I, as a poet, such vain things despise,
And hold them low as titles in my eyes ;
Enough to know the dog at heart was true
To her that long as mistress fond it knew ;
So true, in sooth, that others oft it spurned,
And with a savage snarl upon them turned
When they, with dainty bribe or gentle pat,
Would try to pass it, watchful on its mat.

"It loved her only, and with bounty kind
She in its favour e'er was much inclined
Since first she sadly called it to her side
When its dear master, and her husband, died ;
And, gladly finding it come at her call,
Put trust in it thenceforward, all in all.

* * * * *

"Yet would I bid that mistress to take cheer,
Nor mourn too much that dog which was so dear.
Nor o'er its empty collar still to weep,
Nor its void kennel still unfilled to keep.
For though 'mongst dogs about her she detects
No one like 'Laddie' was, in *all* respects,
Yet, as the ocean yields, without a doubt,
Fish equal to the best ones taken out,
So, too, 'mongst dogs that have not had their day
May be as good as that one passed away ;
Quite as devoted, quite as strong and true,
And possibly less rough and awkward, too.

"Let, then, the mistress of this much-mourned pet,
If she another collie still would get,
Learn that amongst the dogs that crowd around
Another 'Laddie' may with ease be found.
Which if not quite so roughly fond, indeed,
May points as good combine with better breed."

Truth, February 14, 1884.

(In allusion to the Queen's Servant, the late John Brown).

—:o:—

VIVIEN'S SONG.

A Little.

A little rift within the lute
And discord mars the pleasing strain ;
A little tightness in the boot
Excuses epithets profane.

A little tip, a little bet,
A little silver from the till ;
He does his little sentence yet,
And little likes the prison mill.

Dry as a little bit of chalk,
In a small pub they share a quart ;
A little stagger in their walk
Shows they topped up with something short.

A little more, perhaps, than he meant
—Men sometimes speak a bit too fast—
One little word—she gives consent ;
Her little fish is hooked at last.

R. H. B.

The Sporting Times, June 27, 1885.

GUINEVERE.

No light : so late ! and dark and chill the night !
O, let us in, that we may find the light !
Too late, too late : ye cannot enter now.

TENNYSON.

Too Soon.

SCENE—The Pit door of the Lyceum.
TIME—Ten minutes before 7.30 on a winter's evening.

O let us out, the heat stifles us sore,
O pray open kindly behind us the door,
Too soon, too soon, ye cannot get out yet.

"Too long," groaned we, for that we do repent :
Let us pass out, have mercy and relent,
No, no, too soon, ye cannot get out yet.

Fate made us soft : this shoving is no joke,
Our necks are nigh disjointed, our backs are nearly broke ;
Too soon, too soon, ye cannot get out yet.

With punches yon cowards on us poor wretches drop,
Your cruel mates frown because the way we stop,
You should not have called us names quite yet.

Ah ! Parodies, we've heard you are so sweet :
O let us out to hear "Amens" repeat
His soft "Dryhilldics." No, too soon, not yet.

The Tonbridgian. March, 1879. C. C. H.

—:o:—

Little Miss Muffet.

A Tennysonian Version of the Popular Nursery Rhyme.

IN STURDY ANGLO-SAXON.

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey ;
There came a great spider
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away !

RESET AS AN ARTHURIAN IDYL.

Upon a tuffet of most soft and verdant moss,
Beneath the spreading branches of an ancient oak,
Miss Muffet sat, and upward gazed,
To where a linnet perched and sung,
And rocked him gently, to and fro.
Soft blew the breeze
And mildly swayed the bough ;
Loud sung the bird,
And sweetly dreamed the maid ;
Dreamed brightly of the days to come—
The golden days, with her fair future blent—
When one—some wondrous stately knight—
Of our great Arthur's "Table Round ;"
One, brave as Launcelot, and
Spotless as the pure Sir Galahad,
Should come, and coming, choose *her*
For his love, and in her name,
And for the sake of her fair eyes,
Should do most knightly deeds.
And as she dreamed and softly sighed,
She pensively began to stir,
With a tiny golden spoon,
Within an antique dish upon her lap,
Some snow-white milky curds ;
Soft were they, full of cream and rich,
And floated in translucent *whey* ;

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And as she stirred, she smiled,
Then gently tasted them.
And smiling, ate, nor sighed no more.
Lo! as she *ate*—nor harbored thought of ill—
Near and nearer yet, there to her crept
A monster great and terrible,
With huge, misshapen body—leaden eyes—
Full many a long and hairy leg,
And soft and stealthy footstep.
Nearer still he came—Miss Muffet yet,
All unwitting his dread neighbourhood,
Did eat her curds and dream,
Blithe, on the bough, the linnet sung—
All terrestrial natures, sleeping, wrapt
In a most sweet tranquility.
Closer still the spider drew, and—
Paused beside her—lifted up his head
And gazed into her face.
Miss Muffet then, her consciousness alive
To his dread eyes upon her fixed,
Turned and beheld him.
Loud screamed she, frightened and amazed,
And straightway sprung upon her feet:
And, letting fall her dish and spoon,
She—shrieking– turned and fled.

Free Press Flashes, 1881.

—:o:—

DESPAIR.

Never Say Die.

A Dramatic Monologue.

The Minister of the Sect, which was abandoned by the man who did not drown himself, replies to the dramatic monologue on Despair which was published by that person in the "Nineteenth Century" for November, 1881.

So you're minded to curse me, are you, for not having let you be,
And for taking the trouble to pull you out when your wife was drowned in the sea?
I'm inclined to think you are right—there was not much sense in it;
But there was no time to think, the thing was done in a minute.
You had not gone very far in: you had fainted where you were found;
You're the sort of fellow that likes to drown with his toe on the ground.
However, you turn upon me and my creed with all sorts of abuse;
As if any preaching of mine could possibly be of use
To a man who refused to see what sort of a world he had got
To live in and make the best of, whether he liked it or not.
I am not sure what you mean: you seem to mean to say
That believing in hell you were happy; but that one unfortunate day
You found out you knew nothing about it, whereby the troubles of life
Became at once too heavy to bear for yourself and your wife.
That sounds silly; so perhaps you may mean that all is wrong all round—
My creed and the know-nothing books—and that truth is not to be found,
That's sillier still; for if so the know-nothing books are right,
And you're a mere spiritless cur, who can neither run nor fight—
Too great a coward to live, and too great a coward to die,
Fit for nothing at all but just to sit down and cry.
Not that you're really unhappy. I don't think you ever were.
Give you a poet's corner, and a pipe and an easy chair,
And a woman or two to pet you, and you never gave way to despair,
You might sell it at so much a line—but that's quite another affair.
Why in the midst of your whines it's impossible not to see
How anxious you are to show that you're only attacking me,
And that you've not a word to say against respectable people
Who own no connection between my chapel and their church-steeple.
You always contrive to hint, and almost seem to feel
That your creed would have been much better if your Church had been more genteel.
Why, man, we're all in one boat, as every one can see,
Bishops and priests and deacons, and poor little ranters like me.
There's hell in the Church of England, and hell in the Church of Rome:
And in all other Christian Churches, abroad as well as at home.
The part of my creed you dislike may be too stern for you.
Many brave men believe it—aye, and enjoy life too.
The know-nothing books may alarm you; but many a better man
Knows he knows nothing, and says so, and lives the best life he can.
If there is a future state, face its hopes and terrors gravely;
The best path to it must be to bear life's burdens bravely.
And even if there is none, why should not you live like a man,
Enjoying whatever you have as much and as long as you can.
In the world in which we are living there's plenty to do and to know,
And there's always something to hope for, till its time for us to go.
Despair is the vilest of words, unfit to be said or thought,
Whether there is a God and a future state or not.
If you really are such a wretch that you're quite unfit to live,
And ask my advice I'll give you the best that I have to give.
Drown yourself by all means; I was wrong and you were right;
I'll not pull you out any more; but be sure you drown yourself quite.

The St. James's Gazette. November, 1881.

—:o:—

HANDS ALL ROUND.

Tennysonian Toryism Developed.

First pledge our Queen this solemn night,
Then drink to Tories every guest;
Next toast our leaders men of "light,"
In whose effulgence we are blest!
May carping Churchills ever live,
And Cecils "flout and jeer" for aye;
That man's the best Conservative
Who best obstructs vile Gladstone's sway.
Hands all round! God the Lib'rals' hope confound!
To the sham cause of "Greatness" drink, my friends,
And the great name of Jingo round and round.

Drink health to lords of high degree,
Who strive to thwart the land's desire;
May our opponent's fail, while we
Grow strong in borough and in shire,
We fought wherever we could fight,
We scrupled not to confiscate;
We would be "great" by wrong or right:
May England thus be ever "great."
Hands all round! God all Radicals confound!
To the sham cause of "Greatness" drink, my friends,
And the great name of Jingo round and round.

John Phelan.

The Weekly Dispatch, April 2, 1882.

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THE FLEET.

The Unfitness of the Meat.

The Master to the Mistress, *Loquitur*.

You—you—if you have failed to comprehend
A Briton's dinner is his all in all,
On you a husband's anger will descend,
If that cold mutton pall
Upon his palate keen.

This meal the cheeriest—sacred hour of bliss!
This one rare meal, the joy of every man;
Poor Hubby, what would *Life* be, stripped of *this*?
And what avail the lunch abstention plan,
If *Dinner* brings the spleen?

You—you—who have the ordering of the meat,
If you can only compass horrid grub.
When husbands starve—the hansom trim and fleet
Shall whirl them to the *Club*—
But then, you'll call it mean!

F. B. Doveton.

Eastbourne, 1885.

—:o:—

TO H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Two Suns of Love make day of human life,
Which else with all its pains and griefs and deaths
Were utter darkness—one, the Sun of dawn
That brightens thro' the Mother's tender eyes,
And warms the child's awakening world—and one
The later-rising Sun of spousal Love
Which from her household orbit draws the child
To move in other spheres. The Mother weeps
At that white funeral of the single life,
Her maiden daughter's marriage; and her tears
Are half of pleasure, half of pain—the child
Is happy—e'en in leaving *her!* but Thou,
True daughter, whose all-faithful, filial eyes
Have seen the loneliness of earthly thrones,
Wilt neither quit the widow'd Crown, nor let
This later light of Love have risen in vain,
But moving thro' the Mother's home, between
The two that love thee, lead a summer life,
Sway'd by each Love, and swaying to each Love
Like some conjectured planet in mid heaven
Between two Suns, and drawing down from both
The light and genial warmth of double day.

Tennyson.

Latest by the Poet of Low-Rate.

Two Moons for thee, of honey and of strife;
The one with all its love, and joy, and bliss,
And ample income; one the honeymoon
Which shines for thee in Trixey's tender eyes,
And warms thee to our English home:—and one
The moonshine of a watchful Ma-in-law,
Who in her household orbit keeps her child
To pine for other spheres. The Mother smiles
At that white feather in thy jaunty cap;
Her maiden daughter's marriage does not rob
Her of her close associate; her daughter
Is happy, never leaving her; but thou,
New Son-in-law, her watchful woman's eyes—
Which know the ways of young men sprung from thrones—
Will watch thee with a jealous look, and curb
Thy freedom as befits one who is Queen—
So moving through the Mother's home, between
The two, thy life alternately will be
Swayed by each one, swaying to this or that
Like some erratic planet in mid air
Between two Moons, and, trying to please both,
The life you'll lead will well be worth the pay.

The Weekly Echo, July 25, 1885.

Poem Addressed to the Princess Beatrice, not by the Poet Laureate.

Two Sums of cash will fill a German purse,
Which else with all its pockets and elastic band
Were utter emptiness—one, the round Sum down
Of £30,000, which brightens up the mother's eyes,
And warms the child's awakening greed—and one
The annual sum of just six thousand pounds
Which keeps her husband, and which helps the child
To move in other spheres. The mother smiles
At that gay funeral of the people's cash,
Her maiden daughter's marriage; and her thoughts
Are half of pleasure, half of pain—the coin
Is being spent—ev'n leaving *her!* But Thou,
True daughter, whose all faithful filial eyes
Have seen the costliness of earthly thrones
Wilt neither quit thy new half-crowns, nor let
Thy nice annuity have risen in vain,
But moving through the Mother's home, between
Thy dividends and pension, lead an easy life,
Sway'd by each Lump of cash, and swaying to each Lump
Like some fat Pluralist in clover dwelling
Between two Sums, and drawing down from both
The light and genial warmth of double pay.

Modern Society, August 1, 1885.

There was a Parody competition on these lines in *The Weekly Dispatch*, August 9, 1885, and the following Parodies were printed. The first, which gained the prize of Two Guineas was written by Mr. J. Phelan, of 4, Albion Terrace, Wisbech.

Two tones of love make woe of married life,
Which, at its best, hath frets and jars enough
For passive comfort—one, the voice of dole
That frequent murmurs from the wife's cold lips,
And warns the spouse to meek assent—and one
The keener-rising strain of mother's plaint
Which from obedience turns her daughter's mind
To undisguised revolt. The mother weeps
At that black burial of the single life,
Her hapless daughter's marriage; and her tears
Are half of sorrow, half of guile—the man
Tormented, rids himself of *her!*, but thou,
Poor bondsman, whose wealth-seeking, glamoured eyes
Have caught the loveliness of palace-homes,
Canst neither quit thy mother-in-law nor shun
The scorn her princely kin to thee accord,
But, moving in the mother's shade, between
Two fears that haunt thee, lead a tortured life,
Bored by restraint, and maddened by contempt,
Like luckless dweller 'neath Italian Alps,
'Tween ice and sun, and drawing down from both
The chills and scorchings of a double clime.

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To Prince Henry of Battenberg,

Two things, no doubt, make day of married life,
Which else, with all its cares and births and deaths,
Were utter mis'ry! One a loving wife,
Who brightens all the home, whose tender eyes
Beam o'er the household world—and one,
The secondary one, of needful cash,
Which from far Germany has drawn thee, child,
To move in English spheres. What Prince would keep
In the mean penury of single life
When he could make a marriage such as yours,
With half its pleasure, half its gain, the while
Your slyness draws an annual six thou?
True German, whose all-seeking eager eyes
Have seen the pickings round an English throne,
You'll cotton to our widow'd Crown, I'll bet!
Nor play the "light o' love" and spoil your game;
But, walking round your mother-in-law, between
The two that keep you, lead a stunning life.
Play well your cards—good playing, too, 'twill prove;
But don't—rememb'ring both are more than seven—
Between two stools come tumbling down from both,
And lose the genial game by doubtful play.

Leonard Harding.

To My Sunday Suit.

Two tricks of trade make bearable my life,
Which else, with all its hunger and its thirst,
Were utter mis'ry—one, to buy on tick
By throwing dust into the tradesmen's eyes.
And so secure my Sunday clothes—and one
The later-rising hope of pawning them,
Which from my household orbit draws the suit
To go up uncle's spout. The tradesman weeps
Thinking of that white lie I gulled him with,
His maiden, sad adventure, and his tears
Are none of pleasure, all of pain. The clothes,
All nappy as they left his shop—yes, thou
Good broadcloth, my all useful Sunday suit,
Whose presence cheers my earthly loneliness,
Wilt neither quit my gloomy home nor let
Those gleaming three brass balls have risen in vain,
But, moving through the popping-shop, between
The two that own thee, glad my fretful life,
Swayed by each need, and swaying to each need,
Like some new-fangled toy acquired in shares
Between two boys, and drawing down from both
Their warm and genial zeal in double play.

Edward Johns.

To the New Radical Members.

Two sorts of grants make rich the royal train,
Who else, with all their pomp and stars and glare,
Were utter paupers—one, the grant for age
That princes get when twenty-one they reach—
Or set up their establishments—and one
(The later asked-for grant) when spousal love
Quite oft the Household charges takes the child—
To let the parent save. The Commons shout
At these extensions of the public tax,
And vote them with a rapture—and the Peers,
Amidst their pleasure, feel a pain that they
Hold not the purse-strings national. But ye,
True Radicals!—with earnest, rugged minds—
Knowing the shams and uselessness of thrones,
Will neither vote the first-named grant, nor let
The later bold demand be made again.
But, rising in the Commons' House, between
The sides that fear thee, make a stern protest;
Bribed by no place, nor fearful of the frown
That scares those noble patriots who're in heaven
When smiles a Queen, or whensoe'er they feel
The snug and genial warmth of feathered nests.

George Mallinson.

To Lord Tennyson.

Two bridal loves make laugh of "You you's" song,
Which else, with all its gush and hollow praise,
Were utter blankness—one, the German Prince
Who settles 'neath his mother's Castle roof,
And claims her child's unbounded wealth; and one—
The not surprising one—his lady-love.
Who from her wedding bower drawls the lines—
And shows unto her friends. Her mother weeps
At this vile twaddle from her great Laureate
On Princess Trixie's marriage; and her sighs
Are half of pity, half contempt—the child
Is muddled e'en at reading it! For thou
O Alfred, whose erst faithful lyric pen
Hath limn'd the loveliness of "The Princess,"
Could'st ne'er forget whence came thy crown, nor let
This little love-match pass without a strain;
But, grovelling at the mother's throne, between
The two new lovers, act the toady's part,
Playing the fool, and playing unto fools,
Like some contortioned jester of the Court
Between two 'spoons," and drawing down from both
A cold insipid smile on this glad day.

Jesse H. Wheeler.

End of Volume II.



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